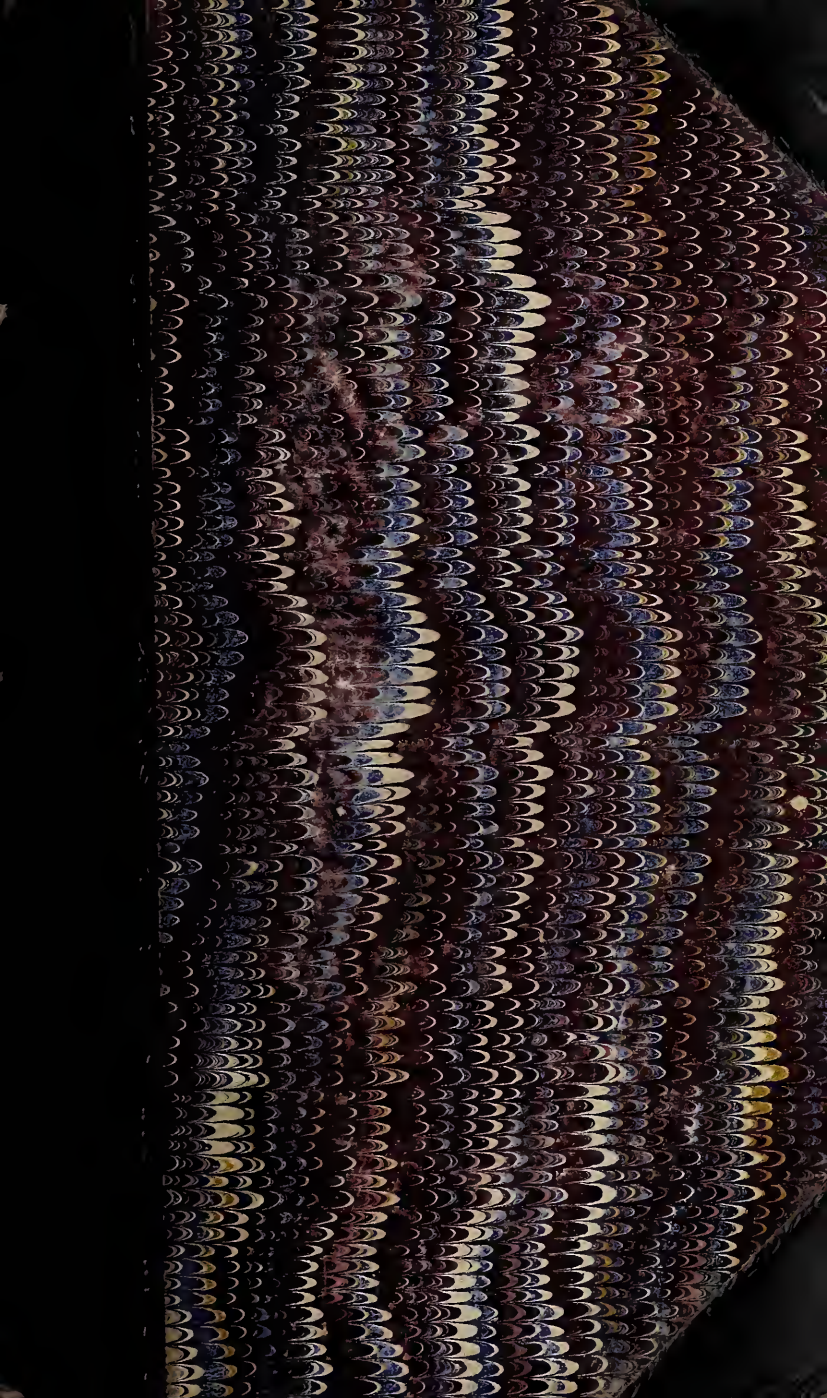




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THE CAPE MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

The Bechuana Tribes.

DURING the last few years public attention has been drawn to the native tribes north of the Vaal River—the Bechuanas. Information respecting them is more appreciated than it used to be, and a conviction is springing up in many minds that the legislators and people of the Cape Colony will soon be called upon to take a more direct interest in them than they have hitherto done. There is one subject connected with the Bechuana tribes which is deserving of very careful consideration. We refer to the question how these people can best be brought to occupy their proper position as part of the human family. At present the Bechuana can scarcely be regarded as discharging any of the duties devolving upon men as men. They live most emphatically to themselves. When they have supplied their few wants, which they can generally do with little effort, they have done all that they think is binding upon them, and the world is but little benefited by their presence in it. In connection with the work of raising these people to their proper position in the social system there are difficulties which are but little understood, except by those who have been brought into contact with them. Though we are far from holding the opinion cherished by some that the black is by nature intended to be the slave of the white, we still hold that the Creator has not decreed that he should for ever be free from the influence of the law which so often presses heavily upon his less favoured white brother. Whether we regard ourselves as political economists or are interested in the philosophy of social life, we shall find ourselves maintaining a position fully in accordance with Scripture teaching,—“This we commanded you, that if any would not work, neither should he eat.” We believe that there are few, if any, among those who are most eager in depreciating the substitution of civilization for Christianity in Africa who would not eagerly advocate that civilization should follow immediately after, if not to join company with it. Not only so, but we have much reason to plead that every effort should be made to lead the natives to a higher platform in their social life. So long as

the Bechuana tribes have, as at present, little liking for work and few motives to induce exertion, so long, we fear, the influence of the Gospel will be thwarted on every hand, and but little real progress be made. The Bechuanas, when separated from their own country and scattered among the Cape colonists, earn for themselves a good reputation as servants, especially in connection with farming operations; and the religiously disposed among them are gladly welcomed by the pastors of native churches as being likely to have stamina and steadfastness. Bechuanas of the same family still living under the rule of their own chiefs, are with few exceptions strongly opposed to service, and often troublesome in the extreme to those to whom they condescend to hire themselves. Accustomed from infancy to habits of endurance, their wants are few. Nearly all the actual labour that is done is done in raising food, and this is regarded as women's proper work. During the last few years many ploughs have been introduced into the country, and the men seem to take kindly to this new work. Those brought under religious influence will often be found helping their wives in garden work and house building, as they never could have done in their heathen state. Still this is only the work of a few days and a few people. The existing system of cattle posts at a distance from the towns encourage the Bechuanas in idleness. Every head of a family (I speak specially of the Baralong and Batlaping tribes) must have an outpost or an interest in one, even if he possesses only half a dozen goats or a couple of cows. The boys are sent to these posts and grow up there away from school, away from public worship, and in the constant companionship of the botlanka or slaves, the lowest and most corrupt class of the community. At these posts the master and some of the family often spend the summer months for the sake of the milk. A garden is often picked there as well as one nearer the town; and thus families are separated for months, and occasion is given to all sorts of evil. Our opinion is that but little real progress can be expected among the Bechuanas so long as this state of things exists. They need to be brought into circumstances where personal exertions will be almost if not quite necessary. It is not enough that opportunities for exertion shall be brought nearer to them, and the advantages to be derived from it increased. This has lately been done by the discovery of diamonds. Wages such as far exceeded anything hitherto heard of in these parts have been given on the Fields. The strong and impartial hand of English law has been in operation there to protect the labourer from the dreaded lash and afford him redress in oppression. By the labour of a few months a young man could earn enough to make him wealthy in the eyes of his friends and acquaintances. And yet the tribes nearest to the Fields have availed themselves of these advantages to a very small extent. Large bodies of men have come from the north and east, worked sufficiently long to enable them to purchase a gun and a few odds and ends, and then returned to their homes and their

idleness. The Baralongs and Batlapings being much better supplied with guns, &c., have stayed at home ; and this after half a century of mission work among them.

Here, then, we have two problems to solve, namely, how without compulsion to make an industrious people of those naturally lazy ; and how to insure that a large country shall fulfil its destiny in ministering to the wants of mankind without laying upon it the hand of an appropriation which would be unjust to its present owners. The events that have already transpired in South Africa in connection with this matter have been such as few could cordially approve of, and yet I suppose there are none who would wish the present state of things in the Colony to give place to that which existed in the Colony two centuries ago. Dutch colonization, followed by English supremacy and Kafir wars, have made the white man undisputed master from the coast to the Vaal River,—from the Cape to Natal. Boer encroachment is still fast intruding upon the northern tribes ; and the discovery of diamonds has led to an advance of the English Government if not in the Boer's footsteps still sufficiently near to them as to appear to the natives part of an organized march. The natives are beginning to feel uneasy in contemplation of the future. They say, "We are between two lions, and the only question remaining undecided is as to which shall eat us up." At the same time they are shrewd enough to conclude, "As to the old lion (the Boers), we know his nature that it is fierce and cruel. We do not know what the young lion (the English) may grow to be, but in the absence of experience we can hope that he will not be quite so savage as the old one." There can be no question that if it were known to be necessary that a choice must be made between the two Governments, the English would be chosen by common consent. Undoubtedly that choice is not likely to be exercised except from the pressure of necessity. Of late one chief of the Baralong and one of the Batlaping have offered their allegiance to the British Government ; but they have only done so from the conviction, forced upon them by circumstances, that their country was about to fall into the hands of the Boers. Other chiefs of both tribes have been coqueting with the Transvaal Government under the impression that the English were going to take possession of their country by recognizing, for purposes of annexation, chiefs as paramount whom they do not consider entitled to be regarded as such. Left to themselves, and with a satisfactory assurance that their future will be as their past, and it would be found that neither chiefs nor people are desirous of connecting themselves with any foreign Government, but far prefer their independence. The movement on foot among the more restless subjects of the Transvaal may perhaps relieve the Bechuana tribes of some of their fears by transferring a good deal of the trekking element to Damaraland. If such should prove to be the case, the principal ground of hope in the peaceful extension of the British Government northward will cease

to exist. If, however, the Damaraland project should not be carried out, there is every prospect of Boer restlessness finding an outlet in the direction of the Zambesi. The probable result of such a movement, if not checked by the advance of the British Government, will be to place tribes now free in the power of Boers of the old school, and that under conditions in which the more humane Government recently inaugurated in the Transvaal would be capable of exercising but little, if any, control. Hence it is of great importance that the confidence of the natives,—chiefs and people,—in the British Government should be increased, and any action likely to weaken that confidence cannot be too earnestly deprecated. It is deeply to be regretted that the first step of the British Government north of the Vaal appears to have been a false one. Part of the country which has been annexed as Griqualand West by virtue of cession from the Griqua chief Waterboer, is universally regarded by the Bechuanas as Batlaping country, of which Waterboer had not the least right or title to dispose. This fact has given those interested in the extension of Transvaal rule an opportunity for disseminating doubt in the native mind as to the integrity of the British Government, of which they have been by no means slow to avail themselves. It has also increased the difficulties of the English missionaries by giving point to the accusations of heathen opponents, who are always ready to assert that the work of the English missionaries is but to prepare the way for the entrance of the Government to which he belongs. The fact that the chief who is regarded as having been unjustly dealt with, is one of the most consistent Christian chiefs among the Bechuanas, has given weight to the assertions of heathen detractors, and has led to a wide-spread suspicion among the people who are likely to be the sufferers, that their spiritual guides have not been true to them in their temporal affairs. Such an impression must exercise considerable influence over a people accustomed to judge others by their actions rather than their professions, and upon whom arguments derived from the laws of nations and the binding nature of deeds of submission, signed they know not how, make but little impression.

We have thus very briefly touched upon a subject which we regard as a very important and instructive one. It is interesting to those who take pleasure in watching the changes that take place in the position and circumstances of the coloured races when brought into contact with civilization. It is of practical importance to all interested in the progress of South Africa. The Lieutenant-Governor of Griqualand West, whose long experience in colonial affairs gives great weight to his words, has declared in a recently published document, "I believe the capabilities and natural wealth of South Africa will never be developed without the aid and co-operation of the native races; which aid and co-operation will not be obtained unless we treat them kindly and fairly." We believe that the Bechuana tribes will be found to be the most useful

auxiliaries in the development of the country among all the native races. Experience has proved that they only need to be placed in favourable circumstances in order to become useful and trustworthy servants. They have far more physical stamina than the Hottentot, and a much more peaceful disposition than the Kafir. Placed under a strong and yet humane Government, and we believe that they will be found a useful, contented, and prosperous people. The Boers have failed to win their confidence and secure their co-operation by reason of the faults inherent in their treatment. It remains to be seen whether the English will succeed better; and in the interests of religion and civilization we earnestly hope that they will.

JOHN BROWN,

Concerning Proverbs.

NO. II.

As zealous believers in the quantity and quality of homely wisdom enshrined in the proverbs of a nation, we are venturesome enough to tempt the patience of our readers with a second article on our favourite study, with a view to "point a moral," if not "adorn a tale," by deducing some lessons of value from those terse sayings of the bygone past which are now embodied in our own and other literatures.

Most languages are rich in proverbs relating to the affections, and natural it is that such should be the case, when the poets, those high priests of love, have had so ample a share in framing phrases which the world "will not willingly let die." It is one of the "Curiosities of Literature" that proverbs, contradictory in themselves, may often be proved by the exercise of patient thought, to be all and equally veracious. Thus for instance, "Happy the wooing that's not long a doing," is at least as truthful as its opposite, "Marry in haste and repent at leisure;" and although "like begets like," and "a soft answer turneth away wrath," we may be free to confess that "the calmest husbands make the stormiest wives." On the other hand, it is easy to accumulate parallel proverbs, among which we may quote, "Faint heart never won fair lady;" "Fortune favours the bold;" and "None but the brave deserve the fair."

Some of us know by sad experience that "there's many a slip t'wixt cup and lip" (*Inter os et offam*), and that "The course of true love never runs smooth;" but then we may reconcile ourselves with the reflection that "Marriages are made in Heaven," without pursuing the subject into the next couplet of Hudibras, which endeavours to mar the Divine sentiment.

The first dawn of affection is exemplified in the saying that "Pity is akin to love," and as the passion grows we learn that "Love is

blind," and "laughs at locksmiths." There is a grim reality in the dictum, that "All's fair in love and war;" and a pretty, if fanciful, conceit that "Women grow on the sunny side of the wall;" and that "Happy the bride the sun shines on;" but we trust our fair readers are no converts to the heresy that, "When poverty comes in at the door, love flies out of the window." We have not so learned love, and with Tennyson we say,

"O, love me not at all, or *all in all*,"

for sordid considerations of self and self can find no entrance where true love is present,—the love that will "Love me, love my dog;" will "Love me little love me long;" will love me "All for Love" and not for money, through life to the grave, aye, and as we humbly hope, beyond the grave. Our vote is cast for *Domus et placens uxor*, and although the *Varium et mutabile semper fœmina* is paraphrased by the great Sir Walter as "uncertain, coy, and hard to please," does he not proceed to admit "a ministering angel thou?" And such is the mighty power of love, especially "first love," that some of us will go so far as to side with Valerius Max: and exclaim, *Ubi idem et maximus et honestissimus amor est aliquando proestat morte jungi quam vita distrabi*. Wherever a thoroughly high and sincere affection exists, it is better to be joined in death than divided in life.

Our own poets, notably Byron and Pope, have on occasion said hard things of the fair sex: "Frailty, thy name is woman;" "For every woman is at heart a rake;" and "Most women have no characters at all," are cases in point; but the "politest nation in Europe" have quite outstripped us in throwing sceptic doubts on both Love and Friendship. It is to France we are indebted for the cruel proverb that to guard a woman, *Il fallait quatre murs ou quatre Evangiles*, and that *On a toujours assez de force pour supporter le malheur de ses amis*; though we admit that it is one of the same nation who asks: *Ou peut être mieux qu'an sein de sa famille?* And another (*La Fontaine*), who beautifully remarks that "Love is the shadow of the morning, which decreases as the day advances; friendship is the shadow of the evening, which strengthens with the setting of life." Speaking of friendship, a Latin author described his intimates as *Amici fures temporis*, the thieves of time; and Cosmo de Medici ferociously and grimly observed, "We are commanded to forgive our *enemies* not our friends."

Even we English proverbially cry out to be saved from a "candid friend," although we are willing enough to admit that "a friend in need is a friend indeed." But we turn gladly to the nobler Italian proverb, *Ama l'amico tuo con il difetto suo*, i.e., "Love your friend even with his fault."

Many are the wise saws regarding economy and thrift, the value of time, and the virtue of early rising.

It is true we are out of conceit with the maxim that, "The early bird catches the worm," since arose the happy rejoinder, "More

fool the *early worm* for being out." And many are of Wood's opinion, that he who *stirs* precociously must be a *spoon*; but in our heart of hearts, and putting jesting and philosophy aside, we shall probably all admit that "The morning hour has gold in its mouth," although we may not go so far as to concede that "He who will thrive must rise at five."

Again, what woeful experience the world at large has of that shrewd saw, "Who goes back a borrowing comes back a sorrowing;" and how sound is the philosophy of Shakespeare, "Neither a borrower nor a lender be."

"Take care of the pence and the pounds will take care of themselves," contains no doubt a wholesome admonition, but in its modern guise, "Take care of the *pounds* and let the pence take care of themselves" we recognize wisdom of a higher order—a warning against making trifles the serious business of life, and thus becoming, in other analogous words, "Penny wise, pound foolish."

In an age of extravagant attempts to "Keep up appearances," we should do well to ever bear in mind, "Out of debt out of danger;" and that "Enough is as good as a feast." The poor should remember that "Little boats must keep near the shore;" and all of us that if we desire to make both ends meet, we must "Waste no, want not."

In business we must not overtax our brain power, or strain nature beyond her faculties. We know that "All work and no play" makes a dull boy, and it is as true of the man as of the boy. "Health is wealth;" "Care killed a cat." Therefore, let all who can do so, "Laugh and grow fat," for although we may be too busy to act on the old English maxim, "The field all summer, the study all winter," we may recognise the wisdom of the recommendation, "Drive thy business; let not thy business drive thee."

Very sarcastic are the proverbs on covetousness and greed "Lightly come, lightly go;" "Grasp all, lose all;" and "Ill-gotten gains never prosper," are instances in point; and well saith the Spanish, "*Quien en un ano quiere ser rico al medio le ahorcan*, i.e., "He who would be rich in twelve months is hanged in six." Well also saith the German, "*Ungerechter pfennig verzehrt gerechten Thaler*"—"The unrighteous penny corrupted the righteous pound."

"Charity begins at home," is a maxim capable of great abuse, if we mentally add, "and ends there." We do not advocate indiscriminate charity, but it is surely better to give in error than not to give at all. Freely we have received and freely we should give, not grudgingly or of necessity, but ever remembering, "*Bis dat qui cito dat*"—"He gives twice who gives quickly;" or as another proverb has it, "Slow help is no help," which means in homelier phrase, "A nimble ninepence is better than a slow shilling." There is a fine Danish proverb on charity, "Give alms that thy children may not ask them;" and very beautiful and true is the German saying, "*Der Geiz sammlet sich arm, die Milde giebt sich reich*, i.e., charity becomes rich by giving; covetousness poor by hoarding."

In these days of haste and waste, we should be wise to remember that "Hurry makes worry;" "Well begun is half done;" "Good work requires time;" "What is done well enough is done quick enough;" "Continuous labour rather than spasmodic efforts wins the day;" "Little strokes fell great oaks;" or as Ovid has it, *Gutta cavat lapidem non vi sed sæpe cadendo*. We all know the proverbial value of a "Stitch in time saves nine," which is rendered in Spanish, *Quien no adoba gotera adoba casa entera*—"Who repairs not his gutter must repair his house." Promptitude and punctuality are enforced upon us in all languages. "Time and tide tarry for no man;" and we are therefore well advised to "Make hay while the sun shines." Punctuality was styled by Louis XIV., "The politeness of kings." To "Take time by the forelock," is but a quotation from the Latin, which tells us, "Opportunity has hair in front; behind she is bald; if you seize her by the forelock you may hold her, but if suffered to escape, not Jupiter himself can catch her."

"The grapes were sour," probably with the poverty-stricken philosopher, who, in the bitterness of his heart, exclaimed, "Little coin, much care," for it has often been held that an access of wealth does not bring with it a commensurate access of happiness. Indeed, one of our old proverbs is, "Bear wealth, poverty will bear itself;" or as the Italians say, *Ogni cosa si supporta, eccetto il buon tempo*, i.e., everything may be borne except good fortune. But enough; we stay our hand with the parting wish that our readers will be cautious, for "All is not gold that glitters,"—will be busy, for "Idleness is the parent of vice,"—will be hopeful, for "'Tis never too late to mend," will be merry, because "Grief lengthens our nights but shortens our days,"—will be merciful, for "The noblest vengeance is to forgive,"—will be energetic, for *Dii facientes adjuvant*;—and, finally, and above all, will be charitable, for "The poor are God's receivers, and the angels His auditors."

L. M.

Things Seen and Heard in Forest Wild.*

'Tis summer, near the noon of day;
Alone in Kowie Bush I stray,
Close to a wood-surrounded vley.

Where thro' the clear and cloudless sky
Untiring swallows hunt on high,
And heaven-directed sunbeams fly.

'Mong wither'd leaves a SKULL I find
Exposed to sun and rain and wind—
A human skull, without the mind.

* These verses appeared some time ago in a frontier newspaper. They have been sent to us from the author for insertion in the *Magazine*, and we print them with pleasure.—Ed.

How came it there ? I turn it round
Upon the dark, leaf-cover'd ground ;
'Twas free from crack or bullet wound.

Strange fancies still my vision cross'd,
Till in conjecture, musing, lost,
Th' unburied cranium I accost :—

“Skull of human being ! say,
What brought thee to this lonely vley,
From home of man so far away ?

“Who own'd thee 'ere thy spirit fled,
And thou wert number'd with the dead,
Thou hairless, skinless, brainless head ?”

“I am the skull of Kafir Spy,”—
The mouldering cranium made reply—
“That hither came to drink and die.

“I am the skull of Kafir thief,
Once fond of British Settlers' beef,
Who own'd Sandilli for his chief,

“Besides another chief you know,
That lives in state somewhere below,
Where *you* are pretty sure to go.”

“Skull of cattle-lifting Spy !
I fain would know the reason why
You hither came to drink and die.

“From angry Settlers' cattle kraal,
Struck by shot or leaden ball,
Alone and bleeding did'st thou crawl

“To this remote secluded spot,
To end thy life on earth and rot
Where friend or foe should find thee not ?

“Or did'st thou fall in murderous strife
With one who sought to take thy life
That he might wed thy willing wife ?

“In the silent moonless night,
When clouds oppose the starry light,
And darkness masters human sight,—

“Doth thy spirit ne'er appear
In this lonely place of fear,
To see if till its skull be here ?

"Its dwelling place of years gone by,
When ears and nose, tongue, touch and eye
Brought to the brain each fresh supply

"Of intellectual daily bread,
On which the hungry soul was fed,
Until away from earth it fled?

"Where are thine other bones, I pray?
Far from this silent forest vley
Have they been all removed away?

"Or in the river's bed below
Do ocean's waters overflow
Their unknown grave? These things I fain would know."

Before the skull could make reply,
A honey-bird flew swiftly by,
And perched upon a branch on high.

"How can you waste this lovely day—
So sunny, calm?"—I heard her say—
"Throw down that rogue and come away.

"Follow me, and I will show
Rich honey nests in kloofs below,
Where oceans waters ebb and flow.

"Old honey-hunter, come with me,
And in white-blooded thorny tree,
Intakobus* will show to thee

"Two honey nests of monstrous size,
That you'll behold with sparkling eyes—
You know *a lady* never lies."

Then chattering, away she flew,
For well the little siren knew,
Exultingly I would pursue

Her fascinating melody
Profusely pour'd from tree to tree,
Sweet as an angel's song to me!

"Time darken'd skull, I must away
With yonder bird; some other day,
By this bush-hidden, leaf-stained vley,

"We may resume the broken track
Of this review of times far back,—
You see my empty honey sack."

* Honey-bird (Kafir.)

Then on the leaves I gently threw
The saucy skull, with quick adieu,
And to the honey-bird I flew.

Along the Kowie River side,
I follow'd fast the honey-guide,
And cross'd the quickly flowing tide.

Soon the western bank we gain'd,
Where heaven profuse of beauty rain'd,
Bright, lovely, smiling flowers unstained ;

Lovely as the stars of night,
Pure as angels clothed in light
Reflected from God's image bright !

His smiling image that inspires
Seraphic breasts with heavenly fires,
From whence devotion's flame aspires !

"Earth-gladd'ning flowers, extended wide,
And endlessly diversified !"—
In rapture lost awhile, I cried,

"Fragrant gems of beauty ! say,
Upon the earth how could ye stay,
When innocence had fled away ?

"Had home from paradise returned,
Where sin-shamed man repentant mourn'd,
With broken heart and face that burned

"Like Peter's—his who stoutly lied,
And thrice through abject fear denied,
One for whose sake at last he died.

"When Innocence, with wings extended,
From off a lily's breast ascended,
And held her way to heaven offended,

"In shame for those of human race—
Say, did ye hide your blushing face,
In guardian calyx close embrace ?"

Earth-loving flowers ! I must away,
On my return I mean to stay
To pluck a little sweet bouquet,

"For one I love with heart so true !
Whose name I'll gently breathe to you
Some other time—adieu, adieu !"

In seeming wrath thro' my delay,
Intakobus' returns to say,
She'll show the nests some other day!

In vain I whistle, call, and sing,
To coax the false pretending thing,
To hold her onward course and bring

Me to the sweet and promised treasure ;
"My compliments, I'm not at leisure ;
Stay with your flowers, and wait my pleasure

"Or in yon wood hold converse dull
With your old friend, the Kafir skull,
While at my plumes I take a pull,

Upon this pretty myrtle spray,
To shine them for my wedding day ;
Good-bye—'tis useless, sir, to stay."

"Just at this moment, I espied
Another pretty honey-guide,
Close to the happy, fair one's side.

His breast was speckled, black his head,
His beak was clear and rosy red,
And to his lady-love he said,

"How glad am I to meet you here !
Where have you been, my wanderer dear ?
O, I have sought you far and near."

To which the fair one made reply,
With gentle voice and beaming eye,
That shone in tears of ecstasy,—

"While yet the fields were wet with dew,
I search'd the woods in vain for you—
In vain from glen to krantz I flew,

"In search of one I love too well ;
But when the tide began to swell,
I found a man—your old friend Dell.

"To whom two nests I should have shown,
In gnaarbooms green, to you unknown,
If you had left me, love, alone.

"To hunt a kloof awhile I stay,
Then homeward trace my 'weary way'—
But quite forgot the sweet bouquet."

Years pass'd. By honey hunting brought,
Near to the leaf-stain'd vley again, I sought
The Kafir's mould'ring "dome of thought."

In vain I search'd, I found it not ;
Yet in three years it could not rot—
'Twas gone, or I had miss'd the spot,

Time pass'd, again in forest wild,
Where dancing leaves in sunbeams smiled,
I rush—by honey-bird beguiled,

O'er grassy lawn, with blossoms sprinkled,
By sunny glens where streamlets twinkled,
And lost themselves in pools breeze-wrinkled,

By wood-crown'd krantz, whose lofty brow
So coldly looks on stream below,
Its chilly waters scarce can flow.

Whose western back, scrub-cover'd, dun,
With envy fraught shuts out the sun,
Long ere his daily race is run :

Arrests each sloping, smiling ray,
That on the waters fain would play,
And in its turn keep holiday.

'Mong tall green trees, thro' matted bush,
O'er open field I madly rush
With headlong speed, and bend and crush

Earth's tender gems:—away, away !
To raise them now I cannot stay:—
Fresh flowers will bloom some other day.

Along the winding Kowie river,
Where green reeds rustle, dance and quiver,
And wave their feathery heads, and shiver

In each wavelet that doth glide
Along the river's muddy side—
By breezes rais'd, or ocean's tide—

Intakobusi's ringing notes
Are heard; then clear and sweetly floats—
(How sweet to one who hunts in boats!)

Her song from o'er the water's deep !
'Tis useless now to stamp or weep,
Or on the bank to fall asleep:—

I strike the trees ! the kloofs resound !
 But not a single nest is found :—
 In vain I search the rocks and ground.

Athirst, and near the close of day,
 With rapid steps I urge my way,
 In search of pool or forest vley.

Hurrah ! I find the pond again,
 Where last I sought the skull in vain,
 'Twas filled by recent showers of rain.

Like nectar served by Ganymede,
 To thirsty gods of Grecian breed,
 When for a little season freed

From dark revenge, or toils of war,
 They flock together from afar,
 On rainbow wings, and dazzling car.

On clouds of rosy, golden dye,
 To some great banquet held on high,
 In bowers o'er-arch'd with heavenly sky—

Its dark stain'd waters seemed to me,
 But opposite, what do I see ?
 Near yonder dying lancewood tree

The Kafir skull again appears,
 From out a grave of leaves it rears,
 But darker than in former years,

Its rounded form : I cannot stay
 To listen to its tale to-day.
 'Tis late ; I seize my axe and haste away.

Anxious to gain my hungry steed,
 And from the forest to be freed,
 I rush along with burning speed.

Well pleased, I hear a booming sound :—
 From morn till night in forest bound,
 My restless hunter stamps the ground

Impatient of my long delay.
 I saddle, mount, and haste away,
 And leave behind the KAFIR SKULL.

INTAKOBUS'
 And wood-surrounded VLEI.

SAMUEL WM. DELL, SEN.
 Barville Park.

The Crab, Monkey, and Bee Theory.

“A VOICE from the Unlearned on Scientific Discoveries,” by A. E. M., in the May number of this magazine, tells three interesting little anecdotes of the crab, the monkey, and the bee, and proceeds to draw some rather big conclusions from them. The writer asks in what precise order are they developed, one from the other, and man from them? This being, of course, unanswerable, he waxes triumphant, and treats the Darwinian theory as a manifest absurdity. However, the tone in which “Dr. Darwin” is then apostrophised is so good humoured and tolerant that the article is a pleasing one for even an evolutionist to read. But there are some misconceptions in it so very glaring that another “Unlearned Voice” craves leave to endeavour to correct them. They are very common misconceptions, too, and have appeared in this periodical before. I will, therefore, beg leave to suggest that before anyone writes against the evolution theory, he should take the trouble to realize the import of the three following simple propositions:—

I. An evolutionist is not one who imagines that the Darwinian theory has as yet been proved and made good at all points.

II. When rightly understood there is no *prima facie* absurdity in it.

III. Nor is it necessarily profane or irreverent.

As regards the first of these propositions there is not much to be said. From the nature of the case the evolution theory is at present admitted to be founded on nothing more conclusive than wide-reaching probabilities and arguments from analogy. The missing links are many; and we, the unlearned, would do well always to remember that no one can better appreciate the weakness of the arguments than men like Darwin and Huxley; and none are so ill-qualified to give due weight to the strong points as the unlearned. The sciences of physiology, biology, and palæontology, to say nothing of that of physiological psychology, are so largely called into request that it certainly cannot be said concerning these investigations that he who runs may read.

The second proposition will have to be dwelt on at somewhat greater length, as A. E. M. has put forward the coverse of it in such an amusing manner that he easily carries his readers' sympathies along with him. His is at present the popular side, no doubt. But the history of science teems with instances of the popular feeling being entirely in the wrong when new doctrines are first broached. At one time it was held to be very absurd that the earth should be supposed to revolve on its own axis, and to move round the sun. Again, scarcely more than a generation ago, it was deemed the height of absurdity to imagine that vehicles could be made to travel faster than a good team of galloping horses could take them. Such instances might be cited *ad nauseam*; and each one of them ought to be enough to teach the unlearned to be cautious in the attempt to wield the petty shafts of ridicule against the impregnable armour of science. When our “Unlearned Voice” asks in what order the crab, the monkey, the bee, and man are developed one from the other, he quite overlooks the fact that nobody ever said that there has been any such development in any order whatsoever. All that the most thorough-going evolutionist has ever asserted amounts to this:—That diverse though

these types of life seem to be, yet if we were able to trace them back for countless millions upon millions of centuries, far back into the eternity of the past, we should, in all probability, find that they have sprung from a common stock. The reasons which have inclined some of our naturalists to this conclusion would fill volumes, and are not to be easily understood by the unscientific. But even the first few steps towards the comprehension of the less difficult of them are sufficient to show that the stock arguments of the antagonists of the theory are often founded on glaring misconceptions, such as that just alluded to, and such as the mule argument, also cited by A. E. M. The fact is that nature never wearies of producing new types of life. Every intelligent horticulturist, pigeon-fancier, or breeder of animals can testify to that. The variations of plants and animals under domestication are familiar enough to most of us. To say that many of them are sterile is nothing to the point, as long as all are not so. And experience has already abundantly proved that new varieties can be successfully perpetuated as well as frequently produced.

Another mistake the Anti-Darwinians make is that of failing to realize how perfectly natural it is that many types of life should have wholly disappeared. It is, after all, quite natural that there should be many missing links. When naturalists first began to compare the existing forms of life with the extinct forms which geology has revealed they imagined that nature was "careful of the type" while "careless of the single life." Yet a more minute examination proved that this was not so.

"So careful of the type?" but no;
 From scarped cliff and quarried stone
 She cries, "A thousand types are gone;
 "I care for nothing, all shall go."

That is to say, geology has revealed many forms of life which are not now to be seen among us. But how multitudinous may not those types have been which even geology cannot reveal! It must be remembered that each fossil has only been preserved by some mere accident. There may have been, for all we can tell to the contrary, millions of types once existing, of which no fossils are now to be found. Small marvel, then, that there should be innumerable missing links. When due weight is given to these considerations, and when it is remembered that the past has been eternal, and that nothing is too great for eternity to accomplish, what becomes of the supposed absurdity of Darwinism?

Now for the third and last proposition. It so happens that it was my good fortune a short time ago to hear a few after-dinner remarks from President Burgess on this very subject. In reply to the allegation that it is an impious and profane doctrine the President asked whether it redounded more to the glory of God that we should imagine that He brought the universe into being by a few spasmodic creative acts, some few thousands of years ago, or that we should imagine that He gradually and harmoniously evolved it by marvellously subtle and beautiful processes, which have never ceased to be in operation from the remote eternity of the past even until now? That the evolution theory, in its extreme form, may be altogether erroneous is quite possible; but that it is necessarily irreverent is an accusation that scarcely requires to be

seriously combated. And yet accusations of this sort have been so persistently indulged in that we cannot wonder that one of England's strongest sons of science should have been moved by righteous indignation to pen the following magnificently eloquent rebuke :—

“It is true that if philosophers have suffered, their cause has been amply avenged. Extinguished theologians lie about the cradle of every science as the strangled snakes beside that of Hercules ; and history records that whenever science and orthodoxy have been fairly opposed, the latter has been forced to retire from the lists, bleeding and crushed, if not annihilated ; scotched, if not slain. But orthodoxy is the Bourbon of the world of thought. It learns not, neither can it forget ; and though at present bewildered and afraid to move, it is as willing as ever . . . to visit, with such petty thunder-bolts as its half-paralysed hands can hurl, those who refuse to degrade nature to the level of primitive Judaism.

“Philosophers, on the other hand, have no such aggressive tendencies. . . . Why should their souls be deeply vexed ? The majesty of fact is on their side, and the elemental forces of nature are working ^{for} them. Not a star comes to the meridian at its calculated time but testifies to the justice of their methods—their beliefs are ‘one with the falling rain and the growing corn.’ By doubt are they established, ~~and~~ open inquiry is their bosom friend. Such men have no fear of traditions, however venerable, and no respect for them when they become mischievous and obstructive ; but they have better than mere antiquarian business in hand, and if dogmas, which ought to be fossil but are not, are not forced upon their notice, they are too happy to treat them as non-existent.”

S. C. N.

May 20th, 1875.

Fishing.

FISHING,—as an art, a science, a pursuit, or a recreation,—may be considered almost as old as the hills. There is no doubt that from the very earliest ages the gentle craft was thoroughly understood and appreciated ; and though history does not tell us that Noah dropped a line over the side of the ark, or that the patriarchs were inclined for an occasional angle, or the Israelitish seers ever wet a hook in the waters of the “sacred Jordan,” still we cannot but feel assured that the grand old men of old must have had their moments of recreative amusement, and no doubt many of them spent peaceful and happy hours on the quiet and leafy banks of some little streamlet, now for ever renowned in ancient history. Matters of more importance to coming humanity they had to discuss, and therefore it is that the primal records of the world say so little of what was the life-story of good old Izaak Walton. And yet, not so very far distant from that shadowy period we find from unquestionable authority,—the authority of the stone books of ancient Egypt (books that have lain scattered over that wonderful land for more than twenty centuries)

that the Egyptians, even in the days of the great law-giver, Moses, knew quite as much as we do of the use of the net, the rod, the line, and the hook, that doubtless their cities were fully as well supplied with fish as the most wealthy, most populous, and most accessible of ours, with all our magnificent system of railways, and that as many an enthusiastic Izaak Walton lived in those classical old days, and enjoyed the sport in just the same way, and with fully an appreciative a spirit as we gentlemen of the nineteenth century.

And if we come down to later days we shall find that grand old Queen Rome, "throned on her seven hills," and her later story in those darkening days when her people became luxurious and effeminate,—when the stern, rigid morality of their earlier history had given way to not only all but the very worst habits of the Sybarite, when the old iron age had passed away and she was tottering to her fall; when we read how the whole known earth of the period was ransacked to provide varieties for the tables of the Emperors and the wealthy citizens of the land; how oysters, those delicious bivalves (and how delicious a bivalve is), the kingly turbot and the lordly sturgeon were sought for in the channel seas; how that grand fish, the sterlet, was obtained from the waters of the Caspian, and the time-honoured Tunny from the depths of the Mediterranean, besides the numberless varieties of fin and crustacea which inhabited the seas, the lakes, and the rivers of the Roman empire. We know, also, that one Roman supper has cost as much as forty thousand pounds of our money, if my knowledge of Sesterces is worth anything, and who shall say that in that sublime feed of feeds fish was not glorified, was not elevated to the seventh heaven of epicurean delight. Were not the delicacies for such entertainments as these procured at any cost, though a legion of the best disciplined soldiers the world ever saw had to wade through morasses, penetrate dense forests foot by foot, and encounter all the difficulties and perils of hostile tribes; still such was the age, the luxury whatever it was must be procured, for the emperor willed it, —whether it were fish, flesh, or fowl; and as an old fisherman I hold that the first of the three invariably gained the crown of honour.

Of the middle or dark ages we know little; they were times of oppression and cruelty, and small chance had the votaries of the rod and line when even the colour of a fly or the twist of a hook would consign the unhappy proprietor to the dungeons of the Inquisition as a dabbler in the necromantic arts, or an unholy ally of the "Undines" of the waters, or the familiar associate of astrologers and magicians; the belief in the black arts forming in those days a chief ingredient in the education of the upper classes.

Thus far have I traced the earlier era of fishing, sufficient to prove to all but very sceptical readers that it has a wonderful antiquity, and that its vitality is unimpaired. In our own days Acts of Parliament are passed and in force to regulate the various fisheries

of the United Kingdom,—the salmon notably,—and we know how by slow and sure degrees legislation is protecting that universal favourite of the nation, increasing it in value and in quantity, and very wisely providing for futurity ; for there is no doubt that the present system of breeding will multiply fish to an incredible extent, and under wise rules supply the people in times to come with cheap, plentiful, and nutritious food. Thus far have I written in praise of fish. I might have gone back to those antediluvian days when there were monsters in the seas (known only now to geologists), any one of which would swallow the Mouille Lighthouse, keeper and all, for breakfast, and afterwards indulge in a playful gambol which would shake Robben Island to its foundations, and create a commotion on the surface of the waters extending for miles and miles, but I will refrain ; happily such little incidents might have occurred some millions of years ago, and except the sea serpent and some other small matters of that kind, we have nothing now to fear.

And yet strange things happen and are “household words” even in our days. Do not the Chinese employ the birds of the air to assist them in their piscatorial researches, and are not the natives and other inhabitants of Northern America in the habit in winter, when the earth is bound with an iron frost, of breaking through the ice of their lakes, rivers, and ponds, to supply or supplement their attenuated and impoverished larders ; while the grains, the spear, the harpoon, and a host of other warlike implements are enlisted in the capture of fish. Fish have frequently been shot, and when springing from the water a good marksman may often bring down a splendid head of game, and if he is exceptionally fortunate secure it,—but there’s the rub, a wounded fish can seek the shady depths of the waters and die unmolested and in peace.

Indeed fishing, in every age, in every land, and in every clime, has been and is the profession and the amusement of thousands. It has put bread into the mouths of the hungry and clothed the naked ; has given health to the invalid and restored the hypochondriac ; has, in short, not only been beneficent in its action and results, but conducive to the welfare of myriads of the human race. And who shall say this estimate, rough though it may be, is not true in the main. Who shall deny that glory to the gentle art which is its undoubted due, and fail to recognise that fishing is one of the great civilizing agents of the day, than which a more thoughtful amusement there cannot be. Are we not witnesses to its sedative effects ; does it not like music soothe the savage breast, spread oil over the troubled waters, and calm the anxious and over-wrought mind ? Even the lover smarting at the loss of his mistress finds comfort in the calm waters, and serenity in the sunny ripples, and with rod and line in hand sees peace and joy and forgetfulness in the blue canopy of heaven. His troubles are forgotten, his sorrows have flown away, and he is a free and happy man once more. Is this enthusiasm ? It is not ; it is but the experience of an old, a constant, and an

ardent disciple of the worthy old master of the art. And he can speak of the restored happiness and comfort it has brought to him in many an hour of sorrow and trouble ; and so he would wish freely and fully that all who live in this seaport town of ours who can spare ever so little time, and who can afford the very slight cost, would occasionally go forth in search of fish, for if they sometimes fail in the main investigation, they will not fail in securing fresh air, health and happiness, and what is coeval—peace of mind ; than which there is not a greater luxury under the sun.

C. W.

Mouille Point.

I know I love thee not.

I know I love thee not, and yet
 Thy face I never can forget ;
 Thou still art present to my mind,
 Thy voice is borne on ev'ry wind,
 And words that were but spoke in jest,
 Still have their echo in my breast.

The songs I've heard from thy sweet voice
 Are still the dearest to my choice ;
 And oft, when distant and alone,
 I hear the music of thy tone,
 So soft and sweet, I think thou'rt nigh—
 Then check the fancy with a sigh.

I gaze on eyes that brightly shine,
 More softly, and as bright as thine ;
 That, did my own with ardour burn,
 Perhaps their passion would return ;
 But yet I feel a love for none,
 Although I know I could love one.

Yet still unspoken, unconfest,
 That love shall wither in my breast,
 No tell-tale look, or word, or sigh,
 Reveal it to thy careless eye ;
 Guarded by courage and by pride,
 There let it wither while it hide.

But 'tis not love I feel for thee,
 It is not love—it shall not be—
 I know such love would be in vain,
 I know thou would'st not love again ;
 And 'tis with anger and regret,
 I own I never can forget.

B. M. R.

A Whaling Cruise to Baffin's Bay and the Gulf of Boothia.*

WE took up this volume in the expectation that we should meet in it very much what we had read before in accounts of the whale fisheries and expeditions in search of a north-west passage. We had not, however, gone far in our perusal of it, before we were made to feel that it possessed peculiarities which drew us onward further and further. The scenes and events into which we are introduced are not only graphically represented by pen and pictorial illustration, but as the former consists mainly of notes made from day to day, we cannot help participating in the feelings of the hour, either when the good ship *Arctic* is enveloped in fogs, and nothing can be done but dose away the time in sleep, or kill it, as several sometimes did, by playing at euchre; or when everyone is roused into excitement by the cry, "A start, all hands to the boats," and whilst in his description such a use of sea phrases is avoided as would cause obscurity, the technical terms employed by the tars are given, with their explanation, and such spurts of quaint humour as Jack may be expected to utter with the point of view from which he regarded passing occurrences. All this is done, whilst the conviction is kept up, as is really the case, that you are not perusing fancy sketches, but a narrative of what was said and done. If it is a high achievement in literature to invest matter of fact with the charms of fiction, whilst adhering to what really took place in its simplicity and integrity, Captain Markham has succeeded in accomplishing it in this interesting volume.

The instances given of Jack's wit and ways may not of themselves be very striking, but they summon up the events as they happened, with all their accompanying circumstances. We need scarcely inform our readers that a whale can on no account be regarded as a fish, but in the teeth of science, the sailor engaged in his capture not only persists in calling him a fish, but refuses the title to every other creature, big or small, which swims the ocean stream.

One day Captain Markham saw a specimen of the narwhal careering along, and said, "there goes a fish," one of the men said contemptuously, "that's not a fish, it's only the unie," by which he meant the sea-unicorn.

In reference to another subject of more general interest, and as an example of the fresh, easy, and natural style which is employed throughout the work, we make the following quotation:—

"The state of irregularity in which we live is positively delicious. I never know when I am to have anything to eat, nor even when I am to get any sleep. On some days we breakfast at five a.m., on others at five p.m., and the remaining meals are served with the same charming irregularity."

* By ALBERT HASTINGS MARKHAM, F.R.G.S., Commander Royal Navy. Second Edition. London: Sampson Low, Marston, Low & Searle, Fleet-street, 1875.

This delightful disregard of times and seasons was due to circumstances. The principal pursuit of the party was the capture of the whale, and that monster of the deep never let it be known beforehand when he was to put in an appearance. A single specimen might not be seen for days, and five or six at any one of the twenty-four hours of the day might be descried at once by the watchman in the "crow's nest." No sooner was the summons given for all hands to man the boats than the sailors came crowding from their berths, half clad, their remaining clothes under their arms, and tumbled down Jacob's ladders conveniently placed for them, to their assigned places in the boats. The pursuit and capture of one or two or more of the number might occupy from three to six or seven hours. If successful, as they commonly were, the process of "flinching" had to be gone through, that is, the blubber and other valuable parts of the prize had to be cut away and stowed between decks, or upon the deck, and then followed what they had justly earned, a heavy meal, and a return to sleep, whatever the hour might be, whether, in seaman's style, it might be "to-night or to-morrow morning." To make this possible, the reader will recollect that near midsummer, beyond the Arctic Circle, the sun never dips beneath the horizon. His height may vary, but he never wholly goes down, hence, with snow on the adjoining lands, with icebergs close at hand sparkling in the sunbeam, and with water also around them, the difference between noon and midnight was very small as far as discernible by the eye, and it is not surprising that one of the sailors, on being one day told, on his return with the boats, that "it was half-past twelve o'clock," rejoined, "which twelve o'clock, last night or to-morrow morning."

Nor was freedom from being particular about hours the only pleasant experience Captain Markham had, especially considering he was a smart officer belonging to Her Majesty's Royal Navy. The ship which it was his lot to accompany was a steamer on a whaling expedition, whose good fortune it was not to be a "clean ship," that is, she had succeeded from first to last as no other ship in that part of the ocean had ever done before, in becoming, firstly, a very full ship, which implied, secondly, that she had inevitably become a very foul ship. The coals had to be piled up on the decks to make room for *blubber* in the bunkers. The whalebone, with fresh oil oozing from the insertions in the gums, had to be accommodated on deck where room could be got for it. Between blubber in its solid and fluid state, and coal dust, with the moisture of an occasional shower, things must have been in a pretty mess. To cleanse or scrub the deck was looked on as hopeless or superfluous. After a time Captain Markham began to wonder how kindly he took to the dirty state which was inevitable. For the attainment of important objects, he had, once for all, made his election, and to have gone to war with the condition of things around him, would only have added one disagreeable to another. And in making himself at home with his shipmates, whom he describes, from the captain of the vessel downwards, as an honest,

brave, and obliging set of men, he met with his reward, as they never failed to the utmost of their power to assist him in carrying out his peculiar objects, as far as the main design of their enterprize permitted. We would here bring these remarks to a close, recommending the volume to libraries in general, and in particular to those provided for colleges and high-class schools, had there not been the prospect of success to an enterprise at present of universal interest, and to prepare himself for joining in which he had evidently made this preparatory voyage to the seas beyond the Arctic Circle. What we refer to is the new expedition, by this time sent out, under the auspices of the British Admiralty, to reach, if possible, the North Pole.

For a long period of time Britain alone appeared ambitious of the honour of prosecuting discoveries in the northern seas, having sent out expedition after expedition to reach the pole, if possible, or find a passage to the north-west. The former was dropt, as deemed all but impracticable, the latter object was at last accomplished by Sir Robert McClure.

Her enterprise inspired other nations with emulation, and in particular the Americans, by whom, year after year, expeditions have been equipped in order to reach the North Pole. The use of steam gives to modern navigators in these seas advantages of which those of an earlier date were destitute. A vessel can now easily thread her way amongst icebergs which would have proved fatal to a sailing ship, and if properly constructed, she can force a passage through fragments of ice closely packed together which would have once arrested further progress. Nor with proper precautions is there any particular risk to human life. If frozen in, the crew of a ship, or any part of it, can retreat upon depots of provisions which they can have placed at intervals as they advance.

The experience of the American ship *Polaris*, appears to have solved the problem of the possibility of reaching the North Pole. The crew wintered beyond the latitude of 82° N., and found the cold much less oppressive than further South, whilst abundant animal life existed on the adjoining land. The obstruction of pack-ice was by no means strong, and beyond it they saw open sea, till within about three hundred miles from the North Pole. They were prevented, it seems, from reaching it by being provided with a ship badly constructed for the purpose of pushing its way through ice, and by the death of their enterprising leader, his successors, with some striking exceptions, not being animated by the same spirit, nor the crew, as a whole, equal to the opportunity presented to them.

But a large class of people say, "Suppose the Pole is reached, what good will accrue." One of the best human maxims we can carry into practice is "onward"—results never before dreamed of come to light. The search for a north-west passage has been, as yet, of no service to navigation directly, but in prosecuting these voyages the splendid fishing grounds reached by Baffin's Bay came to be known,

and have yielded boundless wealth. In connection with the same voyages, also, the Magnetic Pole was discovered, by which inestimable benefits have been conferred on navigation.

By becoming acquainted with the immense area of water which it is now well known exists in the vicinity of the North Pole, other and more productive fishing grounds are sure to be discovered, with some path or passage by which they may become accessible. And even if material benefits were alone to be regarded, these for the future, as well as hitherto, are to be attained by the progress of knowledge and the advancement of science. An acquaintance with the waters and lands contiguous to the North Pole would contribute to the solution of many problems hitherto incompletely ascertained. We allude to one or two of the simpler of these. The pressure of the atmosphere there and the principles which determine the motions of the winds would be better understood than at present; and what is a question of still greater difficulty—as still presenting numerous anomalies—we would be more able to account for and determine the currents of the ocean. Now we need not say that a better knowledge of the action of the winds and movements of the currents in the sea have the most direct bearing on our material well-being. It is difficult to say what has not. The laws and nature of the Aurora Borealis may be more clearly ascertained, and even such knowledge may have an influence on human life and happiness of which no man at present can so much as guess.

The migration of animal life may also have light thrown upon it—the fishes of the great deep and the birds of the air. Of the latter, myriads come trooping southward towards autumn across the sub-arctic and temperate regions, and in early spring return in lessened numbers beyond the barriers of ice towards the north, but what they find there to suit them no man can, as yet, tell.

And not only would our knowledge of plants beyond the Arctic circle be enlarged, but a comparison of these with Alpine plants found towards the summits of our hills and mountains would supply fresh facts from which the history of the “successive climates” in the northern hemisphere can be advantageously studied.

We have, however, said as much on the subject as the purpose of this review will permit. To return to Captain Markham. A special interest attaches to him and his undertakings here at the *Cape*, since he has oftener than once, as an officer in Her Majesty's navy, paid us visits of greater or less length, and, as is the case with most of his associates in the same service, carries with him pleasant recollections not only of the amenities of our climate, but of the hospitalities he met with and the friendships he formed.

As the North Pole, for which, in the expedition of this year, he is now bound, is the only accessible part of the world that is connected and about equally connected with all the rest of it, the least we can do is to wish him “God-speed,” and that he and his brave comrades may come back safe and successful, and in these circumstances we

may expect from his pen an account of a voyage still more interesting in its details, and in which vastly greater results will have been achieved than in the one which in the foregoing pages we have submitted to the notice of our readers.

D. SMITH.

An Ichthyological Hallucination.

"Of an ancient and fish-like smell, and that not of the newest."

SHAKESPEARE.

WORN out with work, and the heat of a South African summer, I longed for a view of the brightness and freshness of the ocean, so the end of March saw me, not exactly winging my way, but at any rate hastening my steps—though even the latter statement is but poetical license, for I came all the way by cart and rail—towards the ever moving, restless waves of False Bay.

Day after day I revelled in the sight of the ever changing yet unchangeable ocean; day by day I bathed in its refreshing and invigorating waters; day by day I investigated the wonders of the deep as they were turned up by the sea and laid along the shore, as offerings to her sister element; a present from one mighty potentate to the other,—from the waters to the earth.

Day by day I examined, and more than examined, for I tasted all the edible treasures extracted from the depths of the seas, such as "seventy-fours," "koppelgious," "stompneu," &c. In truth, not only was my mind completely absorbed by the beauty of the ever rolling sea, its buried treasures, as well as those brought to light, but the constant fish diet to which I subjected myself, even my body seemed to share the enthusiasm with which I regarded the briny deep. At any rate, I fancied, if it were only fancy, that my hands specially reflected the constant occupation of mind and body; they certainly emitted, when rubbed, that delightful and freshening smell which the denizens of the ocean give forth when fresh gathered from their watery habitation.

And then there was—part of the charm of a sea-side holiday—such a delightful sense of being busy all the while one was doing nothing. Every morning I marched off, duly clad in the seediest garments I possessed, to pass the hours before noon in the endeavour to add to our larder the delicacy of fresh fish. After the mid-day meal and nap came the inevitable search for bait to replenish the hooks next morning. I think I enjoyed klip-fishing the most. To begin with, the result, if any, was more pleasing to a delicate palate than the coarser though more plentiful varieties of the deep sea fish. Thus my occupation for days sometimes consisted in standing at the extremity of an out-lying rock, either watching the waters retire in their bi-diurnal fall, or attempting to catch fish, while at the same

time I skilfully avoided the rolling billows as they rose towards their daily limit.

The event of one of these days is clearly graven in my remembrance. I cannot explain how the circumstances which I am about to relate came to pass, but I think it but right to record my experience, the more so, as I am anxious to know if any one else has ever undergone the same sensations, or can throw any light on the cause of my extraordinary transformation.

I remember the morning well. It was one of those lovely days, found only in South Africa, when all the elements of nature seem to have joined hands in a brotherhood of peace and love; when earth, air, sky, and sea have entered into a concordat;—the earth all smiles, the air all freshness, the sky all blueness, the sea all smoothness.

I sat at the end of my favourite rock and fished; but either the sea was too calm or the sun too strong for the fish to bite, and an hour or more passed and I had not even a nibble. In despair of any result, I laid my rod by my side and meditated; and, as I thought, my eyes sought the surface of the water in search of suggestions. How thought after thought chased each other through my mind, like the wavelets as they fell and rose—recollections of the past, visions of the future—

“ Old faces look upon me,
Old forms go trooping past,”

and other ideas come unbidden, not sorrowful, but giving a certain sort of dreamy pleasure, one hardly knows why. Suppose a letter should come by the next mail telling one that the long looked-for legacy had at last come; and here follow, sharply follow, visions of the longed-for pony-carriage, the garden, the luxuries often wished for but never yet attained; and so my thinking went on; and as I thought, and thought of my thoughts, they all seemed to resolve themselves into one great desire for something which was unattainable; a stretching out of one's mental arms, so to say, towards that which one vaguely desired; and after all, thought I, is not all life this?—to mourn is ever the cry, the coming always contains the panacea, the “is to be” is ever superior to the “is.” * * *

I don't know if it were this last thought of the “is to be” and “the is” which led to confusion in my mind, as well it might, for at that moment I began to feel an uncomfortable suspicion of my own identity. I felt my “ego” was a reality, and yet my “ego” did not seem quite the same as it had been before in a real sense. I was ready to exclaim with the Irishman, “I'm not myself at all.” My body seemed to be gradually growing smaller, and I most undoubtedly felt that my arms were being absorbed within me; and, stranger still, my seat on the klip seemed very secure, in fact I was as if I were glued there; my very legs were gradually drawing themselves telescopically into what was left of my body; but the oddest thing of all was the modest way in which my head was retiring

within my body ; it was gradual, but not so gradual but that I could clearly mark such change. My mouth was first swallowed up within an interior body which had already absorbed arms and legs. My nose followed next ; my eyes I could *see* were vanishing, for the while these marvels took place ; the organs of sense developed themselves elsewhere ; the power of my hands and arms had reproduced themselves at the top of my head ; and my waving hair appeared to be the seat of sensation. The sense of seeing and hearing was also located here, multiplied in a marvellous manner. As yet I had no idea where the power of speech could be, and I feared for a while that in the universal swallowing that had taken place, no means had been left of communicating either by speech with the outer world, or to the inner man from the outer world ; in plain words, that the way to my organs of digestion was closed.

I knew that I had been seated on the rock at low tide, and that the tide had now turned, so I felt no surprise as the water gradually began to cover the rock on which I was, but I did feel an intense curiosity, not to say alarm, as to how the flow of water over me would affect me ; but somehow my body, or what was left of my body—for it seemed to me at length to have shrunk in size to an alarming extent, and I felt myself no bigger than a button—yet with all this, my bodily powers were but little disturbed by their unusual condition. My brain was certainly very useful, and I could not help thinking how very awkwardly I should have been circumstanced if I had had a wig instead of the natural covering of the head, for it was by my hair that all the usual notions and actions of my body were now exerted. I saw, smelt, handled, and touched—if the first three words are not misnomers under the circumstances. I felt the wash of the waves, tasted the saltness of the sea, saw the various objects around me on the rock, all with *my hairs*. And during this time the tide had risen, and was now washing over my head, and I was now and then looking up toward the sky with my seeing powers ;—the sky appeared strangely green through the new medium of my vision ; the sun shone with a very subdued brightness, and the sounds around me were totally changed in their position in the musical scale ; all were deep—all bass and no treble !

But soon a fresh alarm came upon me. I have said before I could not understand how I was to speak or eat ; for the former, indeed, I felt little desire, for in truth I had no one on whom to exercise the power of talking ; but the latter was a more serious matter. Already I felt I needed refreshment for the inner man ; and I did not wonder at that when I thought of all I had gone through ; every moment the craving for sustenance grew greater, and my anxiety to discover some means to sustain nature grew more importunate ; but in a strange and instinctive way I arrived at the knowledge how my wants would be supplied.

A fellow inhabitant of the sea was disporting himself near me, forcing himself along in rapid jerks with his rudder-like tail. I

could not help looking at him with admiration as he glanced here and there with such exceeding animation. Little did I think of the end to which all these watery capers would bring him. A wave came unexpectedly with a heavier roll than usual, and he, irresistibly driven, passed close by those wondrous hairs of mine. In a moment, in a shorter space of time than it takes to tell, my hairs had risen on end, closed around him, and I felt that in some unknown way I was sucking him in for my dinner. In former days I have eaten boiled shrimps, but not until that moment had I ever realized that it was possible a shrimp might be bolted whole and raw like an oyster. I will admit a certain amount of repugnance at first in my mind, but I felt none in my body, for that seemed ruled only by an iron rule of want, and the sustenance which the latter derived from the shrimp soon reconciled my mind to the shock of such an unpleasant novelty.

But the peculiar sensations I experienced were not yet come to an end. The hours passed away, and the tide had reached its height, and was again receding. My dinner had made me oblivious to many sights in which I might otherwise have been deeply interested, for I can assure you that if you are reduced to the state in which I found myself, the digestion of a raw shrimp encased in scaly armour, is no such easy matter, and requires your undivided attention. And thus the efforts of dining and digestion combined brought me into a strangely languid state, and I felt, as the tide went down—

“An exposition of sleep came over me,”

but ere I was to close my senses to the outer world I found it necessary to rid myself of the indigestible portions of my quondam friend and dinner, the shrimp, and by a natural impulse, derived where from I cannot say, I was relieved of all that oppressed me; and as I entered the vestibule of sleep I felt the organs of my senses were closing behind me, and that the hairs of my head were tucking themselves comfortably away within my inner being; and when at last I was uncovered by the tide, I presented but the simple appearance of an anemone, closed, waiting for the return of the sea. Thus, for once, I was an anemone—in a dream.

J. P. L.

At the Strand Veld.

LEAVING the quiet little village of an obscure little Division, I made for a farm in the neighbourhood, accompanied by a companion—the frequency of whose visits betokened some other attraction than that of a simple two days' outing in the country. Our destination consisted of a fine property, belonging to an old colonial family, an extensive, unbroken plain, richly studded with bush, indigenous to South African downs, and fringed with a series of hillocks common to

the *Strand Veld*. Driving from the village we had to skirt the edge of a considerable sized lake, centrally situated in the farm, and having a circumference of about eighteen miles. Rounding the base of an almost imperceptible rise, which borders on the lake, we came in view of the farm steading, a baronial looking pile of houses situated on a gentle knoll, commanding a view of both lake and prairie. As we approached the house, we could see two or three ladies with opera glasses, and with the instinctive promptitude of a smitten bachelor, my companion began adjusting his scarf pin, &c. On our pulling up at the house, we were welcomed by our host—a well-built, comfortable looking specimen of the gentleman farmer, who ushered us into a spacious hall, a fac-simile to many of which can be found along the valley of the Drakenstein, and where we were met by the family. The walls of this reception hall were well decorated with pictures of racers, several of which were celebrated as prize-takers on the Cape Turf; but on entering the drawing-room we found the centre table laden with trophies, prize-cups of rare workmanship, carved rams' heads, and costly candelabra. A proposal for an hour's boating on the lake met with general approbation. Our company consisted of six, and two native rowers. Away we went merrily, a calm, still night, the uncertain glimmer of a half moon, and the regular-timed splash of the lazy oar. What a moment for indulging in admiration of the picturesque! What a congeniality of romantic circumstances crowded into that brief period! The ladies sing, and away, far away the echo dies softly on the shore; wild birds startle from their rushy beds, and fly in hot haste to the marsh which borders the lake's southern extremity. The lake itself is perfectly smooth, save for the tiniest of ripples which lash the prow as our boat glides calmly on with a measured slowness, quite African. My companion from the village seems half entranced, he scans the heavens, but the southern cross has no splendour for him. Dream on; more than one swain has sighed to the moon—this foretaste of Paradise is but fleeting. Who then shall grudge the sweetness of the cup? A sudden darkness enshrouds us, the moon is veiled by a cloud, a rush of fluttering wings is heard, the oars hang idly by the sides, a thousand birds rise from among the reeds, a Babylonish confusion of cries rends the air, and again all is hushed in silence. A moment, and the scene is changed, the weird light of the moon again reveals itself, the oars dip into the silent waters and force the bows through the wavelets with Gondolier-like measure, which dash in their puny impotence against the water-line. We leave the reeds and make for a broad expanse of lake which admits of no shore—at least visible to the eye. Silence seems monarch on land and lake. The distant mountains can be traced in half-defined forms, but the vast flat of the Strand Veld, and broad sheet of water which intervenes, with the sickly reflex of a half-fledged moon, obscures the vision, and the lofty peak of the distant range seems like Mahomed's coffin to hang between heaven and earth. The lights of the homestead

beckons us on ; our oarsmen pull for the shore, the keel rakes the sand, an extension of hands, a leap, and we are again on *terra firma*. The evening was spent with music and her sister song, and when the hour to retire came, my companion and myself were preceded up a long corridor in the eastern wing of the house, by a dusky damsel, whose protruding lips, tufted hair, and broadly developed hands might have given her a symmetrical claim to rank among the Hottentot Venuses. In the morning we were up betimes, for

“The horn of the huntsman was heard on the hill,”

with a sort of unpoetical, short shout, calling us to a morning's run with the hounds. We assemble on the square, for although we are at a Strand Veld farm, a spacious area is enclosed with an irregular series of buildings, high stone walls, and old fashioned pillars, giving to it a semi-feudal aspect as the sun shines with a painful glare on the white bleached limestones. Again the bugle's consumptive bark is heard in the early calm of a summer morning, and vaulting into our saddles we dash across a vast plain, startling a buck or koran here and there as hunter and hound sweep on to Jackalsgat. Here our pack of fifteen well-trained foxhounds struck scent, and ranging themselves in beautiful order, went off in the direction of the beach at a speed seemingly calculated to defy all scent. Well the dogs work, for the dew is fresh on the ground, and well the horses gallop, taking a milk or sugar bush as they crop up in alternative or successive order. The bush now becomes dense, and riding more dangerous, for porcupines and anteaters' holes are more numerous, the hounds begin to scatter and betray symptoms of having lost scent, and the master perceiving the state of anarchy, calls them off. Thus far our luck did not obtain for us a brush, but gave us a good run of half-an-hour. We meet, and a Hottentot attendant, in recognition of orders, pulled a “young man's companion” from a sort of satchel which hung on his side, and the rising sun was greeted by a *gezondheid* from several lips as we quaffed a morning *soupie*. A few minutes' consultation and we are again in the saddle, the hounds lead due north, and increase their speed, we follow hard through camps of frightened sheep, the master of the hounds, mounted on a fine chestnut stallion, is close behind them. A ratel is started, he makes for the bush, but eventually is forced on the flat, our dogs are in full cry, and each horse and horseman seems excited as if by mutual sympathy ; away we scour o'er the plain, but ah ! a horse stumbles, a porcupine hole traps him, and he rolls on the ground, pitching his rider bolt into a milk bush—no bones broken. Again he mounts, to come in at the death, but his horse seems shaken with the fall. The hounds close with the ratel, which shows fight, but his contention for life is futile, the Philistines are upon him—his brush shall bear firebrand no more.

The Roar of the Sea.

When sinks the ev'ning breeze to rest,
 And fades the daylight in the west,
 Day's labour o'er, I love to sit
 On gnarled stump, in musing fit ;
 There watch the stars peep from the skies,
 While dreams and fancies swiftly rise,
 And softly sounds the chasten'd roar
 Of ocean, on its distant shore.

What diff'ring thoughts that murmur bears
 To various listeners' musing ears;
 To exile's ears the murmur'd strain
 Speaks of the land ne'er seen again,
 Gay childhood's scenes, and kindred dear,
 And quickly starts th' unbidden tear ;
 To some 'tis but the tossing foam,
 Which soon shall bear them to their home.

Of those once dear, but now forgot
 In absence and a bustling lot,
 It speaks to some. To others, brings
 A fond heart's sighs upon its wings.
 It is the whisper of the storm
 To some ; at once a dear lost form
 Starts from its deep uncoffin'd grave
 At that hoarse murmur of the wave.

Thus fraught with hopes, with sighs, with fears,
 It echoes on our hearts and ears ;
 That solemn strain, the breakers' roar,
 Ceaselessly sounding evermore.
 To age must seem that boundless sea
 An emblem of eternity ;
 To youth, to me, of moments past,
 It speaks too bright and fair to last.

B. M. R.

Native Medicines and their Uses.

AS EMPLOYED BY NATIVE DOCTORS.

THE subject of Native Medicines is one that will well repay careful investigation. So extensive is it, however, that it cannot be overtaken by any one person, though he spend a lifetime in its study. It requires for its proper elucidation frequent intercourse with the native doctors on terms of familiarity, interchange of pharmaceutical commodities, the power of extracting from a crafty man what he really knows and takes precious good care to hide, and the making careful notes quietly to avoid the suspicion being raised in his mind that the crumbs of knowledge he has graciously let fall will be turned to some practical account. It is not every day we meet with a native doctor so as to have a quiet and profitable conversation, and when we do meet him for professional motives, his avowals of ignorance are so determined that it is no easy matter to get any practical addition to native medicines and their uses. Still, constant and unwearied attempts at obtaining specimens from the "Native Materia Medica" will prove not only interesting but, mayhap, useful.

Natives are not children, and doctors are not fools. They know what they are about. Though they gull one another often, and willingly consent to be gulled, by alleging and even believing fictitious and fanciful virtues to exist in their roots; yet many of their nostrums are possessed of solid worth, and if only properly analysed and prepared by an exact method for securing a legitimate strength, could be used with advantage by the English physician. This subject thus assumes a scientific aspect, for after specimens have been gathered and classified by the botanist, so as to be had independently from Nature's own laboratory, they can be chemically analysed and their supposed virtues tested. A great deal has already been done, I am aware, in testing and classifying many of the favourite remedies of the Hottentots and of the old Dutch settlers; yet, notwithstanding, there are many hundreds of plants known and used by Kafir doctors on the frontier which, though some may have already found a place in the botany of South Africa, have never been known to the European as possessed of any particular efficacy. An exhaustive collection of native roots fit for botanical classification, labelled with the native name and supposed virtues, would be a valuable addition to science. The proper investigation of the subject also would have a practical issue eventually upon the questions of witchcraft and poisoning. Native doctors are reputed to be able to kill as well as cure, to bring sickness as well as remove it, by means of medicines supplied to the man who wishes to injure his neighbour, as well as to the man who is regarded as suffering from his enemy's bewitchery. These medicines can be analysed and their real virtues discovered, and thus might faith in witchcraft dissolve in the chemist's mortar.

Those medicines also in ordinary use, and recognized by the native profession as good for special sicknesses, will be known, their strength recorded, the quantity requisite to produce death, and the symptoms manifested in over-dosing. Thus may we be able eventually to tackle successfully the two classes of poisoning that exist among the native tribes, the one being the ignorant, the other the intentional, overdosing with strong decoctions.

My object in the present paper is, by giving a few specimens from my note-book of authentic information received by barter with native doctors, to stimulate a few others to do something in the same field, trusting that the glimpses thereby afforded of a native dispensary may not be uninteresting to your general readers.

The Zulu doctor is generally recognized by all natives on the frontier as the cleverest and most successful in the practice of medicine, and as he is among all the tribes and earnestly sought after, I shall extract largely at present from the Zulu medicine chest.

In looking over the native laboratory, there seems to be four classes of roots which might, for convenience, be termed:—(1) Live-and Love-charms; (2) Death-charms; (3) Antidotes to Death-charms; (4) Simple and useful Drugs. I shall purposely leave out all notice of the simple and useful drugs at present, and confine my descriptions to those of the greatest importance in the everyday life of the Kafir.

I. LIFE AND LOVE-CHARMS.

Here we are introduced to an almost endless series of specimens, possessing, as acknowledged by our native practitioner, the most wonderful virtues. We shall select a few at random.

Isidungulo.—If you should be afflicted with the rust in your crops, and your gardens appear to be unhealthy and not likely to be productive, call in a doctor, and he shall take the root and leaves of this plant, chew them well, and walk round the garden, spitting as he goes upon the growing crops, and without fail the garden will give the very best harvest it has ever produced. This proving to be the case, you have only to pay the doctor a beast for his trouble. This is a most excellent charm to produce fertility, much better than burning fish bones. If any of the farmers in the Cape district should like to try this as a remedy for rust, I can introduce them to the plant.

Esibunge, Matitiballa.—Here are two specimens also interesting to the farmer. What use of a Vagrancy Bill being passed to clear the country of thieves prowling about on the look out for stock? What is the use of a mounted police force with staff of detectives to look out for stolen property? Call in a native doctor whenever you miss anything out of your kraal, and let him take the first of these roots, mash it and mix with the fat of a wolf, and place the unguent on the ground at the entrance to your kraal, and the thief of your stock will make his appearance before morning and confess to the depredation

And again, if you are afraid of a thief entering your kraal by night, get the Matitiballa leaves and branches, of which make an infusion, and sprinkle all round your kraal, and if any thief should come during the night he is sure to be rooted to the spot, unable to move, and so you can easily go out in the morning, catch him, and give him a hiding. These charms ought to be brought to the notice of the Government, and the doctor most skilled in their use ought at once to be taken into the service of the Secretary for Native Affairs, who would then give universal satisfaction, by being able to afford protection to every farmer's stock. The only unfortunate circumstance is, that these roots are said to lose their virtue when a white man's kraal is threatened, or a black thief has gone off with a white man's cow.

Umholisela.—Here is a root of great service to the sportsman wearied with his travel, gun in hand, and finding nothing, while yet tiger cats are lurking about in every wood and valley. Let a Kafir trap be constructed in the usual way within an enclosure, having a bent bow, hoop of cord, and meat attached, then take this root, chew it, and walk round the enclosure, spitting it out over the framework of the traps. This must be done towards evening, after which you must retire for the night. Early in the morning you will find a tiger cat held fast by the ribs in the hoop swinging in the air. If a tiger cat is within several miles of the spot it can't resist the enticing charm of the *Umholisela*.

Umayime, Isihlungu.—Croft's tincture is generally regarded as a specific for snake bites, but who thinks of using it as a preventive? Nobody need ever be alarmed about snakes if the advice of the native doctor is obtained and the above-mentioned roots are used. The first is prepared by infusion, the latter by roasting, and when pulverized, is mixed with the gall of the same kind of snake that has bitten you. By the use of one or other of these medicines recovery is certain, and what is much better, if properly administered by a native doctor, any person can be made impervious to snake poison. It would certainly be a fortunate hit for some one to carry out this native idea. It would only require a few thousand snakes of all varieties to be caught, and a compound tincture made from their poison secreting gland, roots added, dram bottles filled and labelled, and advertisements sent to all the newspapers, puffing the medicine as the "Great Life Elixir for Humanity; being the surest and safest antidote to all poisonous ingredients that can enter the human body, one dram dose of which will infallibly secure the most perfect safety among the most venomous of reptiles," and a fortune is made.

Umaqunda, Isandiyandiya, Umtunyulelo, Isitendesezulu.—These are roots of various herbs and trees which the doctor chews and spits at the lightning bird, the flutter of whose wings is a recognized flash, so that the bird will not alight at the kraal where he is thus performing, nor drop an egg (electric spark or thunderbolt) as she passes by, and so the people will be safe amid the storm.

Unyenyo.—A restlessness of spirit sometimes pervades the followers of a chief. Some of his principal men leave and cling to other tribes, influenced either by fear or jealousy of some rival in their chief's regard. A doctor must be called in to "nyanga" the tribe and lead all the people to stick close to their chief. This is the tree employed. Its branches are partially roasted, then pulverized and mixed with the meat of the wild buck, and all the men of the tribe are constrained to eat it so prepared. This is an irresistible charm, and the people are henceforth led by their chief withersoever he wills. Perhaps the Colonial Secretary might like to have a few branches to keep in reserve for another Langalibalele Bill, and then by simply inviting the House to a wild buck feast flavoured with *unyenyo* he should have no difficulty in passing a Bill for Langalibalele being restored to his chieftainship and located *between* Cape Colony and Natal, and become a headman over the Amahlubi now resident in Fingoland.

Isidau.—This tree is very nearly allied to the foregoing, being used as a charm for the men of war. When a chief is purposing the invasion of an enemy's country and the matter is decided, the war doctor is called to prepare the men for battle. The branches of this tree are roasted and pulverized and mixed with the meat of the wild buck, of which each man must eat. After this the enemy has no power to overcome, but must yield to the superior skill and stratagem of those doctored warriors. A very little of *pulv. Isidau* would go a great length with our homœopathic friends, and when translated into globules might become a most efficient medicine to instil courage into our colonial volunteers should another native tribe try to run away beyond our jurisdiction.

Ubulawo, Uvendhle, Umpandzeoule.—These are love-charms. The first is a root, of which the doctor makes an infusion to wash the body of the young man who wishes to be particularly attractive to the fair sex. The second is a root which when pulverized and mixed with fat becomes a precious ointment to smear the face and locks of a young swain, and is much more powerful in its charming attractions. With the leaves of the third powdered and mixed with fat, another species of pomade is made for general anointing, the efficacy of which is more specific than the others, inasmuch as by its proper application the affections of a particular girl desired may be at once secured. There is one remarkable casualty invariably occurs when the doctor comes to the house of the young man bearing these leaves of the *umpandzeoule*: if there should be an aged person at that kraal, either male or female, this aged person dies. This is a lucky omen, for it proves the presence of the veritable herb, and testifies to the young man the certainty of having his wishes fulfilled. How this is brought about I leave your readers to imagine for themselves, for even among other races, in spite of lavender water, Eau de Cologne, and Rowland's Maccassar, young ladies sometimes will not consent to accept a husband with a burden.

Sukasihambe.—The man who is in earnest and wants no beating about the bush, has no time for palavering, but wishes to go straight at it and be done with it in the work of wooing and wedding, must get this root just mentioned. Having reduced it to powder he must set out in search of a bee's nest, and having seized the queen bee of the hive, he must go home with it and pulverize it. This being done he must kill a white cow, and taking the fat make an ointment by mixing it with these two powders. Having rubbed this ointment upon his hands and mouth, he must go to the place where the girl resides whom he has in his mind fixed to be his wife, and though she may not be present in the same hut, as soon as he mentions her name, adding "*Suka si hambe*," she will be found gathering her little articles of furniture and expressing her readiness to follow him home as his wife.

Umpa Amapuca.—Suppose the person you loved has deserted you, proving faithless, and you dare not go on a visit to her place, as you know you will not be allowed to see her, get some leaves of the above-named herb, dry, pulverize, and mix the powder with some tobacco snuff. Send a boy with some of this prepared snuff in his snuff-box to the kraal where your old sweetheart lives. In the course of conversation with the different people, when the young woman asks for tobacco, let the prepared snuff be presented. As soon as she has had a pinch, a change will "come o'er the spirit of her dream," and that very night she will make for her old lover's place to become his wife.

But we must now select a few charms of another kind used for purposes of destruction, and which for variety we call "death charms." The antidotes to some of these death-charms we shall also notice at the same time.

II.—DEATH-CHARMS AND THEIR ANTIDOTES.

Here we are brought face to face with witchcraft in its worst phases. It is a complicated subject, but some little light may be thrown upon it by noticing: first, that persons possessed of hatred towards another will go to a doctor to obtain medicines by which endeavours are made to destroy the life of an enemy; secondly, when a doctor is called in to examine and prescribe for some disease, if that sickness is to him unaccountable in its origin and is not amenable to ordinary treatment, he attributes the cause of sickness to some enemy who has secretly bewitched him. The bewitching matter is discovered by the doctor, its mode of action is described, and by the aid of the friends of the sick man the person most likely to have deposited it in the neighbourhood of the patient is named, and even though he cannot be proved to have been in league with any doctor so as to have obtained such bewitching materials, his life must be sacrificed as the penalty, and his cattle taken. These two points must be borne in mind, that charms to destroy life are in

frequent use, and doctors supply them for cattle and money ; and that in their ignorant treatment of grave diseases they trace the cause of sickness to some one having employed a death-charm.

Umkaulane.—Suppose you possess hatred against your neighbour, and your spite takes the form of wishing that he never may have a wife to live with him, and never a child to herd his flocks, you have only to apply to a doctor for some of the leaves of this shrub, then go quietly and spread them on the foot-path where you know that person* is sure to walk, and the object of your wish will be fulfilled. On the other hand, if you should be the unfortunate person who is childless, and you apply to a doctor to ascertain the cause, he is sure to discover some of these leaves in a footpath near your kraal, and so the next inquiry is Who has done so? which is equivalent to Who do you think has got the greatest hatred against you? Thus the person who has been bewitching you is discovered, and if your influence be great enough to secure with success a raid upon him and his cattle, you have only thereafter to submit to have your whole body scarified and some powdered roots rubbed in, to be satisfied with your doctor, and pay him his beast for relieving you from the bewitching spell.

Ugebeleweni.—If you wish to cause a person whom you hate to commit suicide by throwing himself over a rocky precipice, you have only to get the root called by this name, roast, then pulverize and mix it with some of the *dust* from the footsteps of your enemy. Take this dust so prepared, and sprinkle it upon the rock on the top of the precipice over which you wish him to fall. Very shortly thereafter, if you have been careful of your manipulation, you will see him rushing to that very rock and throwing himself headlong. That sort of mania which inclines a native to commit suicide, arising as it does frequently from complete exhaustion of vital energy, is not uncommon. Its physiological causes being shrouded in darkness to the native practitioner, recourse for explanation of its cause can only be had to the evil manipulation of some enemy that seeks his destruction. Hence attempted suicide of this description is explained as above, and the proper party sought for and killed ; and if the unfortunate man has been saved from his self-destruction, he must be treated by the doctor, who takes a root called *Intelezi*, of which he makes an infusion and washes his whole body. He then gives him a good vomit, and keeps watch beside him for several days lest he make his escape and throw himself over the rock.

Isinyimbana, Imbo, Indbluivaliwe.—These are three different kinds of bewitching matter sold for the purpose of causing death. The first is a seed, and it is sown near the kraal of the person who is wished to die, and which when the doctor called in discovers as the cause of sickness, in addition to the usual destruction of the supposed sower of the seeds, the patient's body is washed with an infusion of a root called *Impondo*, and has an enema of an infusion

of Umbizankulu. These are the antidotes to the destructive influences of Isinyimbana. The second is a seed pulverized and mixed with the blood of an ox or cow, and sprinkled at the door of the hut to cause the death of the inmates. After the agent has been detected and punished, the patient gets an infusion of Kumalo Bark to drink, mixed with soup made from the stomach of an ox killed for the purpose. The third is a root that is planted near the kraal, and as the result the people are afflicted with a disease something like hemorrhoids. After the witch has been discovered and endured the penalty, the patients are scarified over their whole body and all sorts of medicines rubbed in.

Intsinga ye Namba.—If you should wish your enemy to be bitten by the poisonous snake called "Inamba," or boa constrictor, you must get the doctor to make a preparation composed of a part of the tendon from the dorsal vertebræ of a newly killed Namba. This is dipped in the fat of the same snake, mixed with a root pulverized called *Moyella*, and left so immersed for a day and night. After taking it out it must be laid on the path where the man you hate is accustomed to travel, and when he approaches it will be converted into a namba and bite him that he die. Thus even when a man is bitten by a snake and he die an enemy hath done it, and he who is supposed to have had a grudge at the poor victim is made the sacrifice to pacify the wounded feelings of the relations and friends.

Ugobandhlovu, Umcoboko, Intelo.—In using the first of these, you take the bark, roast and grind it, and strew it on the road in front of a kraal, this causes the sickness and death of the people. The second is a root of which you make an infusion, take a mouthful and spit in the direction of the man you hate, and he speedily sickens and dies. The third, *Intelo*, is one of the most powerful agents in the witch doctor's laboratory. It is a secret preparation, very small, like a thread of wool. No one is allowed to see it; still if you wish to be able to kill another in a very easy way, you must arrange with the doctor for this preparation. He will then scarify your forefinger and rub it in. Thereafter if you only point with that finger to the man you hate he will suffer and die. The sickness from which a man actually suffers when a witch doctor traces it to some enemy having used the *Intelo* or pointed at him, seems to be a combination of neuralgia and ophthalmia. The patient is obliged to retain the sitting and recumbent position with his head bent down. He suffers agonizing pains both in the head and eyes. The usual antidotes, of course, are tried, but without avail till the enemy that has pointed the finger of death has been found and pierced through with assegais.

Umbulelo.—Of all the myths instilled into the minds of the people by the witch doctor for securing his importance and exhibiting his possession of superhuman power, the story of this tree and its capabilities surpasses all. It is at once a tree of death and a tree of life. It is to be found far in the interior. Everything, be it bird,

beast, or person that touches its leaves or branches dies instantaneously, with only two exceptions,—the namba and the witch doctor. Even the doctor himself cannot approach this tree without certain forms. A goat must be sacrificed in the attempt. A living goat is taken and by the doctor thrown among its branches and instantly dies. A hooked rod is then taken, and a branch broken off by the fall of the goat is carefully drawn out and bundled up by the doctor. With this branch prepared by him he can cure all kinds of sickness and every species of evil caused by witchcraft. A specimen of this tree is not forthcoming, and I fear it is only a legend of other days handed down from one generation to another of these degraded Levitical priests,—a startling glimpse among the superstitions of these professors of witchcraft of truth sacred and divine. In Bible history we read of a tree of death in Eden, and even he who touched it was made subject to death. There was also a tree of life, an antidote to death; but before its virtues could be felt and life brought back to a dying race, the sacrifice of the Divine Son, foreshadowed even by a goat, must first take place. Men cast Him from their midst, and nail Him to the accursed tree. He dies, and from the cross the broken branch of life and peace is carried far and near by the ministers of the Gospel. This message of God being reconciled to man through the death of Christ becomes in their hands the surest antidote to all the ills of human life, and cures the soul bewitched by the devil himself.

The above selection I have given is only a small glimpse of the laboratory of the witch doctor; but I trust that sufficient has been given to afford some little idea to English minds of the depth of native superstition, and to exhibit somewhat the restless unrest of spirit which is the heritage of nature. Count not these millions of Afric's sons happy in their rude, untutored life. The black cloud of ignorance of the supernatural that hangs over their spirit makes them weep like children in the solitude of sickness, and as the fear of death like a raging storm is lashing on their writhing spirit, they are goaded on to feats of gigantic devilry. Oh for more sympathy with these poor deluded children of Ham, a sympathy that will touch their lonely spirit and lead them out into the light of God!

NDIKO.

Kafir Nursery Tales.

III.

THE WONDERFUL BIRD OF THE CANNIBAL.

A NUMBER of girls once went away from their homes early in the morning for the purpose of getting imbola (the red clay with which they colour their bodies and clothes). Among them was the daughter of a chief, a very pretty girl. After they had collected the

imbola, they were about to return home, when one of them proposed that they should bathe in a large pool of water that was there. To this they all agreed, and so they went into the water and played about in it for a long time. At last they dressed themselves again, and set out for home; but when they had gone some distance the chief's daughter noticed that she had forgotten one of her ornaments, which she had taken off when they went to bathe. So she asked her cousin to return with her to get it. The cousin refused. Then she asked another girl, and another, but one and all refused to go back. She was thus obliged to return to the water alone, while the other girls went home.

On arriving at the pool, a big ugly cannibal with only one leg came up to her, caught her, and put her in his bag. She was so frightened that she lay quite still. The cannibal then took her round to the different villages and made her sing for him. He called her his bird. When he came to a village he asked for meat, and when it was given to him he said, "Sing, my bird." But he would never open the bag that anyone would see what sort of a bird he had.

When the girls reached home, they told the chief that his daughter had reached the age of puberty, and then they selected one of themselves and put her in a hut. The chief believed that story, and so he killed a large ox and said the people must eat. That day they ate fat beef, and were very merry. The boys took meat, and went away from the village to eat it. The cannibal, who did not know that the girl's father was chief at this place, came there just at this time. He said to the boys if they would give him meat he would make his bird sing for them. So they gave him meat, and he said, "Sing, my bird." The girl's brother was among those boys, and he thought the bird sang like his sister, but he was afraid to ask the cannibal to let him see. He advised the cannibal to go to the village where the men were, and told him there was plenty of meat that day.

The cannibal then went to the village and made his bird sing. The chief wanted very much to see the bird, but the cannibal would not open the bag. The chief offered him an ox for the bird, but the cannibal declined the offer. Then the chief made a plan. He asked the cannibal to go for some water, and said he would give him plenty of beef when he returned. The cannibal said he would go if they would promise not to open his bag while he was away. They all promised not to touch the bag. They gave the cannibal a leaky pot to carry the water in, so that he was gone a long time. As soon as he was out of sight the chief opened the bag and took his daughter out. At first he could not believe it was his daughter, for he thought she was observing intoujane. But when he knew how those other girls had deceived him he said they must all die, and so they were killed. Then he put snakes and toads in the bag, and tied it up again.

When the cannibal came back he complained of the leaky pot, but they gave him plenty of meat to satisfy him, so he picked up his bag and went away. He did not know what had happened while he was absent. When he came near his own house he called to his wife, "Make ready to cook." He sent and called all the other cannibals to come to a feast, and they came expecting to get something nice. He let them wait a little to get very hungry. Then he opened his bag and thought to take the girl out, but found only snakes and toads in it. The other cannibals were so angry when they saw this, that they killed him and made their feast of him.

THE GIRL AND THE MBULU.

There was once a widow woman who had one son and two daughters. On a certain day she went to her garden, taking with her one of the girls. While she was away the boy quarrelled with his sister and killed her. In the course of the day the woman sent the girl that was with her to the hut, and when she came there a fly told her what had happened. She did not believe it. Then a mouse told her the same thing, but still she did not believe it was true. Afterwards the fly told her to look in a certain place, and there she saw the head and the bones of her sister. When the woman came home and found out what had happened, she killed her son. Then she gave the girl a stick, and told her to go to her uncle's house, saying that when she got there she must strike the ground with the stick and all the clothes and other things that belonged to her would then rise up out of the earth. The woman said she was now all alone, and therefore intended to kill herself. The girl was very sorry, but she did as her mother told her. When she was a little way off she looked back and saw smoke coming out of the hut, from which she knew that her mother had burned herself and was no longer a person under the sun.

After this she met an old woman, who called to her, but she took no heed and walked on. Next she met a mbulu at a place close by a river. The mbulu said that whoever wet any part of the body in crossing the river must go in and bathe. The girl was standing on the bank, and the mbulu struck the water with its tail and splashed it into her face, so that she had to go in and bathe. Then the mbulu took her clothes and put them on. When the girl came out the water she asked for her clothes, but the mbulu said, "I will give them when you are dry." So they went on together. After awhile the girl asked again, and the mbulu said, "I will give them when we get to the village." But when they arrived there the mbulu said, "You must tell the people here that you are my servant, and that I am the daughter of a chief." The poor girl was so afraid that she promised to do so. They were well received at the village, because the people believed that the mbulu was a great person. They wondered at her voice, but she told them she had been sick and her throat was not yet well.

After a time one of the men of that kraal married the mbulu, and the real girl was sent to the gardens to drive the birds away from the corn. While engaged in this occupation she used to sing about the mbulu taking her clothes and passing itself off for a person until the women who worked in the gardens took notice of this song of hers.

Then they made a plan to find out if what the girl was singing was the truth. They said "The tail of a mbulu will want mice and fat," so they set snares to catch the mice. In the night the tail was pursuing mice, and itself got fast in a snare. The mbulu then asked the man who was married to her to go and get some medicine as she was sick, and when the man went she took off the snare. After this they made another plan. They said, "The tail of a mbulu will seek milk," so they dug a hole in the ground, put milk in it, and required every one in the village to jump over the hole. The mbulu was unwilling at first, but they urged her; so she tried to jump quickly, but the tail could not pass the milk. When it went down the people saw that this was a mbulu, so they killed it and buried it in that hole.

After this the same man who had married the mbulu took the girl to be his wife. She had a child, and one day when it was playing a square pumpkin came out of the ground where the mbulu was buried and tried to kill the infant. But the people chopped the pumpkin into pieces, and afterwards threw the ashes into a river, so that nothing more could come of that mbulu.

[We have no sprite or hobgoblin answering to a mbulu, so the word cannot be translated. The story itself gives as good an idea of what is told of this fabulous creature as any description I could furnish. I need, therefore, only add that a mbulu never speaks the truth if it is possible to tell a falsehood.]

STORY OF A GIRL WHO DISREGARDED THE CUSTOM OF INTOUJANE.

There was once a chief's daughter who had reached the age when it was necessary for her to observe the Intoujane. She was therefore placed in a hut with several other girls, in which hut she was to remain during the period of the ceremony. One day her companions persuaded her to go and bathe in a stream near at hand, though this was against the custom of the Intoujane. When they came out of the water, they saw a snake with black blotches, called the Isinyobolokondwana, near their clothes. They were very much afraid, and did not know what to do at first. But by and by one of them commenced to sing these words, "Sinyobolokondwana, sinyobolokondwana, zisa ingubo yam." (Sinyobolokondwana, bring my mantle). The snake replied, "Zeka udlule, zeka udlule." (Take it and pass on). The companions of the chief's daughter, one after the other, asked the snake for their mantles in this manner, and obtained permission to take them. Last of all was the chief's daughter. But instead of speaking to the snake respectfully as the others had done, she said mockingly, "Ngcingcingci, ngcingcingci." (Words without

meaning, but used to express contempt, being merely a repetition of the sound *ngci*). So the snake became very angry and bit her, when she immediately became of the same hideous colour as it was. Her companions were so frightened that they left her and ran away home. They put another girl in the hut, and pretended that she was the chief's daughter. The girl, thus left alone, went to a forest close by, and climbed up a tree to hide herself.

About this time the chief was killing an ox on account of his daughter, and so he sent a young man to the forest to get pieces of wood with which to peg out the skin. The young man was cutting sticks, when he heard some one crying, "*Mfondini, ngawulayo ndibike kuma no bawo apo, nkuba ndilunywe sinyobolokondwana.*" (Man cutting sticks, tell my father and mother that the *sinyobolokondwana* bit me). He heard this repeated twice, and, without looking to see what was crying, he ran home and told the chief. Two young men were then sent back with him to see what it was, one of these happening to be the girl's brother. These two were told to hide themselves and listen while the other cut the sticks. They did so, and heard the voice crying as before. Then the brother of the girl knew the voice of his sister, and they all went to the tree where she was and took her home with them.

The chief was very much surprised to see his daughter in that state, and was so angry with her companions for taking her to the river and then for substituting another girl so as to deceive him, that he caused them all to be killed.

Then he sent some of his men with forty cattle to take his daughter to a distant country, where she was to remain far away from him. They did as they were told, and built huts in that place to live in. After they had been there a long time, they found that the cows which the chief sent with them were giving more milk than they could consume, so they poured what was left in a hole in the ground. To their amazement, the milk rose, and rose, and rose, higher and still higher, till at last it stood up out of the ground like a great overhanging rock. They called the girl to see this wonderful thing that was happening. In her curiosity she went close to the precipice, when it fell down on her, and, as the milk ran over her, all her ugly blotched skin disappeared, and she was again beautiful as at first.

Soon afterwards a young chief who was passing by saw the girl, and fell in love with her. He thought she was the daughter of one of the men who were there to protect her, but when he made inquiries they told him she was the daughter of their chief. Then he went to her father, and some of the men went also to tell how the milk had cured the girl. The young chief had very many cattle, which he offered to her father. So the old chief agreed to let him marry the girl, and she became his great wife and was loved by him very dearly.

[A large proportion of Kafir tales have a similar termination with many English ones; the heroine gets married to a prince. These

show at least that a desire for wordly rank is as great in the one people as in the other. It cannot fail, however, to be observed that Kafir tales are destitute of any moral teaching, such as many of our English stories convey. What recommendation, for instance, had the girl in the above story to the favour of the young chief? Many of these tales, indeed, are of an immoral character, and convey to a child the idea that deceit and falsehood are praiseworthy. In some of them the language is so obscene that they cannot be published without destroying their originality. I believe that several of those I have given are mere fragments of stories that were current in days gone by; but I have been desirous of placing before the readers of the *Magazine* nothing that cannot easily be verified from numerous sources, and have, therefore, sought not to give long stories derived from only one authority, but such as are commonly told at present to the children of our Kafir neighbours.]

T.

Victoria East, June, 1875.

Cape Town Revisited.

III.

PRACTICAL SUGGESTIONS FOR LOCAL IMPROVEMENTS.

WHATEVER opinion I might have held as to the improved state of the Cape Town streets while dry weather continued, I must confess it has been considerably modified since the rainy season has set in. Talk of the Serbonian Bog, the Slough of Despond, the Bog of Allen, the Dismal Swamp, the Pontine Marshes, or the filthiest parts of the Earl of Meath's Liberty, and Coombe, in the City of Dublin (always renowned for its dirty streets), and they would hide their diminished heads in comparison with portions of Adderley-street and its neighbourhood after a few days' heavy rain and street traffic consequent thereon, and yet how patiently do our good citizens bear it all, living as they are in almost as bad a state as the spirits in the third circle of Dante's *Inferno*! In the papers and reports of Town Council one would think it was a necessary evil it would be hopeless to amend. Now this is not altogether the fault of the city engineer, who, I believe, does all in his power to amend the evil, but rather of his predecessors, for it must be traced back to the want of any complete or combined original system in those having control over both your paving and water supply in former years. Your streets want a firm and certain foundation, which, I believe, none of them have; the employment of a better material than friable rolled pebbles and loam for an upper stratum; and the employment of a

proper steam roller to consolidate all. At present whatever materia may be used the clay bottom moistened by rain rises through it to the surface, and converts it into a morass so deep and tenacious that I would recommend the use of stilts to all pedestrians (female especially) who are not ambitious of the designation of Dorothy Draggie Tail. We read in Old Rome that when a large gulf opened in the Forum (doubtless a hole in the pavement), a certain patriotic Quintus Curtius, town councillor, or tribune of the people, mounted on his war steed leaped into it, when it closed immediately. Might not one of your town councillors, mounted on his donkey, follow his noble example and take a header into that horrid muddy gulf which after a few days' rain may generally be found opposite the Standard Bank in Adderley-street. If successful it would be a useful and easy method of disposing of the remainder of them in the other numerous holes in the neighbourhood, where their skulls would doubtless form an abundance of good hard material.

Many suggestions or improvements might be made by watching the experiments now going on in London in the different sorts of paving,—wooden, asphalte, granite, and macadam, but there is one point essential in all, namely a substratum of concrete or other hard material from nine to twelve inches in thickness, without which the upper surface, no matter what material it may be composed of, will be a failure. The wooden pavement laid in several different manners on Ludgate Hill, Cheapside, Queen Victoria Street, and places of enormous traffic, appears a great success, and is moderate in price; while the asphalte paving in places now laid down several years, is perfectly clean whatever the weather may be, wears well, and is repaired with great economy: it affords easy traction, and causes a noiseless traffic. My advice would be to make a contract with any of these large paving companies in London, either in wood or asphalte, and let them with their skilled workmen undertake the construction of the pavement in such of your streets and principal thoroughfares that you may want to make passable in all weathers. Your present vile roads must also affect very unfavourably the business of your retail shopkeepers, as it is quite impossible that well dressed ladies can go shopping and dragging the present fashion long-tail dresses after them in the mud, or when you have a few dry days, an equal nuisance in the dust. Indeed, I never saw a more injudicious selection of road material (perhaps of necessity) than I have observed laying down in the repairs of your streets, and yet in your hard granite and clay slate you have no contemptible resources if utilized, instead of preferring the rotten sand-stone, water rounded pebbles, and loam easily procurable no doubt from the drift flanks of Table Mountain,—a material although cheap, extremely nasty.

Next, as to your water supply and drainage. Here you are again suffering from the mistakes and blunders of former engineers,—incompetent, ignorant men, of narrow and limited views, but procurable at a cheap rate. Cidevant mechanics many of them, but

utterly incompetent to arrange the water supply and drainage of so large and peculiarly built city as Cape Town. I do not know anywhere a town so well situated by nature and laid out under the most favourable circumstances for both these great essentials of a large city, and what do we see in the summer,—a limited and quite insufficient supply of water for sanitary, and, in many cases, even for culinary purposes, while the slopes of Table Mountain are actually teeming with springs, and millions upon millions of gallons run to waste after every shower and are lost, God knows where, like some of the rivers of Sicily, which vanish into the ground; now roaring like a torrent down the gutters of St. John-street or some other back slum, apparently clean and beautiful water, then diving down into the mouth of a filthy drain grating, emerging finally in a black and contaminated stream somewhere at the outlet of a drain on the shores of Table Bay. Why, in the name of common sense, is not this water utilized? Trace it back, the cause of your deficient water supply is, in the first place, false economy and a dread of laying out too much money on sufficient reservoirs, and in the second place the employment of incompetent men to construct them. Why not do as they are now doing in the principal cities of Europe and America, such as Cadiz, Odessa, Berlin, or Rio, and enter into a contract with some of the large waterworks companies to remodel the whole of your water service and form proper reservoirs, they engaging to supply a proper quantity and keep the whole thing in repair for a certain number of years, and the company to be paid simply by the rates. In Berlin alone the Town Council were only too glad to purchase the company's works at 100 per cent. more than the original cost, and the same thing is now negotiating at Odessa; while at Portsmouth, under most unfavourable circumstances (every drop of water having to be pumped up several hundred feet into the reservoirs), the supply is not only sufficient for the large boroughs of Portsmouth, Southsea, and Portsea, with perhaps 100,000 inhabitants; but they have besides ample stores to also supply the towns of Havant, Porchester, and the forts on Portsdown Hill, nearly to the town of Fareham.

The last subject I must advert to is the drainage, most important as it is to the health and lives of the inhabitants of Cape Town. It, too, has never had a general plan laid down for it, and so the existing drainage is merely a mass of shifts and expedients, shreds and patches; and sanitary inspection of buildings, if such exists, must be carried out in a most perfunctory and careless manner. The prevalence of those side passages between buildings in the lower and more populous part of the town no doubt complicates this matter, for it is generally out of these passages we see trickling those black Tartarean streams, which slowly accumulating in those useful side gutters, choke them and give rise to, on a warm day, innumerable legions of flies, disgusting to behold; and create more stench than formerly existed in the old town of Cologne or the Fauxbourg

Marceau in Paris. If the water supply was sufficiently abundant, this, no doubt, could be partially remedied; but on the whole you never can have a sweet or wholesome city with nothing but surface drainage to rely on, and that unflushed for weeks sometimes. The cleansing of a regular Augean stable, and the expenditure of large sums of money is yet necessary before the drainage of Cape Town can be considered perfect. In the modern system of drainage such as that of Portsmouth, a double system is always used: one for surface water, the deeper one for house drainage, which I can easily conceive must be here in a most imperfect state, and is the most dangerous of all to deal with.

I have thrown out these few observations on what I conceive the most important economic points in human communities. They may not be here deemed of much importance, for human nature is such that born and reared with a want of water, and in an atmosphere reeking with vile smells and exhalations, the natives get used to it, and like some of our Boers in brack districts, when they first get a draught of pure water complain of its being tasteless and mawkish.

Ventilation, I fear, is not much attended to in Cape Town, but is often left to chance, or rather bad carpentry. Few of your bed rooms have fire places, which they ought always to have for ventilation's sake, although the climate seldom makes it necessary that a fire should be kindled in them. I would like to see a return of the cubic space allotted to each member of a colonial family occupying a cheap house in one of the back streets of the town. I fear it would be such as would create an epidemic in any locality but one so well purified by nature with wind at least if not with water. The want of cleansing floors and wall and general whitewashing is painfully visible as far as the eye of a stranger can reach into the houses of the poorer classes, where all seems to be one universal grimy dirt, and should be strictly enforced as it now is in England, and even in remote villages in Ireland.

Both in your water supply and drainage, bad as it is, you escape a few evils that we Londoners are subject to; the first that humble catastrophe that few London houses are exempt from, namely, the bursting of the water pipes when a thaw succeeds a hard frost, as dismal an occurrence as can possibly take place. You hear a shriek perhaps in the middle of a cold night in January of "Master, master, the pipes is busted in the bath room." We jump incautiously out of bed, and rush to the scene of action, where as soon as we open the door we are saluted, as it were, by a thousand barrelled mitrailleuse of jets of cold water; our light is extinguished, not before we can discern six inches of water on the floor, and our valuable library in the room underneath. Of course our light is extinguished, and we feel as if soused in the icy water of the Polar seas. Our first fears are for our books, and rushing frantically for another light we find the same scene going on down stairs in the scullery. However we call all

hands to work to save the books, as we find the ceiling assume the form of a cylinder of a shower bath, and after two or three hours' exertion in our wet shirt we drag our treasures into a place of safety. "Turn off the main," cries one. The key is gone, or the main won't turn off, and so the water teems on until daylight, or until the supply cistern is totally emptied, while we impotently stand by gazing on the ruin. The next evil we are subject to in the great metropolis is the deadly percolation of sewer gas from the mains up into our houses in certain states of atmospheric pressure, and you are by no means exempt from it here. This will sometimes pervade a whole house from the basement to the garret, and, different from the escape of illuminating gas, cannot always be perceived by its smell; and no perfect trap to prevent its entry as yet exists, as it penetrates the most of our water and syphon traps in common use. Fortunately, however, the attention of the sanitary engineers is now turned to the ventilation of the drains themselves, and we hope to hear of this evil being diminished. It is to this cause the illness of the Prince of Wales and many other important typhoid cases is attributed.

The local peculiarity of stoeps to the dwelling-houses of Cape Town renders the formation of side paths to our streets difficult, and compels foot passengers, as it were, to walk in the kennel. A well-meant attempt has been made to remedy this in some of the cross streets, such as Shortmarket-street, which are on, or nearly on a level, but it generally ends after having a few yards level surface, which of a dark night you trip along rather carelessly, and you suddenly tumble down a steep declivity at the end you never dreamt of, thus risking your nose or even your neck. A notable instance of this sort of trap is found at the Mutual Buildings stoep, at the corner of Grave-street, where is a sudden drop of upwards of two feet, like the pit Vain Confidence fell into in the grounds of the Giant Despair, forming a snare or stumbling block which is a perfect disgrace to the authorities who permit it to exist. If I fall down this of a dark night (which I have often nearly done when I lived at an hotel in the neighbourhood), and happen to break my limb, or say my neck, to whom am I or my representatives to look for compensation? Is it to the parties who formed the trap, or to the Municipality who permits it to exist? The latter I opine. I would like much to seize on some half dozen town councillors, blindfold them, tie their hands behind their back, place them on the stoep and tell them to walk along and find their way off. It would, I think, powerfully convince them that accidents may happen in such places. "We never hear of an accident in that place," a smirking town councillor observed to me. "That place is so well known; everyone in the town knows it." And I dare say every stranger will also soon know it, when he tumbles down it three or four times, breaks his leg, or dislocates his ankle; as old Bunyan has it, "A trap to catch vain-glorious fools." Better far walk in the kennel in safety.

And now a few words on your population. I must, with every unprejudiced person, bear my humble testimony to the general good conduct, nay respectability, of the coloured classes who form the great mass of it. I found the Hottentot element much more scarce than when I was in the Cape before, and even the more elevated type of the Malay with its sharp cut and almost Grecian features, seems also to be disappearing, while a mixture of the Malay and east coast Negro, coarse in feature and limb, seems to be now the prevailing caste. All classes, however, seem to bear external marks of prosperity in their improved clothing, and although old Malaydom still seems to stick to the conoidical hat and the wooden clogs. Indeed, a young Malay exquisite, male or female, might parade Regent-street and not suffer by comparison with the heaviest swells they might meet there, and in some points, the hat for instance, take the shine out of them. The beautifully fine cloth jacket, the voluminous trousers flapping round the leg, generally of a light cerulean hue, the Indian shawl carefully folded forming a sort of gorgeous inner waistcoat, a glimpse of an exquisitely white shirt, patent leather boots, and above all, a proud strutting walk, switching a light cane, and a smile on his face of intense self-approbation, shows that our young Malay not only contributes fairly to the colonial revenue, but also he has a large stock of self-respect, will not soil his fine clothes by haunting canteens or such dirty low kind of places, and by no means thinks small beer of himself. As to the overdressed Malay female, I had best describe her in the words of Milton* :—

But who is this, what thing of sea or land ?
 Female of sex it seems !
 That so bedeckt, ornate and gay,
 Comes this way sailing,
 Like to a rolling ship
 Of Tarsus, or bound for the isles
 Of Javan or Gadire,
 With all her bravery on, and tackle trim
 Sails (petticoats) filled and streamers waving,
 Courted by all the winds that hold their play ;
 An odorous scent of oil of cocoa,
 Her harbinger. A damsel bare legged train behind,
 No doubt some rich old Hadji's spouse, seeking
 Her bed-gowned lord.

I must now conclude, overlooking still many of your weak points, such as the railway terminus, the state of the market latrines, the fish market, and other abominations ; and in my next and probably last letter, give you my recollections of Port Elizabeth and what I saw there.

H. H.

* Samson Agonistes.

Nomenclature in Mineralogy.

BY DR. DANIEL HAHN.

I SUPPOSE that many only on account of this curious title will take no notice of the following paper, because it does not denote something real or abstract at all. Nevertheless, I have no doubt that, sooner or later, a systematic nomenclature of the minerals must make its appearance, since it is a much felt want in the further progress of this science.

Botany and zoology, and also that part of geology, which is called palæontology, have, as it were, an international language. An English, or Russian, or French zoologist, knows at once what is meant by names, such as *Hyaena striata*, *Bos caffer*, *Passer capensis*, etc., and the botanists of these and other countries cannot be in doubt about the meaning of the Latin words: *Frimula veris*, *Lamia alba*, *Gentiana Alpina*, etc.; or the palæontologists about such names as *Ursus spelæus*, *Terebratulalongata*, *Eozoon canadense*, etc. But how can an Hungarian mineralogist understand what an English mineralogist means by "bog-iron-ore;" or a French mineralogist by *fer oxyde massif argilifère*? He cannot ascertain the true meaning of such words as *orpiment*, *arsenic sulfure jaune*, *meloncité*, *chessylite*, *muriate of mercury*, etc.; and even should there exist a similarity between these and the corresponding Hungarian words, he can never be certain of understanding them quite correctly. The English and other mineralogists meet with the same inconvenience when they go to countries where their respective languages are not spoken.

The same difficulty is met with within the languages themselves. Take, for instance, the English, French, and German languages. We find that in each all the minerals are known on an average by three names, some of them having, however, like some princes, - seven, eight, nine, or even twelve. Pyromorphite, a mineral known in England by half-a-dozen different names, and in France by more than one, is called in German, *Buntbleierz*, *Grunbleierz*, *Braunbleierz*, *Phosphorsaures Blei*, *Arzensaures Blei*, *Traubenblei*, *Mimesit*, *Mimetesit*, *Buntblei*, *Polysphaerit*, *Hedyphan*, *Noussierit*; and I could state a great many cases in which the total of the names of one mineral in these three languages reaches twenty. Only the most powerful memories are capable of retaining such a host of useless names; but it has, unfortunately, become a matter of necessity to commit to memory as many of them as possible, as otherwise the study of mineralogical works in ones native or a foreign language is out of the question. Still in the present state of the nomenclature, we cannot assert that one name is the right one and the other wrong; all the different names occur in the different mineralogical handbooks.

The same is the case in Petrography, the science by which geology is related to mineralogy.

But let us look for the so-called leading principles—if we can speak of leading principles in such a confusion—which forms as it were the sources from which all these different names have sprung. We find names, such as Quartz, Feldspar, Hornblende, Blende, Gneiss, Grauwacke, which are derived directly from the German, in which language they denote just the same as they do in English; these very minerals have, however, in each of these languages, beside the above, many other names. As to the origin of these words, a great deal has been said and written, but no satisfactory explanation has been given as yet. All the names, derived from the German, have been used in the different mining districts of Germany about three centuries ago, and that is, in fact, about all we know of their origin.

Other names we owe to the Latin, especially to Pliny, for example:—Granite, Opal, Topaz, Spinelle, etc.; however, we are not always certain that these names were applied by the old Roman writers to the same minerals, which bear these names now-a-days. Pliny, for instance, calls "*Smaragdus*" the mineral, *qui viriditatem puri maris imitatur*, but many minerals do the same, even some varieties of "*Chysolithus*," of which Pliny says, that it is *aureo fulgore translucens*.

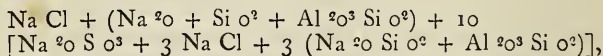
The Greek language is principally used for the purpose of giving new names to minerals, and it is very interesting to see in what way and for what reason many of these Greek titles are bestowed upon the minerals. A few examples may be sufficient. Take, for instance, the mineral the Nacite, which name has been derived from the Greek word *φέναξ* "liar." This name has been adopted, because this mineral was often erroneously taken for quartz;—Analcime from *ἀναλκις* "forceless," because it exhibits only a very small amount of electricity, when rubbed; Scolecite from *σκοληκίτης* "wormlike," because this mineral curls up like a worm before the blowpipe. All these derivations have at least always a reference, however slight, to one property of the mineral. But how shall we account for a derivation, such as Chabazite, from *χαβάσιον*, the Greek name of a stone, which was praised by Orpheus in a song, or Amethyst, from *ἀμέθυστος*, adopted on account of the mineral's supposed preservative powers against intoxication. If we intend to get a systematic nomenclature in mineralogy, I think that such caricatures of leading principles must be abolished; otherwise we may call with the same right any variety of a mineral, "*Demonthenite*," because Demosthenes took little pebbles in his mouth in order to learn how to pronounce the letter "r."

Another "principle" (?) is to call minerals after the localities, where they occur. By means of this principle, names such as Bosjesmanite (Bosjesman River), Vaalite, Lüneburgite, Poonahlite, Vesuvian, etc., are formed. If we go on in this way, we shall pro,

bably find some day words such as Capetownite, Stellenboschite, Paarlite, etc., applied to any variety of minerals or rocks found in the locality.

The remaining leading principles I shall omit, with a single exception, Humboldtite. Brewsterite, Gmelinite, Dolomite, etc., are names given in order to immortalise those great men; but they do not point to important or characteristic properties of the minerals, or at least I cannot find any analogy between the great Humboldt and Brewster, and those minerals which bear their names.

The only substitute for an international language in mineralogy has been up to the present the chemical formulæ, although the use of them is very limited. $\text{Mn } ^2\text{O}^3$, $\text{Si } ^3\text{O}^3$ Ca, $\text{Fe } ^3\text{O}^3$ Ca, are indeed very short expressions, but I dare say that one would not like to burden his memory with formulæ, such as :



which is the dualistic chemical formula of the mineral "Nosean." Therefore, if we intend to obtain a systematic nomenclature in mineralogy, which is to serve as an international language, we must avoid to a certain extent the introduction of chemical expressions. Moreover, the transferring of names from one science to another cannot be justified.

I venture to suggest, that first of all the name of a mineral should refer, if possible, to its most characteristic or to its chief property. But sometimes this cannot be done, and we shall be compelled to add a second distinguishing word to the general name. Why should the minerals not have two names, when plants and animals are christened in this way? In most cases, the use of two names is absolutely necessary. Malacolite, Sahlite, Fassaite, Alalite, Cocco-lite, Hedenbergite, Polylite, Hudsonite, Jeffersonite, Bronzite, are names of different varieties of *one* mineral, viz., Augite. The stability of the mineral compounds is different from that of the products in a chemical laboratory, that is to say, impurities (which are not to be considered as integral parts) occur so often, that an absolutely pure mineral is an exception and rarity. I think that only when the character of a mineral is changed by the intermixed impurities, we are entitled to change the name, but up to that point, the impurity should be denoted only by an attribute added to the general name of the mineral. At first sight, the above-mentioned names have nothing similar to one another, but the ending; for these minerals I should propose to retain the name, "Augite," and to add words such as granular, white, crystalline, basaltic, in order to denote the variety. *Fringilla coelebs*, *Fringilla montana*, *Fringilla carduelis* are examples in accordance with which we ought to adopt *Augites crystallinus*, *Augites manganiferus*, *Augites basalticus*, etc., names which would be understood at once by every mineralogist. But this may be objected to, because there is the impossibility

of drawing an exact line of demarcation, as the varieties of a mineral vary gradually, and because these names would consequently not always strictly denote the respective variety. If we recollect, that it is easier to divide and separate related things than it is to collect and unite similar things under one point of view, and if we look for the important and not for the unimportant and accessory properties, then there will be no great difficulty in arriving at a satisfactory solution of the question. Nevertheless, we must in uniting and collecting, always keep on the “*aurea mediocritas*,” otherwise we run the risk of following, sooner or later, that false and fancy rule :—

*“Was man nicht recht verstehen kann,
Seh' man getrost als “Grünstein” an.”*

That is, a stone, the name of which you cannot make out, just call it a “Trappean” one, and then it is such, without further doubt.

I am sure, that a universal nomenclature in mineralogy would facilitate very much the study of it, and increase the interest in this science, which is up to the present, I am sorry to say, small, compared with what is taken in the other related sciences. I should be very glad indeed if these few words would be the means of starting a discussion on this subject, and supply me with all that can be said against the idea of a uniform and practical nomenclature in mineralogy.

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### An Old Parchment.\*

My friend Tomlinson is the unhappy possessor of a piece of property which vexes his soul sorely. He is a collector of manuscripts, the older the better, and will give a good price for anything which can be proved to have been written only long enough ago. Offer him a genuine papyrus, covered with the figures partly made up of skating flies, and he will be ready to ruin himself to secure it. Travelling in Italy some years back he was persuaded to purchase a crinkled parchment, scrawled over with Latin, faint, but decypherable, for a price which I am sure was high, for he will never own what it was. A rival collector was nibbling at it, which made him swallow the bait somewhat too readily, and ever since he has been tormented with doubts as to its genuineness. Sometimes he satisfies himself that it was really found under the circumstances professed by the man who sold it to him, and then he is in good spirits. At other times certain peculiarities of style cause him to come to a contrary conclusion, and then those who are not in the secret imagine that he had the toothache. It is merely a fragment, but tells its story completely enough; and I have tried my hand at a translation of it which I call

\* The following exciting story has been transcribed from phonography, in *Pitman's Shorthand Magazine*, by our excellent friend the shorthand-writer of the House of Assembly.—  
EDITOR.

## AN EPISODE OF THE ARENA.

"This is good wine, landlord."

"Ay, my master. I thought you looked like a judge, or I should not have given you that seal. Nothing vexes me like seeing that wine drowned with water."

"No wonder. But will you not sit down and share a flask with me? I see no other customer coming along the road this hot and dusty afternoon."

"I accept without pressing. I drink good wine as a good thing, and do so at another's expense as a better; but to drink good wine and make a profit by it is best of all. To Bacchus!"

"You are right. Yet I see that you don't seek to increase your profits in any other way than by fair drinking. It was not a plentiful libation that you spilled."

"You noticed that, did you? Well, I own that I hate waste, at least in wine. Why pour a good draught away? The compliment is just the same, whether you pour out a drop or a gallon. All the juice of the grape belongs to the god if he likes to take it. But I expect they have a better top in Olympus than we mortals have any idea of."

"Very likely, else where would be the advantage of deity? Health and prosperity!"

"Health and prosperity! Ah! That's good."

"I suppose you expect to be pretty busy next week with all the people flocking into Rome for the sports?"

"Aye, I make my little harvest on such occasions. You see my house is just about good drinking distance from the gate."

"There are to be grand doings, I hear; some surpassing all that has been attempted hitherto?"

"Very likely. When the taste becomes vitiated, the palate asks for more and more pungent spices."

"The people are certainly mad after novelty?"

"Mad? You say well; madness is the only word. What man in his senses would prefer wild beast shows and masks to a good, honest, scientific gladiatorial set-to? The amphitheatre is in its decline; there is no real talent now-a-days, and so they have to make up with spectacle and sensation. I take no interest in seeing lions and tigers eating criminals, or bowmen shooting lions and tigers, myself."

"Then you do not intend to visit the scene of your former triumphs?"

"Not I, by Bacchus. I shall stop at home and see that my slaves do not rob me. You are going?"

"Yes; I have come to town for that purpose only. Yet I agree with you, I prefer the struggle between man and man to any other description of contest. Nor have I any sympathy with that taste for blood and wholesale death which is so fashionable. When a man is down the fight should cease, say I. If he can recover from

his wounds, let him. What pleasure can there be in seeing a brave man slaughtered while he is lying helpless? Besides it is a waste, for good swordsmen are not plentiful. Ah! my host, you must have been quick and clever to have landed yourself at last in this comfortable hostelry, instead of the *spoliarium*."

"You have hit the white. I was handy with my weapons, but I had luck too. Twice was I worsted in the beginning of my career, but the people were in a good humour each time, and pressed their thumbs down. After my second defeat I changed my *lanista*, and in the hands of the new one became invincible. Lepidus and I were considered the head of the profession."

"You fought together at last, did you not?"

"Yes; a match was made between us. It was rather a pity to oppose Lepidus to the sword and buckler—his own weapons—he gave such grand sport against the net and trident. He was so swift-footed as to be a match in his armour for most unweighted *retiarii*. Ah, he was a good fellow, and as brave as his weapon. We had often set-to with the wooden swords, and it was difficult to say which had the advantage, each thought himself a little the best, and so we were rather glad that the match was made, though we were such fast friends. Pilides and Orestes they used to call us. Lepidus had one fault; he was a fool about women. It is a good and pleasant thing to love them, I do not deny that; but to make yourself unhappy about them is madness. A man who expects his mistress to be faithful ought to have his head shaved. Constancy is not their nature. You laugh, thinking that the philosopher's cloak sits badly on an old fighting man; but I have observed enough to know that. You do not expect courage in a dove or cunning in a goose, I used to say to Lepidus, and yet you hope that a woman will keep in the same mind for two weeks running. It is not reasonable. But there was no curing him. He hoped to find a mistress and friend all in one; and when Milisa took a fancy to him he was confident that he had succeeded at last.

"She was a lady of rank, was Milisa, and it would have been thought disgraceful if she had been known to entertain a passion for a gladiator; so they met secretly and with all sorts of precautions. It was in the arena she took a fancy to him, and no wonder. She was not the first. Lepidus was a very handsome man, shaped like a statue of Apollo; and to see him in the moment of victory, with his eyes flashing and his nostrils distended, was enough to take the fancy of any woman, patrician or plebian. He was wonderfully fond of this lady, and so jealous of the fine fellows who were always dangling about her, that his life was a torment to him. He had had it in his mind to quit the profession before he knew her, but it was as a gladiator that she took a liking to him, and that made him stick to the school. 'Besides,' said he, 'if what you are always preaching is true, and she is certain to get tired of me and cast me



off, I had sooner be killed out of hand and know nothing about it.' That was the state of affairs with him when our fight came off.

"We were considered so evenly matched that the contest excited an unusual amount of interest amongst the amateurs, and the betting was heavy. This naturally raised our emulation to the utmost, and I know I felt as proud as a game-cock when we marched in review order past the Emperor, and I saw him lean forward to take particular note of us. But Lepidus was not thinking of the Emperor, or the senators, or the vestal virgins.

"*'She's there !'* he murmured to me, directly after the salute ; and following the direction of his glance up to the women's seats I saw his Milisa, looking rather too pleased with the show, considering the risk her lover was about to run. At least I should have thought so, if I had been the Cupid-smitten man. But this idea did not seem to occur to Lepidus. *'To fight under her eye ! thus ye gods,'* said he ; and his eye lit up with enthusiasm, and he trod with an elasticity which boded me no good.

"The games opened badly. They began with a contest between a Nurinillo and a Retearius, but the Gaul was entangled at the first throw, and gave no sport. Next a couple of Audobotæ were blindfolded with their pot helmets, and turned lose ; but instead of showing fun by wounding one another at random and getting savage, it so happened that one cut the other down almost the first chance slash. So that when we who were third on the list came on, the sea of faces piled up all around us looked stormy. The gladiator soon learns the art of knowing at a glance what temper the people are in. When they smile and lean forward with eagerness he has a good chance of life, though defeated ; but when their lips are compressed, their arms folded, and they remain bolt upright in their seats, woe to the conquered. One would think there would be a variety of tastes in such a multitude, and that what vexed some would please others ; but it is not so ; one feeling of good humour or surliness seems to run through the whole crowd, and the thumbs mostly turn one way.

"The Editor examined our swords, and we began one of the most quiet fights that have ever been seen in the arena. Each knew the other's play so well that it was a long time before either could gain an advantage. Every blow was made, every thrust put aside by the ready buckler as we went round and round each other, eye fixed on eye, till we panted like dogs after a chase, and the sweat poured from us in streams. At length Lepidus, feinting at my head, dropped almost on one knee, and offered to take the lower line at my body, and as I sank my shield he once more sprang up, and delivered a cut which so nearly caught me full on the throat that cries of *habet* came from several points. But those who could see better shouted *non habet*, and indeed I had broken the force of the cut with my sword, and it was but a slight scratch on the collar-bone, that I received. Lepidus had so nearly been successful,



however, that he was presently tempted to try the same dodge again. It was a mistake,—the first he had made, and his last. As he bent his legs I stepped up to deliver a thrust over his shield which hit him fully on the right breast, and down he went with a clatter, his sword flying from his hand as he struck at me wildly.

“Habet! habet! habet! It was a roar this time, and flushed me so that at the moment I was full of the joy of victory. But a revulsion came as I remembered that my friend was defeated. However, his wound was on the right side and might not be serious; and surely, after so good a fight, the people would spare him. I looked round in some confidence; but—the thumbs were up. Poor Lepidus raised himself on his elbow, but only to look in one direction; and a groan which pain or fear could never have extorted from him came from his breast. I gazed upwards at Milisa. She, too, was giving the death sign!

“You were right,” said Lepidus, turning towards me and guiding my point to his breast. “Farewell, old friend, never more friendly than now, when you rid me of a hateful life.” “Farewell,” said I, and thrust.” \* \* \* \* \*

### The Cape Colony.\*

INSTEAD of reviewing this publication in detail as we had first intended, we have preferred simply to give a series of extracts as samples of the interesting and valuable information furnished in the work. We give first a passage from the preface:

The object I set before myself was to present an impartial account of the aspect and condition of the various divisions of the Colony; to inform the reader of its liberal land laws, its agricultural and pastoral resources, its mineral wealth, its industries, and its commercial progress; and thus to direct attention to the favourable field it offers for the profitable employment of intelligent industry and moderate capital, as well as to the moral and social advantages it possesses, compared with many new countries, from having been for a long time occupied by settled European society.

There was no lack of material in the shape of public and private information from which to compile this work: the difficulty was to compress it within the compass of a small handbook, and at the same time to portray all the principle features and matters of special interest throughout the Colony. I have endeavoured to do this as briefly as was consistent with general accuracy, and without any pretention whatever to literary finish or excellence. A desire expressed to limit the Handbook to about three hundred pages, has caused me to leave over extended notices of the Political and Civil Institutions, the Flora and Fauna, and other subjects, for a larger publication, hereafter to be issued, which will embrace a description of the Border States and Territories. \* \* \*

As specimens of the descriptive details for the several districts of the Colony, we select the following passages almost as if by chance medley:—

The famous Constantia vineyards—whose produce still maintains a European

\* *Descriptive Handbook of the Cape Colony, its condition and resources. By John Noble, Clerk of the House of Assembly, Cape of Good Hope. With Map and Illustrations. Cape Town: J. C. Juta, Water-street; London: Richards, Glanville & Co., 26, Bishopsgate-street Without, E.C., 1875.*

reputation for excellence—have a history dating backwards to the year 1685. The traditional story is that at that time Governor Simon Van der Stell, who devoted much attention to agriculture, resolved to find out the soil most suitable to the cultivation of the vine, and had specimens from Rondebosch, Boscheuvel, Tygerberg, and Constantia forwarded to Holland, to undergo analysis and comparison with the soils of France and the Rhine. The result was so decidedly in favour of the soil from Constantia, that he availed himself of the presence of the Dutch Company's Commissioner, Baron Van Rhee de Van Drakenstein (after whom the district of Drakenstein has derived its name), to obtain a formal grant of lands, comprising the whole of what are now known as the estates of Great and Little Constantia, Witteboom, Bergvliet, and other properties. He spared no trouble to procure vines of the choicest qualities, which he planted, and the first vintage from the blue muscadel or Catalonia grape, as it was called, established the character of Constantia wines, which soon obtained great repute abroad. Van der Stell, the elder, in 1699, handed over the cares of Government to his son, and retired to this place to enjoy his *otium cum dignitate* until his death. But the political troubles which arose in 1700, from the arbitrary system of taxation, and other restrictions put upon the colonists, led to the younger Van der Stell's recall, and the issue of an order from Holland in October, 1706, that the lands of both father and son should be disposed of, and that the civil functionaries should in future be disqualified from carrying on farming operations. This circumstance led to the sale of the Constantia estate in 1715,—the property on which Van der Stell had planted his vineyards and erected a princely mansion retaining the original title deeds and name of Great and Hope Constantia. Great Constantia first fell into the possession of a Mr. Oloff Bergh; then into that of a Mr. J. Serrurier, and in the year 1778 into that of Mr. H. Cloete, in whose family it still continues. Hope Constantia again became the property of the family Colyn, now extinct, and is at present owned by Mr. Harwood. But the early proprietors of Great Constantia had, in common with the other colonists of those days, to submit to the tithes and restrictions imposed by the Dutch East India Company, who rigidly required an annual quantity of wine to be delivered, at what they considered "a reasonable price,"\* and which they forwarded to their public sales at Amsterdam, from whence every court on the Continent was supplied. A similar practice was continued even after the cession of the Colony to England—the Government laying claim to what was termed the rights and privileges of the old Company, and a functionary known as the "Fiscal," and some members of the Court of Justice, used yearly to repair to Constantia to taste and select the wines, some of which, it is said, were sent away as presents, "to soften the temper of Ministers, and to sweeten the lips of Royalty itself." But after 1826, when the Imperial Commissioners of Inquiry visited the Colony, and investigation was made into the matter, the system was discontinued. Prior to this time, an intelligent and enterprising colonist, Mr. Sebastian Van Reenan, obtained possession of Witteboom, adjoining Constantia; and convinced by reflection that the boundary which divided the two estates had not altered the nature of the soil or the climate, he planted extensive vineyards, which have been continued in the family, and are now equally as well known as the original Constantia.

Fransche Hoek is at the extreme end of the valley, forming a charming little hamlet enlivened with hills. It was there that the three brothers, De Villiers, of La Rochelle, from whom are descended the extensive colonial family of that name, first settled in 1670; and the ruins of the original house built by them—of moulded clay with reed covering—may still be seen. Lower down, near Simon's Valley, is the site of the old church where they and their exiled brethren worshipped; and there their descendants have erected a memorial school named Simondium, in commemoration of the first French pastor, Père Simon, who accompanied them to the Colony. In this locality, too, on the slopes of the Simonsberg, above the mission station of Pniel, are the abandoned excavations of the so-called "silver mines," once worked by some officers of the Dutch East

\* While the public price of the Constantia wines was 80 rix-dollars per legger the Company gave a "reasonable price," of only 25 rix-dollars per legger.

India Company. They consist of several chambers, some of considerable size tunnelled into the hill, and the ruins of an old place supposed to have been the smelting house,—all now nearly covered over with the shrubs and trees growing around them. The history of these “mines” is but little known. The local story is, that a man of the name of Mulder settled here, and having possessed himself of several Spanish dollars, melted these down, and forwarded the silver to the Governor, who ordered the excavations to be made. Mulder was pretty comfortable for a time; but at last his store of dollars was ended, and the secret came out, upon which he very quietly disappeared. The Government did not wish to make much fuss about the matter, lest the laugh should be against them, and so the story of silver abounding in the mountain was kept up, and some of the ore said to have been obtained from it was made into a chain, to which the keys of the Cape Town Castle were attached, and as such was preserved here until a few years ago. The mines are frequently explored by visitors who come to the neighbourhood; and groups of crystals, gathered from the quartz veins running through the decomposed granite in which the excavations have been made, are carried away as curiosities.

The Knysna forest was the scene of the Duke of Edinburgh's memorable elephant hunt in 1867, and the published volume of the, “Cruise of the *Galatea*,” contains a graphic account from the Duke's own pen of his encounter with *Elephans Africanus*, which, he says, looked “a huge monster towering above us, coming on at a tremendous pace, his ears (three times as large as those of the Ceylon elephant) spread out square, like a ship with studding sails on both sides.” Mr. Brierly, the artist, who accompanied His Royal Highness, took a great fancy to the beautiful country lying waste here, and considered it a most suitable place for the operations of a land and colonization company with capital. On the return of the *Galatea* from her cruise, Mr. Brierly opened a correspondence with Mr. Thos. Bain, the Government inspector of roads, on the subject, obtaining full details as to the qualities of the native woods and the capabilities of the district, and shortly afterwards instructed that gentleman to purchase provisionally as much land as he could secure at a refusal of six or nine months, the time required to establish a company. Mr. Bain succeeded in securing about 80,000 acres of private property which embraced some of the finest farms in the district, at an average price of 7s. per acre, and was in treaty with the Government for about 100,000 acres more of forest and grazing land. A company was provisionally formed among Mr. Brierly's friends,—Mr. Webb of Newstead Abbey, and other wealthy and influential gentlemen being associated with and taking a great interest in it. Before proceeding further they waited to receive specimens of the different woods which they had ordered, and which were promptly forwarded by Mr. Bain from the Knysna to Cape Town, with instructions to be sent on at once by first mail-steamer. Month after month passed, and letters came from England to say that the woods had not arrived, and it was not until the following February that after inquiry the box containing the specimens was discovered stowed away in a warehouse at the Table Bay Docks. When at length the specimens reached England they were, after a thorough test, highly approved of, and instructions came out from the Company to get an extension of time from the different owners of land. Unfortunately in the meanwhile land in the Colony advanced, and some evil-disposed people advised the parties with whom Mr. Bain had to deal not to extend the time at any price, and this they foolishly adhered to. Mr. Brierly's Company was consequently deprived of the opportunity of carrying out a scheme, which not only might have been profitable to the shareholders, but of incalculable benefit to the Colony. The intention of the Company, we believe, was to have the land subdivided into a series of hamlets or small ten and five acre farms, giving each proprietor a certain portion of forest besides. These lands were to have been sold in England to small capitalists and artisans. Machines for working the timber were to have been found by the Company, who arranged to send out portable saw mills, planing

machines, and all sorts of appliances to work the wood in a proper and systematic manner. There are few parts of the Colony where such an enterprise could be carried out with so great a prospect of perfect success as at the Knysna. Land is pretty well at its old value again, so that if these pages chance to meet the eye of any of the gentlemen who took such an interest in the matter a few years ago, the scheme may possibly be revived.

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The sheep-walks of some parts of Beaufort West are considered equal to any in the Colony. The appearance of the pasturage, however, at first sight would puzzle a stranger as to what the flocks feed upon. It is such as might naturally invite the remark of the sarcastic Yankee, that "ground so bad should be fenced in to keep the animals from starving on it." Yet it is surprising to see with what relish the sheep browse and how well they thrive on the succulent shoots of the small shrubs (in appearance something like English thyme or some varieties of heather) which form the herbage of the plains. The *schaap-bosch*, or sheep bush (*Pentzia Virgata*, Less.), an aromatic much-branched rigid little bush, one or two feet high, is the principal and most valuable plant. We observe that it has lately been reproduced in South Australia. Dr. Schombergh, of Adelaide, in one of his recent publications says he received some seed of it from Dr. Hooker, with the remark that it was "the most valuable sheep fodder for dry climates," and he has raised about twenty plants which have done remarkably well, proving that the climate there is well adapted for its growth. The shrub is easily propagated from cuttings, every one of which will grow if planted when the first rains begin to fall. This and other bushes, such as the *aar-bosch*, *ghanna*, *dagga*, and *gwarrie*, which chiefly form the Karoo veldt, will stand a great deal of dry weather, and long after the grasses (which are abundant after rain) disappear, they are as wholesome and nutritious as ever. Their roots penetrate the soil to a great depth (fifteen feet or more in some instances), so that they obtain a supply of moisture when the surface is parched with drought. They will also grow and shoot at any season of the year should there be rain; and at times when, the ground becomes thoroughly moistened, it is marvellous to see the transformation effected,—what was a parched brown stubble, "sapless as a worn-out broom," in a few days rushes into vegetation with a rapidity that looks like enchantment, and the surface of the country becomes a beautiful carpet of heath and flowers of every colour and hue. This ability to stand the drought and the operation of the law of "the survivor of the fittest" has established the dominion of the Karoo, and given it its peculiarity of aspect and resources. Many of the shrubs sheep and cattle will consume, even after they are apparently nothing but dried-up twigs, and if there is a good supply of water large flocks of sheep will live on and even do well long after; to anyone unacquainted with the nature of the veldt, it would be deemed improbable that they could exist. It is for this among other reasons that the storage of water is of such supreme importance here.

The size of the farms throughout the division vary considerably, some measuring as much as 20,000 morgen; but the largest as a rule are not the best. Those in the East and West Nieuwveld range from 4,000 to 6,000 morgen, with one or two exceptions of 10,000 to 13,000 morgen; in the other parts they average from 8,000 to 10,000. The value of farms in the Nieuwveld, eastward of the Zak River and near the Salt River, which are partly agricultural as well as pastoral, may be stated at from 2s. 6d. to 10s. or 20s. per morgen, dependent upon the permanent supply of water; while in the Nieuwveld, westward of the Zak River, they vary from 2s. to 15s.; in the eastern Gough they are about 5s. to 10s.; in the western Gough under the Nieuwveld Mountains, from 7s. to 10s.; and on the Flats, from 4s. to 7s. per morgen. The estimate of the capability of these pastures for carrying sheep, taking seasons of drought into account, is, on the East and West Nieuwveld, from one to two morgen for one sheep; on the East Gough, from two to three morgen; and on the West Gough, from three to five morgen. Stock thrive well, the dry climate and aromatic herbage being very



favourable for them. The increase of lambs when properly cared for appears to be about seventy per cent. The fleeces are of fair weight and good quality. On some places, particularly on the loose dusty ground below and eastward of the Nieuwveld, sheep yield ten lb. of unwashed wool, but on the Nieuwveld where it is hard and stony not more than six lb., and in other parts from five to seven lb. The entire yield is about 5,000 bales per annum.

Some of the largest flockmasters in the Colony are in Beaufort West, one of them being the present Premier, the Hon. Mr. Molteno. The number of woolled sheep on his properties and owned by himself and partners is about 35,000. Mr. D. de Villiers, a neighbouring proprietor, has a flock of 20,000.

\* \* \* \* \*

The wise and liberal policy of the Land Leasing Act of 1864 has been strikingly exhibited in these three districts of Beaufort, Fraserburg, and Victoria. Since 1867 over 3,000,000 of morgen, or about 10,000 square miles, have been leased for periods of twenty-one years, to the direct and very material benefit of the country as well as of the general and divisional revenues. The extent of ground thus leased from 1867 to 1872 was:—In Fraserburg, 1,383,890 morgen, at a total yearly rental of £6,614; in Victoria West, 1,077,326 morgen, giving a rental of £5,471; and in Beaufort West, 856,654 morgen, at a rental of £3,574.

Passing on to the Eastern Districts we get the following sketch of Graham's Town:—

There are 1,200 houses in Graham's Town, and twenty miles of streets well kept and gravelled, and 250 houses and huts in the suburbs. The principal streets are from 100 feet to 140 feet wide, with side walks lined with trees. The houses are of stone or brick, roofed with slate or iron, thatch being prohibited in all new structures. The principal buildings are of grey quartzose sandstone, easily worked and of excellent quality, hardening on exposure in some quarries almost to a quartzite. A valuable freestone for ornamental building is obtained from Bathurst and Southwell, whence also most of the lime is procured from the tuffaceous crust overlying the tertiary limestone. A plentiful supply of pure water is derived from the spurs of the Zuurberg close to the town, whence the Kowie springs issue, which, stored up in three reservoirs, holding 24,000,000 of gallons, is distributed over the streets through twelve miles of iron mains, supplying 600 service pipes or private leadings. In addition there are several public dams, private tanks, and a copious well-supply available in the lower parts of the city, where the rainfall percolating through the gravel to the retentive clay beneath is dammed up by the trap-rock of the valley. The natural facilities for drainage, lateral gullies, gravelly subsoil, and the steep incline of the valley and consequent absence of swampy ground effectually prevent miasma, and the sewage is nightly removed two miles to the leeward, and deodorised in pits with alternate layers of earth. Hence there are no endemic diseases, no fevers, save an occasional sporadic case from the neglect of the ordinary sanitary rules; none, in fact, but preventible causes of disease.

The military statistics prove it to be one of the healthiest stations of the British army; and the civil hospital returns give incontrovertible evidence of the same facts. Elevated a third of a mile (1,760 feet) above the sea, and distant from it above twenty-five miles in a direct line, the ozone-laden breeze from the coast reaches the mountain-top daily about three p.m., flowing imperceptible over the Graham's Town valley. At one spot (called from the circumstance "Waai Neck"), at the top of the Howison's Poort, a perfect syphon-system of ventilation, a diurnal indraught from the sea is thus carried on in the calmest weather, the heated air rising from the plains below through the Poort over Goodwin's Kloof, the wooded seaward slopes of the mountain cooling it before it reaches the city. Thus the climate of Graham's Town is cooler, drier, and more temperate than that of the coast-belt, where the heated current from the tropics, sweeping round the L'Agulhas bank, keeps up a higher and more equable temperature all



the year round, just as the Gulf stream modulates the climate of Devonshire and the south coast of Ireland. One of the chief advantages of Graham's Town as a sanatorium, in addition to its elevated site, fine climate, pure air, and the absence of all local sources of disease, is the facility with which invalids can remove to a higher or lower level, to a moister or drier climate, as taste or the varying phases of disease may render desirable—to the soft warm balmy air of the coast, where no frosts are known, or the keen dry mountain air of the Katberg or Winterberg, 5,000 to 7,000 feet above the sea. When the railways are opened, the coast or the elevated plateau above Cradock, where chest diseases are scarcely known, may be reached in a few hours.



As illustrative of the Land System of the Colony, we give the following:—

Although the greater portion of the most valuable land within the old settled parts of the Colony has already been alienated and become the property of private individuals, there are still many eligible spots in the coast districts, and large tracts in the Midland and Northern territories, which belong to the Government. These are approximately estimated at 50,000,000 acres. This colonial domain embraces dry pastoral plains, rich forest lands, and well-watered mountain slopes, capable of yielding varied productions. Until lately no effort was made to turn these possessions to account, and they were allowed to be waste and unoccupied. The exigencies of Government, however, enforced attention to them a few years since, and the result has been the enactment of land laws offering facilities for ease and purchase to all classes of people, which are gradually bringing the whole country under occupation and developing a rich mine of wealth in the expanding rent-roll of the Colony.

Before stating what these laws are, we may briefly glance at the systems under which lands were granted in the "good old times." The early settlers, after the first occupation of the Cape by Van Riebeeek, had small freeholds given to them along the skirts of Table Mountain; these did not exceed twenty acres, and were burdened with the payment of tithes and other servitudes—to one of which, the planting of trees, the vicinity of Cape Town is still indebted for its present embellishment. In addition to this, tracts of land adjoining those freeholds, or in other parts, were granted under the name of "loan places." The tenure of these was at the will of Government. Anyone desiring a loan farm selected the spot he deemed suitable, planted his mark and put down his name for it for a while to make trial of it, or to see if anyone had ground of objection; if not, he got it on loan or annual lease, renewable on payment of the rent fixed by the Government—generally an assessment of one-tenth of the stock the ground was estimated to maintain, or a nominal value of £4 16s. per annum. No legal title was issued, nor survey made; the position of the land being defined by a central point, which was generally a local feature, as a spring of water or conspicuous rock, and often a beacon was placed when no local feature existed. From this central point, commonly known as the "ordinantie," the right of the lessee extended no further than a walk of half an hour direct, which was considered to be, and adopted as the radius of a circle containing 3,000 morgen (over 6,000 acres). The uncertainty of the "loan" tenure does not seem to have prevented the frequent transfer of those places by sale, and although the buildings and improvements were the only property that was ostensibly sold, the value of the land was allowed to be indirectly included in the consideration; and a transfer duty (the "*heerenrecht*") was levied upon this, as well as upon all other lands and houses which exchanged hands, from as early a date as 1686.

These "freehold" and "loan" tenures and some short "quitrent leases" were the terms on which lands were held up to the time of the cession of the Colony to England. Then in October, 1812, a proclamation was issued expressing the "intention of Government to grant land on perpetual quitrent," and in the following year it was determined to allow the holders of all lands on *loan* who

might regularly apply for the same, to convert their places into perpetual quitrent properties, and to hold the same hereditarily for the annual payment of a sum to be prescribed according to the situation, fertility, and other circumstances of the ground, but in no case to exceed 250 rix-dollars (£18 15s.) per annum. The object of this was, as Governor Sir John Cradock's proclamation states, a paternal desire on the part of Government to give to the farmers the security of title to their land without any claim to resumption so that they might be encouraged to *improve and extend agriculture* by having the right to dispose of their places as they chose, by dividing the same among their children, letting, selling, or otherwise alienating it, and *cultivating it in the prospect of remote benefit by the planting of timber, &c.*" Thus began the perpetual quitrent tenure, a small annual payment dependent on the value and circumstances of the land, which continues in force as an essential feature of the laws at the present time. In all cases, however, the Government made a reservation of its rights on those lands to precious stones, gold and silver, as well as of making and repairing roads, and raising material for that purpose. \* \* \* \* \*

The Land Law of the Colony now in force is contained in the Act No. 2 of 1860, which provides for the *sale* of all Government lands on perpetual quitrent by public auction, excepting grants made for public purposes with the concurrence of the Legislature. A subsequent enactment (Act 19 of 1864) authorises lands to be *leased* by public auction for periods of from two to twenty-one years; and another (Act 5 of 1870) gives the lessees permission with the consent of Government at any time during the continuation of their twenty-one years' leases to *purchase* the land at a sum not less than the rent capitalised at six per cent., and a quitrent of £1 per cent. For the encouragement of small agriculturists a further Act was passed (No. 4 of 1870) making provision for the disposal of agricultural areas in allotments of not more than 500 acres; the terms, for conditional purchase, being an annual rental of one shilling per acre; and of absolute purchase, the payment in advance of ten years' annual rent, and the expenses of survey and title. Extents of Crown land not yet surveyed are let by the civil commissioners from year to year by auction, without reserve, the various lots being roughly defined by description only, published in the *Government Gazette*.

To acquire land under the Act of 1860 the first step is to make application for its purchase to the Colonial Secretary, or to the Divisional Council of the district in which it is situate, setting forth as far as practicable the position, boundaries, and extent of the land referred to. This application is referred to the Surveyor-General and also to the Divisional Council as a local land board, who may make an inspection and report as to any circumstances connected with it, and give instructions as to survey, diagram, &c., being prepared, the amount of cost of which the applicant may be called upon at once to deposit. These reports being favourable, the Surveyor-General takes steps for fixing a day for the sale of the land, which, after being duly advertised, is held by public auction at the office of the civil commissioner of the division. It is usual to name an upset price which will cover at least the expenses of inspection, survey, erection of beacons, and title-deed, and then it is disposed of to the highest bidder. The conditions as to payment of the purchase-money are, that the survey expenses be paid on the day of sale, and one-fourth of the balance within three months after, failing which the sale lapses. When the sale is effected the purchaser has the option of discharging the whole or any portion of the remaining three-fourths of the purchase amount at once, or by passing the necessary bond to mortgage the land for the balance, payable in three instalments at five, six, and seven years respectively, with interest at 6 per cent. per annum.

Parties wishing to secure small pieces of Government land adjacent to their own properties, and within the watershed, may make application for the same, and according to the recommendation of the Divisional Council or the Surveyor-General, such ground may be so allotted or divided amongst two or more farms as may be deemed just and expedient, at a reasonable and equitable price to be

fixed by the Council and approved of by the Governor, not being less than the expenses of survey, deed, &c., and subject to a quitrent.

Of late years, the Land Law of 1860 has not been so largely availed of as previously, excepting for the purposes last mentioned of securing particular lots of land.

The Act of 1870, which enables lease-holders to convert their leases into perpetual quitrent tenure, is now more generally taken advantage of by those who are desirous of making purchases of extensive tracts of the waste lands. The mode of leasing is regulated by Act 19 of 1864 and Act 4 of 1867, which empower the Governor, with the advice of the Divisional Council, to offer lands for lease at public auction for a term not exceeding twenty-one years, to the bidder of the highest annual rent, not being less than an upset price fixed according to the average value of the land. The lands offered for lease, and the terms and conditions of lease are advertised from time to time in the *Government Gazette*, and the local papers. The rent is to be paid annually, and payment for the first three years is to be secured by sufficient securities, but a payment of two years' rent in advance may be made in lieu of giving such securities. The lease is not transferable, nor to be sublet, either wholly or in part, without the previous sanction of the Government, but the latter has the right at any time of resuming the whole or part of the land so leased on giving compensation to the lessee or remitting portion of the rent as may be agreed upon by arbitration. When a lease has not been sold for the upset price at auction, the Governor may dispose of it by tender or private contract, at any rent exceeding the highest offered at the sale, but only for a term of twelve months, when it has again to be put up to public sale, and if a higher bid than the private offer should then be made, and proper security given, Government is bound to grant the lease to such highest bidder.

The liberty of purchase of the property so leased is provided for by Act No. 5 of 1870, which gives to the Government the option of selling, but requires that the sum received shall not be less than that which, capitalized or reckoned as a principal sum at six per cent., would produce a yearly rent equal to the rent reserved on such lease; and in the event of the amount demanded by Government being greater than such principal sum, the matter may be referred to arbitration. The land is also subject to a perpetual quitrent of one per cent. on the purchase-money. As soon as the price is agreed upon, the amount may be paid at once, when title will be immediately granted, or the purchaser may pay it in three instalments, the first forthwith, and the other two at intervals of one year respectively; but until the entire sum is paid the terms of the subsisting lease continue.

The progress of the occupation of land under the leasing Act of 1864 has been very marked. During 1866 the quantity of land leased was 605,118 morgen; in 1867, it was 73,372 morgen; in 1868, it was 137,345 morgen; in 1869, 1,154,759 morgen; in 1871, 1,730,729 morgen; in 1872, 2,051,354 morgen; and in 1873, 1,625,159 morgen. The rents paid vary according to locality and circumstances.

The increase of the rent-roll of the Colony is shown by the following returns of the land revenue, in 1870, £65,935; in 1871, £80,407; in 1872, £104,280; in 1873, £114,365.

From the preceding, it will be seen that the rents received in 1873 for waste lands leased under Act 19 of 1864 amounted to £62,429. This at six per cent. (the minimum rate of conversion) would give upwards of £1,000,000 as representing the value of the lands then surveyed and leased if realised under the provisions of Act No. 5 of 1870. The survey of many more millions of morgen of these waste lands is still proceeding, and from time to time these are put up to public competition.

# THE CAPE MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

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## *The Wild North Land.\**

AMONG the members of the brilliant staff that has accompanied Sir Garnet Wolseley to Natal, there is one who, in addition to being a brilliant soldier, is also a brilliant writer of most daring and original travels. The ground traversed by Major Butler over the great lone lands of Hudson's Bay territory (while following up the celebrated Red River Expedition, in which he served as a volunteer, and was of special service to the hero of Coomassie), has again been partially trod in the course of a voluntary pilgrimage to the Rocky mountains and to the "wild north land" beyond the so-called Oregon territory. He was anxious to have a look at what our Yankee cousins had tricked us out of by their diplomatists, and see for himself the nature of the soil, and test the real character of regions regarded as sterile and valueless in the extreme by our ignorant gentlemen at the head of the English Colonial Office. Accordingly about eighteen months ago he obtains a proper outfit, secures the all-important letters of introduction to the agents and fort-keepers of the Hudson's Bay Fur Company, and starts for "Astoria," thoroughly determined to go through a great deal of hardship in order to attain his object. Being a man of tall and powerful frame, in vigorous health, and of lonely and reserved disposition, he managed to thoroughly succeed in his quest, and the outcome of his toils is the capital book now before us. In addition to his very graphic chapters of incident and fact, he has caused the volume to be beautified by the insertion of some very excellent sketches of scenery, and our very first extract will give the reader a fair idea both of the powers of the writer and the scope of his work :

"What shall we call this land to those who follow us into its depths ?

"It has prairies, forests, mountains, barren wastes and rivers ; rivers whose single lengths roll through twice a thousand miles of shorelands ; prairies over which a rider can steer for months without resting his gaze on aught save the dim verge of the ever-shifting horizon ; mountains rent by rivers, ice-topped, glacier-seared,

\* "The Wild North Land," by MAJOR BUTLER, F.R.G.S. Sampson, Low, & Co., London.



impassable ; forests whose sombre pines darken a region half as large as Europe ; sterile, treeless wilds, whose 400,000 square miles lie spread in awful desolation. How shall it all be called ?

"In summer a land of sound, a land echoing with the voices of birds, the ripple of running water, the mournful music of the waving pine branch ; in winter a land of silence, a land hushed to its inmost depths by the weight of ice, the thick falling snow, the intense rigour of a merciless cold,—its great rivers glimmering in the moonlight, wrapped in their shrouds of ice ; its still forests rising weird and spectral against the aurora-lighted horizon ; its notes of bird or brook hushed as if in death ; its nights so still that the moving streamers across the northern skies seem to carry to the ear *a sense of sound*, so motionless around, above, below, lies all other visible nature.

"If, then, we call this region the land of stillness, that name will convey more justly than any other the impress most strongly stamped upon the writer's scene."

This is one striking passage out of many, in a book that is remarkable for an air of veri-similitude in all its descriptive scenes. The author, without any conscious effort, from day to day plods through a weary round of hunger, fatigue, cold, and cheerlessness, enough to tire out the strongest physical powers ; and gives us at night the intellectual outcome of his day's exertion. In a few chapters we become quite upon good terms with a most fascinating traveller, and follow him through his hairbreadth escapes as if we were stepping side by side with him ; while the fruits of his imagination and the graphic power of his pen provide a literary feast of which one cannot very readily tire. In a word, this is essentially the work of a thoughtful mind,—keen and brilliant in analysis of character,—thoroughly enjoying his own humorous sense of the odd side of human and canine nature, and yet with an undertone of sadness and melancholy pervading all his stirring chapters that is not unfitly represented in the mottoes from the title page :—

"I cannot rest from travel ; I will drink life to the lees."

"I am become a name, for always roaming with a hungry heart."

Leaving London in April, he had arranged with others many hundreds of miles away that ere the summer leaves had yellowed along the edge of the great sub-arctic forest, his winter hut would be hewn and built from the pine logs of the far distant Saskatchewan. He therefore hurries through North America just as the long, hot, dusty summer was drawing to a close. "The sand fly had had his time, the black fly had run his round, the mosquito had nearly bitten himself to death, and during that operation had rendered existence unbearable to several millions of the human race. The quiet, tranquil fall-time had followed the fierce, wasting summer, and all nature seemed to rest and bask in the mellow radiance of September." In the two years of his absence from Canada and the United States a great many changes had occurred, and he gives the



following valuable receipt how to *civilize* a land properly, so that redskins may be reclaimed by their white brethren.

"Civilization, or what we term such, rolls with queer strides across the American Continent. Far in advance of the last real city lies a land of terrible savagery, a desolate realm in which ruffianism and rowdyism hold sway. Here, in an expansion which is ever shifting, ever moving west and north-west, stand congregated the *civilizers* of the New World—the navvy, the gambler, the rowdy, the saloon keeper, the tramster, the murderer.

"To civilize a new land is the easiest of tasks, if we set about it after the American model. Here is the recipe. Given a realm from which the red man has been banished, tricked, shot, or hunted out; from which the bison and the elk have been chased; a lonely tenantless land, with some great river flowing in long winding reaches silently through its vast plains and mountain gorges; here, then, is what you have to do:—Place on the river a steamboat of the rudest construction. Wherever the banks are easy of ascent, or where a smaller stream seeks the main river, build a drinking house of rough-hewn logs; let the name of God be used *only in blasphemy*, and language be a medium *for the conveyance of curses*. Call a hill a 'bluff,' a valley a 'gulch,' a firefly a 'lightning bug,' a man a 'cuss,' three shanties a 'city.' Let every man chew when he is not smoking, and spit when he is not asleep; and then when half-a-dozen persons have come to violent ends—when killing has literally become 'no murder'—your new land will be thoroughly civilized."

Amidst all these changes of scene and society, there was one thing still unchanged on the confines of the Red River, and this was his trusty sledge dog "Cerf-vola," celebrated by Major Butler in his account of Sir Garnet Wolseley's expedition, and of whose sportive peculiarities he gives very amusing accounts throughout this book. The dog was thoroughly pleased to see his old master again; and our author having equipped himself with a full complement of drawing animals, took to steamer, and at Rat Creek, near the southern shore of Lake Manitoba, said good bye to society, in company of a friend, two servants, five horses, and two carts. Late on the 10th October they reached the Hudson's Bay Company's fort of Beaver's Creek,—the western limit to the travels of his friend. With one man, three horses and three dogs, and all those requisites of food, arms, and raiment, with which a former journey had familiarized him, he started on the 14th October bound for the north-west. This was his situation:

"I was virtually alone. \* \* A wild, cold storm swept down from the north, and raging a day and a night, tore the yellow leaves from the poplar thickets, and scared the wild fowl far southward to a warmer home. He who rides for months through these vast solitudes sees during the hours of his daily travel an unbroken panorama of distance. The seasons come and go; grass grows and flowers die; the fire leaps with tiger bounds along the earth;

the snow lies still and quiet over hill and lake ; the rivers rise and fall ; but the rigid features of the wilderness rest unchanged. Lonely, silent, and impassive ; heedless of man, season, or time : the weight of the Infinite seems to brood over it. Once only in the hours of day and night a moment comes when this impassive veil is drawn from its features, and the eye of the wanderer catches a glimpse of the sunken soul of the wilderness ; it is the moment which follows the sunset. Then a deeper stillness steals over the earth, colours of wondrous hue rise and spread along the western horizon. In a deep sea of emerald and orange of fifty shades, mingled and interwoven together, rose-coloured isles float *anchored to great golden threads* ; while far away, seemingly beyond and above all, one broad flash of crimson light, the parting sun's last gift, reddens upwards to the zenith. And then, when every moment brings a change and the night gathers closer to the earth, and some waveless, nameless lake glimmers in uncertain shore-line, and in shadows of inverted hill-top ; when a light that seems born of another world (so weirdly distant is it from ours) lingers along the western sky ; then hanging like a lamp over the tomb of the sun the evening star gleams out upon the darkening wilderness. It may be only a fancy, a conceit bred from loneliness and long wandering, but at such times the great solitude has seemed to me to open its soul, and that in its depths I read its secrets."

We should like to see this lovely "conceit" worked out and developed into a fine poem by some real lover of nature like Robert Buchanan ; though we fancy that the feeling here alluded to is begotten of a wide horizon and the approach of night to a thoughtful spectator looking on a sunset from any lonely elevation, provided that it is sufficiently elevated and not begirt by mountains, as in the wide steppes of Tartary or Russia, or to come nearer home, as in the barren and desert Karoos beyond Beaufort West, with their stony kopjies and plains. We have felt at such times as if we were the last man left in the whole world, and that as night drew on we were being carried upwards out of the gathering darkness into golden mists and the region of the stars, never again to come back to earth. In these northern climes the "afterglow" must be a throbbing mystery, in the infinite slowness with which its pulsations of colour sink into solemn stillness and coldness of form, and leave the outlines of mountain peaks to stiffen stark and white against the purple gloom of the sky. In fact the scenery is *sui generis*, and is not badly hit off by Major Butler in the following lines to his Esquimaux dog :—

"And so, old friend, we are met again, companions still to be,  
Across the waves of drifted snow, across the prairie sea ;  
Again we'll tread the silent lake, the frozen swamp, the glen,  
Beneath the snow-crowned, sombre pine, we'll build our camp again :  
And long before the icy dawn, while hushed all nature lies,  
And weird and wan the white lights flash across the northern skies ;  
Thy place, as in past days thou'lt take, the leader of the train,  
To steer until the stars die out above the dusky plain."

To convey some adequate notion of the expanse of unbroken solitude, now almost bereft of Indians and game by the cruel wars of extermination, carried out against man and beast for many years by whites and redskins alike, Major Butler gives a very vivid description of a celebrated Indian battle-field at the base of the Wolverine and the lonely Spathanaw Watchi :

“Alone in a vast waste the Spathanaw Watchi lifts his head, thickets and lakes are at his base, a lonely grave at top, *around four hundred miles of horizon*, a view so vast that endless space seems for once to find embodiment, and at a single glance the eye is satiated with immensity. There is no mountain range to come up across the skyline, no river to lay its glistening folds along the middle distance, no dark forest to give shade to the ground or to fringe prospective, no speck of life, no track of man, nothing but the wilderness. Reduced thus to its own nakedness, space stands forth with almost terrible grandeur. One is suddenly brought face to face with that enigma which we try to comprehend by giving to it the names of endless, interminable, measureless : that dark inanity which broods upon a waste of moorland at dusk, and in which fancy sees the spectral and the shadowy.”

Speaking of one of the great rewards of travel and toilsome march through vast solitudes and great scenic mysteries, Major Butler strikes to the heart of the matter by the following pregnant sentences :—

“I much doubt me if it be possible to place before a reader’s mental vision anything like a true picture of the sense of solitude, of endless space, of awful desolation which at times comes to the traveller’s mind as he looks over some vast prairie, and beholds a lonely herd of bisons trailing slowly across that snow-wrapped, endless expanse into the shadows of the coming night.”

“Such a sight I have beheld more than once, and its memory returns at times with the sigh of the south wind or the waving of a pine branch. It is from moments such as these that the wanderer draws the recompense of his toil, and reaps in aftertime the harvest of his hardships. No book has told the story, no picture has caught the colouring of sky and plain, no sound can echo back the music of that untainted breeze, sighing so mournfully through the yellow grass, but all the same the vision returns without one effort of remembrance ; the vast plains snow-wrapt, the west ablaze with gold and green and saffron, and colours never classed or catalogued, while the horizon circle from north to east and south grows dim and indistinct, and far off the bison herd in long, scattered file, trails slowly across the blue-white snow into the caverns of the sunset.”

It is in passages like these that Major Butler gives us an insight into the depths of his soul, and flashes upon us a luminous page in the history of his life and wanderings. The yearnings, efforts, and conflicts of such a man are only to be equalled by the deeply religious emotions of a heart that seems to be overflowing with sympathy for

the down-trodden members of the human race ; and in the conduct of this book we find ourselves face to face with a nature sympathetic and emotional, and yet withal so deeply poetical and humorous in its likes and dislikes that we are carried through every page in a sort of dreamy fascination with the writer. In the following extract we have an unique and powerful bit of testimony to the extraordinary privations and hardships to which Indians with impunity can apparently submit when pressed by hunger :

“ In a band of Crees travelling over the plains there happened to be a *blind* Indian. Following the band one day he lagged behind, and the party dipping over a ridge on the prairie became lost to sound. Becoming suddenly alarmed at having thus lost his friends, he began to run swiftly in hope of overtaking them ; but now his judgment was at fault, and the direction which he ran was the wrong one. He found himself alone on the immense plains. Tired at last by the speed to which feverish anxiety had urged him, he sat to think over his chances. It was hopeless to attempt to regain his party ; he was far out in the grassy ocean, and south, west, and east lay hundreds of miles of undulating plain ; to the north many days’ journey, but still near in relative distance, lay the forts of the white man, and the trail which led from one to the other. He would steer for the north, and would endeavour to reach one of these forts. It was midsummer. He had no food, but the carcasses of lately killed buffalo were, he knew, numerous in that part of the prairie, and lakes and ponds were to be found at intervals.

“ He set out, and for three days he journeyed north. ‘ How did he steer ? ’ the reader asks ; ‘ for have you not told us the man was blind.’ Nevertheless he steered with accuracy towards the north. From sunrise he kept the warm glow on his naked right shoulder ; six hours later the heat fell full upon his back ; towards evening the rays were on his left side : and when the sun had gone and the damp dew began to fall he lay down for the night : thus he held a tolerably correct course. At times the soft mud of a lake shore cloyed his feet ; but that promised water, and after a drink he resumed his way ; the lakelet was rounded and the course pursued. There was no food ; for two days he travelled on patiently, until at last he stumbled over the bones of a buffalo. He felt around ; it had been killed some time, and the wolves had left scant pickings on ribs or legs, but on the massive head the skin was yet untouched, and his knife enabled him to satisfy his hunger, and to carry away a few scraps of skin and flesh.

“ Thus recruited he pressed on. It was drawing towards evening on the *fifth* day of his weary journey when he found himself reduced to starvation, weak from protracted hunger, and faint from thirst : the day had been a warm one, and no friendly lake had given him drink. His scanty food had been long exhausted, and there seemed but little hope that he could live to feel the warm sun again. Its rays were growing faint upon his left shoulder, when his



feet suddenly sank into soft mud, and the reeds and flags of a swamp brushed against his legs. Here was water; he lay down and drank a long, long draught. Then he bethought him, Was it not better to stay here while life lasted? Here he had at least water, and of all the pangs that can afflict the lost wanderer, that of thirst is the hardest to bear. He laid down amidst the reeds, determined to wait for death."

Ultimately he is discovered by a pure accident by some hunters who were in search of buffalo, and suddenly came upon this poor blind and helpless Indian,—hiding in the reeds when he heard their voices. Truly the hand of God must have directed them to this out of the way swamp for the purpose of saving this helpless wanderer after five days' starvation!

Owing to untoward causes Major Butler was delayed till the beginning of February before he made a final start for the upper regions of the Rocky Mountains. At last he could not stand inaction any longer; and gathering together dogshoes, copper kettle, buffalo robe, thermometer, ammunition, tobacco, pain killer, compass, snowshoes, tea, sugar, flour, and the inevitable "pemmican" or buffalo biltong, he spanned in his teams of dogs and was off, and this is how he did it across to the Pacific:

"I know not if my readers are acquainted with the manner in which dogs are used as draught animals in the great fur regions of the north. A dogsled is simply two thin oak or birchwood boards lashed together with deerskin thongs, turned up in front like a Norwegian snowshoe. It runs when light over hard snow or ice with great ease. Its length is about nine feet, its breadth sixteen inches. Along its outer edges runs a leather lashing, through the loops of which a long leather line is passed, to hold in its place whatever may be placed upon it. From the front, close to the turned portion, the traces for draught are attached. The dogs, usually four in number, stand in tandem fashion, one before the other; the very best dog being generally placed in front as 'foregoer,' the next best in rear as 'steady-dog.' It is the business of the foregoer to keep the track, however faint it may be, on lake or river. The steer dog guides the sled, and prevents it from striking or catching in tree or root. An ordinary load for four dogs weighs from 200 to 400 pounds. Laden with 200 pounds dogs will travel on anything like a good track, or on hard snow, about thirty or thirty-five miles in each day. In deep and soft snow the pace is of necessity slow, and twenty to twenty-five miles will form a fair day's work.

"Six trains of dogs, twenty-three dogs in all, make a goodly show. Cree, French, and English names were curiously intermixed, and as varied were the tongues used to urge the trains to fresh exertions. Sometimes a dog would be abused, vilified, and cursed in French alone; at others he would be implored in Cree to put forth greater efforts. 'Kuskey-tay-o-atim-moos,' or the little black dog, would be appealed to 'for the love of heaven to haul his traces.'



He would be solemnly informed that he was a dog of no character ; that he was the child of very disreputable parents,—that, in fact, his mother had been no better than she should have been. Generally speaking, this information did not appear to have much effect upon Kuskey-tay-o-atim-moos, who was doubtless well satisfied if the abuse hurled at him and his progenitors exhausted the ire of his driver, and saved his back at the expense of his relations."

And it is in this fashion that they have to hold their own in weather so bitterly cold that the thermometer frequently stood at 20° or 30° below zero ; while right in their teeth blew the bitter blast. The dogs with low bent heads tugging steadily onward ; the Indians and half-breds, with blankets wrapped round their heads, bending forward as they ran to make their way against the wind. Should they get too cold they light a fire, boil some tea, give themselves a good warm, and then go on again till sunset ; when the wind falls and it is possible to restore the circulation, by running hard, without freezing one's face in the process ! As they near a fort their day ends thus :—" With dusk came a magnificent Aurora ; the sheeted light quivered over the frozen lake *like fleecy clouds of many colours blown across the stars !* " and they are only too glad to bolt supper and dispose themselves to sleep inside their buffalo bags instead of beds.

Then there was the daily difficulty of starting fires at dawn and putting the animals in their harness, when your fingers were nearly insensible from the cold. Sometimes the dogs turned rusty in the morning, and were as difficult to start as a Diamond-fields Transport wagon with a fresh set of newly arrived Monte Video mules.

" All this led at times to fearful confusion in my train. They jumped on one another, they tangled traces and back bands and collar straps into sad knots and interlacings, which baffled my poor frozen fingers to unravel. Often have I seen them in a huge ball, rolling over each other in the snow, while the rapid application of my whip only appeared to make matters worse, conveying the idea to Spanker or the Untiring that they were being badly bitten by an unknown belligerent. Like the lady in Tennyson's ' Princess,' they ' mouthed and mumbled ' each other in a very perplexing manner, but of course from a cause totally at variance from that which influenced the matron in the poem. These events only occurred, however, when a new dog was added to the train ; and after a day or two things got smoothed down, and all tugged at the moose-skin collars in peaceful unanimity."

In journeying over lake Athabasca the party have to undergo intense cold ; and the colder it got the more beautiful became the sunsets, and the play of light in the heavens was evidently supremely lovely, if we may judge from the following extract :—

" Over the Lake Athabasca the Northern Lights, hold their highest revels. They flash, and dance, and stream, and intermingle,

and weave together their many colours like the shapes and hues of a kaleidoscope. Sometimes the long columns of light seem to rest upon the silent, frozen shores, stretching out their rose-tipped tops to meet the zenith; again the lines of light traverse the sky from east to west as a hand might sweep the chords of some vast harp, and from its touch would *flow light* instead of music. So quickly run the colours along these shafts, that the ear listens instinctively for sound in the deep stillness of the frozen solitude; but sound I have never heard. Many a time I have listened breathless to catch the faintest whisper of these wondrous lightnings; they were mute as the waste that lay around me."

As a parallel to the story of the blind old Indian who was lost five days in the prairie, at page 153 there is a most thrilling account of the sufferings endured by a young Hudson's Bay clerk, through the rascality of an Indian who deserted him because he could not keep up with his guide, and who was only found after five days; having in that time had no food, no fire, and nothing to warm himself but a blanket and the dogs to lie on it, and yet he was not frozen!

It is beyond the purpose of this paper to do more than direct the attention of the general reader to the gems of literary finish in this most charming book. We had marked many pages for extract, but time presses, and our space is but limited; but when we recollect that the writer is now in Natal, and will in all probability write a book upon its scenery and grand studies of rock and bush, we are emboldened to hope that he may find us worthy of his pen.\* It is not every day that such a brilliant writer and thinker comes among us; we will do well, therefore, to familiarize ourselves with his style, and fall in love with his wit and powers of imagination. We wonder if anything could be more touchingly put than the following thoughts on home sickness, and the longing for the delights of home that came over the lonely wanderer as he crouches before the evening fire, and thinks of the dear ones left behind, so that he might carry out his pilgrimage:—

"At such times the mind of the wanderer sings its own song too. It is the song of home; and as memory rings the cadence, time and distance disappear, and the old land brightens forth amidst the embers of the forest fire.

"These islands which we call 'home' are far away; afar off we idealise them, in the forest depths we dream bright visions of their firesides of welcome; in the snow-sheeted lake, and the icy stretch of river, and the motionless musky, how sweetly sound the notes of brook and bird; how brightly rise the glimpses of summer eves when the white mists float over the scented meadows, and the corn craik sounds from his lair in the meadow sweet!

\* Vide the "*Times of Natal*" of July 3rd, 1875, on Sir Garnet Wolseley's tour up country!

"It is there, away in the east, far off where the moon is rising above the forked pines, or the upcoming stars edge the ice piles on the dim eastern shores of yon sheeted lake. Far away, a speck amidst the waves of distance, bright, happy, and peaceful; holding out its welcome, and following with its anxious thoughts the wanderer who sails away over the ocean, and roams the expanses of the earth.

"Well, some fine day we come back again; the great steam-ship touches the long idealised shore. Gods, how the scene changes! We feel bursting with joy to see it all again, to say, 'Oh, how glad I am to see you all!'

"We say it with our eyes to the young lady behind the refreshment buffet at the railroad station. Alas! she mistakes our exuberance for impertinence, and endeavours to annihilate us with a glance enough to freeze even her high spirited sherry. We pass the bobby on his beat with a smile of recognition, but that ferocious functionary, not a whit softened, regards us as a 'party' likely to afford him transient employment in the matter of 'running in.' The railway porter alone seems to enter into our feelings of joy, but alas! it is only with a view to that donation with which we are sure to present him. We have enlisted his sympathies as Her Majesty enlists her recruits, by the aid of a shilling. Ere an hour has passed the vision seen so frequently through the mist of weary miles has vanished, and we have taken our place in the vast humming crowd of England's hive, to wish ourselves back into the dreamy solitudes again."

To some feeling like this we have none of us been strangers, when we have returned to England after a two months' trip to the Continent, and are almost ready to hug the waiter who brings us our cold beef and glass of pale ale, in answer to our noisy request for plain old English fare, in place of foreign stews and kickshaws. We seem to think that everybody is delighted to see us again, just because we are so glad to have returned, and, of course, in a few days we have to settle down to our ordinary hum-drum position in middle class society, and again become the insignificant units in reality, that we have almost lost sight of in our foreign travels.

The transition from winter to summer is charmingly described by Major Butler, and though the summer is very brief in these high latitudes, the changes of a night are fraught with most important consequences to any traveller, who may linger by the roadside and waste his time in the hospitable forts and stations that are open to his inspection, in return for the news he may bring with him.

"It was only the second week in April, and already the earth began to soften; the forest smelt of last year's leaves and of this year's buds; the rills spoke, and the wild duck winged along the river channels. During the whole of the second week of April the days were wet and warm, rain fell in occasional showers; at day-break my thermometer showed only 3° or 4° of frost, and in the

afternoon stood at 50° or 60° in the shade. From the 15th to the 20th the river, which had hitherto held aloof from all advances of the spring, began to show many symptoms of yielding to her soft entreaties. Big tears rose at times on his iron face, and flowed down his frosted cheeks; his great heart seemed to swell within him, and ominous groans broke from his long silent bosom. At night he recovered himself a little, and looked grim and rigid in the early morning; but at last spring and shower, and sun and stream were too much for him—all his children were already awake, and prattling, and purling, and pulling at him, and shaking him to open his long closed eyelids, to look once more at the blue and golden summer."

When the river finally breaks up, and the ice has all passed away, there is a short breathing interval, during which the water gets daily lower, while the sun is not strong enough to melt the snow off the mountains. This is the only time when the *voyageur* has a good chance of pulling his way up the river without extraordinary exertion. Of course going down the river when it is full is comparatively quick and easy work, say fifty miles a day. It was mid-day on the 24th April when our travellers reached the banks of the Half-way River, and found it greatly swollen by the melting snow, with the current rolling swiftly from the north, between banks piled high with ice-floe. To get over this, they construct a very primitive sort of raft, and a pretty piece of business they have with it and their frightened horses. They manage, however, to cross the river in safety, and have a very exciting experience at some disagreeable rapids where they are upset. At last, however, they reach the Buffalo's Head, the view from which is described in the following vigorous extract:—

"Nine hundred miles had carried me now to that spot. The afternoon was clear and fine, the great range had not a cloud to darken the glare of the sun upon its sheen of snow, and the pure cool air came over the forest trees fresh from the thousand billows of this sea of mountains. Less than an hour's hard climbing brought me to the summit, and I was a thousand times repaid for the labour of the ascent.

"I stood on the bare rocks which form the frontlet of the Buffalo's Head. Below, the pines of a vast forest looked like the toy trees which children set up when Noah is put forth to watch the animals emerging from his ark."

"Alas, how futile it is to endeavour to describe such a view! Not more wooden are the ark animals of our childhood, than the words in which man would clothe the images of that higher nature which the Almighty has graven into shapes of lovely mountains! Put down your wooden words bit by bit; throw in colour here, a little shade there, touch it up with sky and cloud, cast about it that perfume of blossom or breeze, and in Heaven's name what does it come to after all? Can the eye wander away, away, away, until it is lost in blue distance as a lark is lost in blue heaven, but the sight



still drinks the beauty of the landscape, though the sources of the beauty be unseen, as the source of the music which falls from the azure depth of sky."

Despairing of giving anything like an adequate description of the billowy seas of peaks and mountains beyond number rolling away to south and west, or of the endless plains where the pine trees are dwarfed to spear grass, and the prairies to meadow patches; and where a boundless range of river and plain, ridge and prairie, snowy peaks and beetling precipices confuses the eye of the beholder from that dizzy height, he characteristically descends from his stilts and tries to limit himself to plain prose.

"Let us come down from this mountain-top to our own small level again. We will upset you in an ice rapid; we will be wrecked; we will have no food; we will hunt the moose, or do anything and everything you like, but we cannot put in words the things that we see from these lonely mountain-tops when we climb them in the sheen of the evening. When you go into your church and the organ rolls and the solemn chant floats through the lofty aisles, you do not ask your neighbour to talk to you and tell you what it is like. If he should do anything of the kind, the beadle takes him and puts him out of doors, and then the policeman takes and puts him in-doors, and he is punished for his atrocious conduct; and yet you expect me, oh, reader, to tell you about this church, whose pillars are the mountains, whose roof is the heaven itself, whose music comes from the harp-strings which the earth has laid over her bosom, which we call pine-trees; and from which the hand of the Unseen draws forth a ceaseless symphony rolling ever around the world."

In concluding our necessarily imperfect notice of this very fascinating and brilliant volume, we would draw attention to the very practical manner in which the Major would deal with our civilising relations towards wild native races. Speaking seriously of missionary work, he thinks, with Dr. Stewart of Lovedale, and the pioneers of the expedition to found Livingstonia, that religion and civilisation can only be made to help each other by making them depend on each other more than they do. He therefore addresses this homily to gentlemen missionaries, in the hope that they may work industriously among their disciples in pursuit of physical triumphs over the difficulties of nature, instead of slaying theological dangers only:—

"If you would only be a little more human, and a little less divine—if you would study the necessities of the savage races amidst whom you have cast your lot—what good might ye not effect?"

"This Cree—this Blackfoot, this Chipewyan—what odds is it, in the name of all goodness, whether he fully understands the numbered or unnumbered things you tell him. Teach him the simple creed which you would teach a child. He is starving, and the feast you give him is of delicate and subtle food, long since compounded from the brain of schoolman and classicist. He is naked, and you would



clothe him in mysterious raiment of fine tissue, which time has woven out of the webs of doubt and inquiry. All this will not warm him from the terrible blast of winter, or shelter him from the drenching rains of early summer. He has many faults, some virtues, innumerable wants. Begin with these. Preach against the first; cultivate the second; relieve as much as possible the third. Make him a good man before you attempt to make him an indifferent Christian. In a word, do more for his body; and after a bit, when you have taught him to help his wife in toil and trouble, to build a house and live in it—to plant a few potatoes when the ground thaws, and to hoe them out ere it hardens again—when you have loosened the bands of starvation, nakedness, and hardship from the grasp in which they now hold him, then will come the moment for your books and your higher teaching. And in his hut, with a well-filled stomach, he will have time to sift truth from falsehood, amidst all the isms and arians under the guise of which you came to teach him.”

And now we will conclude, as we commenced, by saying that for vigorous thought, sound sense, poetic power, and true intellectual fire—this graphic description of all the wonders and marvels of the “Wild North Land” will favourably compare with Kinglake’s better known and more widely read “Eothen.” It is a book that takes a powerful hold of the imagination, and will not be shaken off until we have read it from preface to *finis*, and thoroughly enjoyed the mingled humour and pathos with which the author recalls his reminiscences of arduous travel, and brings home to us the vivid glories and beauties of that silent abode of snow and ice and trembling Aurora, towards which even now an Arctic expedition is slowly travelling in parallel lines of search and adventure.

W. H. R.

### To-Morrow.

To-morrow, to-morrow!

Welcome the bark that across the wide main,  
Sailing so swiftly, the haven will gain;  
Doubt not her safety;—fair is the breeze,  
Bright are the heavens, and calm are the seas.  
Fill high the wine-cup with costliest wine!  
Hence with all care! untold riches are mine!

The rain beats on the window-pane,  
The storm-wind sobs and sighs,  
And, gathering strength, soon breaks his chain,  
And bids the billows rise.

Alas! for those who on the wave  
Their fearful vigils keep!  
No way they find to 'scape the grave  
That waits them in the deep.

Insatiate sea ! it gaped and yawned,  
 Engulfing bark and freight ;  
 And when the wished for *morrow* dawned,  
 It sealed the merchant's fate.

To-morrow, to-morrow !  
 Robes of the richest and jewels I wear,  
 Myrtles entwine with my long glossy hair,  
 Strains of sweet music exultingly swell,  
 Jubilant rings out the glad marriage bell ;  
 Happy, so happy ! a young loving bride,  
 Entering life's journey with *him* by my side.

The festal song resounds at night,  
 And fills the hall with glee ;  
 All hearts are gay, all eyes are bright ;  
 —Fair maid, what aileth thee ?

Say whither are the roses fled  
 That graced thy cheek the morn ?  
 By what strange pang, what nameless dread,  
 Is thy young bosom torn ?

Tear off the gems that deck her brow,  
 Hush every sound of mirth !  
*To-morrow* comes—she sleepeth now,  
 To wake no more on earth.

To-morrow, to-morrow !  
 Black are the clouds that o'erspread all the sky ;  
 Fearful and trembling, in sorrow I sigh ;  
 Wretchedness, poverty, suffering, grief,  
 Such is my portion,—no hope of relief ;  
 Little ones famishing, crying for bread ;  
 Friends have I none !—would to God I were dead !

The wind blew cold, the night was dark,  
 The widow's poor abode  
 No light had but a feeble spark  
 That in the embers glowed,

Beside the hearth her children stood  
 In mute and blank dismay ;  
 No morsel of the meanest food  
 Had passed their lips that day,

A stranger came ; unasked, unsought,  
 Gold glittered on the board ;  
 The dreaded *morrow* dawned, and brought  
 New life as from the Lord.

To-morrow, to-morrow !  
 Woe, woe is me ! Life is ebbing away !  
 Death calls my father, my solace and stay ;  
 Cold will his limbs be beneath the green sod,  
 I all alone in this cheerless abode.  
 Father, my father dear ! why should'st thou leave  
 Her who so loves thee to suffer and grieve ?

The fever in his throbbing veins  
 Long days and nights had raged ;  
 No human skill relieved his pains,  
 His agony assuaged.

Weeping, we bathed the burning head  
 Still tossing to and fro ;  
 O God ! 'twere better he were dead  
 Than live and suffer so !

Sleep dropped from heaven like healing balm  
 Upon his eyes at last ;  
 The *morrow* came,—and he was calm,  
 And all the danger past.

To-morrow, to-morrow !  
 Day ever shrouded in shadow and gloom,  
 Tell us what hid'st thou within thy dark womb ?  
 Deep draughts of bliss dost thou mean to bestow ?  
 Cups running over with anguish and woe ?  
 Garlands of flowers dost thou twine for our head ?  
 Thistles and thorns on our path wilt thou spread ?

It is not given to man to know  
 What waits him here on earth ;  
 It may be sickness, want and woe,  
 It may be joy and mirth.

It may be sunshine without cloud ;  
 It may be blackest gloom ;  
 A festal garment or a shroud,  
 A banquet or a tomb.

The Lord alone, whose counsels stand,  
 Can take the veil away ;  
 He holds *to-morrow* in his hand,  
 To-morrow as to-day.

To-morrow, to-morrow !  
 Fool is the man who seeks bliss 'neath the sky ;  
 Happy whose hopes on his Maker rely !

Fool, he who boasts in his fortune or birth ;  
 Happy who clings not too closely to earth !  
 Fool, he who frets and repines at his lot ;  
 Happy who calmly leaves all to his God !

No mother's love can equal His,  
 So tender and so true ;  
 And while His love so constant is,  
 What best is He will do.

His thoughts are not the thoughts of men,  
 Nor are His ways our ways ;  
 He hides His face, and soon again  
 Fills every mouth with praise.

Away vain doubt and anxious fear !  
 Why should I troubled be ?  
 Why should I for *to-morrow* care ?  
 My Father cares for me !

R.

(From the Dutch of VAN DER POT.)

### *The Difficulties of a Country Schoolmaster.*

THERE are very few people in our larger towns who have any idea of, and fewer still who take the trouble to think about, the difficulties against which the schoolmasters in our country districts have to contend. The object of this paper is to draw attention to these difficulties, and the writer will be glad if anybody better qualified than himself will take up the subject, and by a careful discussion of it, open people's eyes to the grave interests at stake, and so help to ease the burdens and lighten the trials of a hard-worked, under-paid and much enduring class of men.

The three great difficulties appear to be these :—

1. Parental interference in matters pertaining to school discipline.
2. Irregularity in attendance for little or no reason.
3. Premature withdrawal of pupils from school before they have had time to gain sufficient knowledge to enable them to appreciate the value of education, the result of which is that boys or young men instead of being in any way sensible of the depth of their own ignorance come to think themselves capable of forming an opinion on any subject, and too often give expression to their ideas in language as unseemly as it is offensive.

On each of these points the writer would wish to say a few words.

I. Parental interference in matters pertaining to school discipline. —It seems that every parent who has a boy at a school thinks that he has a right to dictate to the master how his own son should be punished. One thinks that corporal punishment is degrading to a boy, destructive of all the nobler feelings in his character, and ought without further loss of time to be at once abolished; another that impositions are bad as ruinous to handwriting; a third objects to boys being kept in, as this interferes with that period of recreation and amusement which is as necessary for a boy's as a man's health. Now such interference in the management of a school is simply pernicious, and must in course of time utterly do away with its utility as an educational medium. A boy is sent to school not only to have a certain amount of knowledge—or what passes for knowledge—crammed into him, but to acquire habits of order and discipline. The master is for the time being *in loco parentis*, and is supposed to be a man of character and endowment sufficient to bring up his boys in such a manner as their own parents would bring them up if they were constantly at home. But no man can do this unless he has the entire confidence of parents. If a man cannot be trusted to manage a school as he may think proper, he is simply unfit for the great work of educating youth, and the sooner he resigns his post or is dismissed the better. The following case actually occurred:—A boy was guilty of a breach of school rules, the master inquired into the matter but the culprit would not confess to the fault, and the master, by way of arriving at the truth, kept in the whole class until he could find out the guilty boy. Several parents at once gave notice that their sons would be withdrawn. The master yielding to this pressure changed the punishment, and instead of keeping in the class set them some heavy impositions. Now, what could be more pernicious than this? In a school where numbers are necessary to keep up the school fees, on which, to some extent, a master's salary depends, it is politic for him to conciliate those who have the power of injuring the school, but its utility is necessarily lessened, and the authority of the master materially impaired. In plain words parents inculcate rebellion instead of obedience, and what is intended to be the means of teaching boys "self-reverence, self-knowledge, and self-control" has the opposite effect, and leads to utter ruination of character. But if it is an evil thing for parents to interfere in the management of a school it is far worse for those who are clothed with a little brief authority to back up their folly and to encourage their infatuation. The lamentable results following upon such a course have been seen lately at King William's Town, where the Upper School had to be closed because the Council severely censured the master for flogging a boy who was guilty of misbehaviour of the grossest kind, and who got far less punishment than he deserved. It is as absurd to expect a master to manage a school properly while every one is allowed to interfere, who may think that he has a right to do so, as to expect the captain of a ship to navigate her while



every one who has an interest in her freight may countermand his orders, or the colonel of a regiment to command his soldiers while every subaltern may do what seemeth good in his own eyes.

2. Irregularity in attendance for little or no reason.—The paltry excuses too often brought by boys to account for their absence from school would be amusing if they were not so irritating. The following are among the most common, and have come to the ears of most country schoolmasters:—"It was my grandfather's birthday," "I was at a pic-nic," "My mother kept me at home," "My father wanted me in the office." Now, in the name of common sense, how can a boy possibly be expected to gain the full advantage of school teaching and training if he is kept away for reasons such as the above? Or what interest can a master be expected to take in his school if his work is so little appreciated, and if those who ought to be his warmest supporters are in reality tying his hands and doing all in their power—thoughtlessly and unconsciously it may be—to discourage his efforts and thwart his plans? Parental fondness may see no great harm in giving a boy an occasional holiday or any other foolish indulgence; but such fondness is no true and real affection, it is weak and vicious in the extreme, it fosters in a boy habits of carelessness and slovenliness in the discharge of his duties; and, if it be true that the boy is father to the man, the seed sown in youth will spring up and flourish, and in manhood will bear its own baneful and poisonous fruits.

3. The premature withdrawal of pupils from school.—This is an evil for which at present it is hard to discover any effective remedy. There are so many causes for it and so many obstacles in the way of eradicating it that it seems hopeless even to suggest any means of doing so. Among the chief causes of this evil are the following:—

(a.) The extreme scarcity of labour which compels men, otherwise well off, to employ their own children, even girls, in the menial occupations of herding sheep and leading the oxen or mules before the plough. The writer has known a case in which a well-to-do farmer has been obliged to neglect the education of his younger children because he was forced to employ them at home.

(b.) The great distances at which many of the farms are situated from the nearest school town or village, which prevents children from attending the school as day scholars, and farmers are therefore obliged to send their children into the towns if they wish them to enjoy the advantages which the town schools offer; but

(c.) The difficulty of obtaining accommodation in the towns and the expence of boarding render it almost impossible for men with large families and small means to do this.

It is impossible for those who are interested in the cause of education not to feel for and to sympathise with those who would wish to give their children a good education, but are deterred from doing so by the force of circumstances. But the same cannot be said for

townspeople who so often withdraw their children from school just at the time when the mind is beginning to be developed and capable of appreciating the value of knowledge. In too many cases the bribe of a few pounds per annum is sufficient to induce parents to withdraw their children when they have gained little more than an imperfect knowledge of the three R's, the result of which has been already mentioned in the beginning of this paper. It may seem hard to write thus strongly and plainly, but the evil is a real one and does exist, and it is of no use to shut our eyes to the fact. It would be far better to face it boldly and to do what each can to lessen the evil. If this country is ever to become a great one it will have need of educated men, and parents should learn to make some sacrifices if they wish their sons to take any share in the legislation and administration of the State. Unless they do this, thousands of pounds may annually be spent for educational purposes, universities may be established, scholarships endowed, schools thrown open, but only a few will reap any benefit, the leaven of education will not penetrate the mass; the multitude will remain unlearned and ignorant, and for many a long year darkness will continue to "cover the land and gross darkness the people."

In conclusion, if it should be thought that the writer has spoken too harshly of the parents, and has leant too much to the side of the schoolmasters, he can only plead in excuse that the evils which he has mentioned are great and grievous ones and should be "met and fought with outright;" that he has himself been a schoolmaster, and, therefore, speaks from personal experience and with some knowledge of the subject; and that

"A fellow feeling makes us wondrous kind."

F. H. E.

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### *James Adamson, D.D.*

To those who walk beside them, great men seem  
Mere common earth; but distance makes them stars;  
So great the stature of their after fame;  
And then we gather up their glorious words  
And treasure up their names with loving care.

GERALD MASSEY.

THE men of the past generation who were privileged to take part in the establishment of the liberal institutions now forming the national life of South Africa are one by one passing away. Fairbairn, Pringle, Herschel, Oliphant, Stockenstrom, Cloete, Watermeyer, Faure, Brand, De Wet, and other names are already on the list of those who have "gone before;" and now another has been added to the number of departed colonists who should never cease to be remem-

bered in this land, for whose development and advancement they in their day so zealously laboured. We refer to the Rev. Dr. James Adamson, who passed into his rest on the 16th of July, at the ripe age of seventy-nine years

His connection with the Cape dates from 1828, when he arrived here as the first pastor of the Scottish Church in Cape Town. He was previously trained under his father, the Rev. Dr. L. Adamson, of Cupar, in Fifeshire, Scotland, and went through the usual University course of study for the Christian ministry as his life-work; but his literary and scientific tastes led him for some years to be a contributor both to the newspaper press and to the philosophical journals of Edinburgh. On his arrival in this Colony, his high character, learning, and genius were at once recognised and, felt; and, although occasionally marked by some intellectual peculiarities—during his long residence of over forty years here, as a scholar, a philosopher, and a Christian minister, he did much to impress and to elevate the tone of thought and sentiment of society.

One of the first movements with which Dr. Adamson was associated was the promotion of a higher education, in connection with the South African College, then established; and it was to him that the late Sir J. F. W. Herschel addressed his celebrated letter, relative to the course of study to be followed by students, which has been justly considered the most beautiful and satisfactory outline of a sound education ever described. The letter is too lengthy for these pages, but the following extract will suffice:—

A good practical system of public education ought, in my opinion, to be more real than formal. I mean should convey much of positive knowledge with as little attention to mere systems and conventional forms as is consistent with avoiding solecisms. This principle, carried into detail, would allow much less weight to the study of languages, especially of dead languages, than is usually considered its due in our great public schools, where, in fact, the acquisition of the latter seems to be regarded as the one and only object of education. While on the other hand it would attach great importance to all those branches of practical and theoretical knowledge, whose possession goes to constitute an idea of a well-informed gentleman, as for example—a knowledge of the nature and constitution of the world we inhabit—its animal, vegetable, and mineral productions, and their uses and properties as subservient to human wants. Its relation to the system of the universe, and its natural and political subdivisions, and last and most important of all, the nature and propensities of man himself, as developed in the history of nations and the biography of individuals; the constitutions of human society, including our responsibilities to individuals and to the social body of which we are members. In a word, as extensive a knowledge as can be grasped and conveyed in an elementary course of the actual system and laws of nature, both physical and moral.

Again, in a country where free institutions prevail, and where public opinion is of consequence, every man is to a certain extent a legislator, and for this his education (especially when the Government of the country lends its aid and sanction to it) ought, at least so far, to prepare himself as to place him on his guard against those obvious and popular fallacies which lie across the threshold of this as well as of every other subject with which human reason has anything to do. Every man is called upon to obey the laws, and, therefore, it cannot be deemed superfluous that some portion of every man's education should consist in inform-

ing him what they are. On these grounds it would seem to me that some knowledge of the principles of political economy, of jurisprudence, of trade and manufactures, is essentially involved in the notion of a sound education. A moderate acquaintance also with certain of the useful arts, such as practical mechanics or engineering, agriculture, and draftmanship is of obvious utility in every station of life. While in a commercial country the only remedy for that proverbial shortsightedness to their best ultimate interest, which is the misfortune rather than the fault of every mercantile community upon earth, seems to be to inculcate, as a part of education, those broad principles of free interchange and reciprocal profit, and public justice, on which the whole edifice of permanently successful enterprise must be based.

In connection with Sir John Herschel, too, he took an active part in promoting the interests of the South African Public Library, which even then obtained the encomium of the distinguished astronomer, "that it was the bright eye of the Cape of Good Hope." Indeed, Dr. Adamson was the first to inaugurate the practice—since worthily followed—of offering from the chair, at the annual meeting of the Library, addresses connected with literature and science. His own discourses on these occasions were remarkable as the outpourings of a mind rich with the spoils of many sciences and all ages, expressed in a rushing multitude of words and facts and fine imaginings—his style sometimes in its cumulative energy reminding one of Dr. Chalmers's Bridgewater Treatises, and at other times, in its picturesqueness and chaste expressiveness, the writings of Spenser or of Milton. The Hon. Mr. Porter—a frequent listener and a competent critic—has said of him: "A thinker of the very highest order, he has from that chair delivered the results of much thought upon many subjects; and if we might now and then remark that his faculty of communicating information was less conspicuous than his faculty of acquiring information, not the less have we had cause to wonder at intellectual displays in which philosophy and poetry, so seldom united, met together; and all that labour, toiling in the deepest mines of thought, could dig up and store up, fused in an intense and glowing mind, was poured forth before us in one profuse and splendid stream."

His addresses embraced such subjects as "The Nature of Languages," "Modern Literature," and the "Position of Man in respect to External Nature," especially directing attention to the various branches of science open and inviting inquiry in this country. As illustrative of the powerful and comprehensive intellect of the man, we may quote a few passages from one or two of his published compositions. And, first, with regard to

#### BOOKS AND LANGUAGE.

I have never been, though I have often wished to be, among the desolate structures which time has spared of the works of expired nations. But I can readily comprehend the deep and solemn impressions made upon the visitor, as he stands amidst the relics of a people which has perished—should he place himself, for instance, among the masses of statues and columns, which constitute the remains of an Egyptian temple, and gaze upon their forms and tracery of figures or characters with which they are covered,—remembering how many hands of men laboured to construct, and how many hearts were gladdened as they stood com-



pleted in their sedate and massy grandeur; remembering, also, that these characters contain the secret of a history and faith which the torture of induction is only beginning to wring from them. We may conceive the deep impressions made on the soldiers' minds, when in the battle with the Mamelukes, Bonaparte—as noted for heroic sayings as for gigantic deeds—was dressing his squares of infantry, to pour forth their lines of wasting fire beneath the shadow of the pyramids, and called them to remember that five-and-twenty centuries were gazing on them from the summits. The same impressions awaken in us, as we enter a well-stored library. Here, we may say, that thirty centuries are gazing upon us from our shelves; and these thoughts do not come to us from empty abstractions, such as centuries or their glories seated on a time-worn stone. We deal with the real oracles uttered by the immortal mind, as the result of meditation or research. The dead yet speak, and their real living tones sound in our ears as we read their books. These silent shelves accumulate before us what the heart of man sought by his anxious activity, as he has looked on creation and himself, as he has dug and mined into the mysteries of nature's elements, or raised his soul's face up to breathe the life of a higher world, and gaze upon the boundless firmament of immortality.

We cannot undertake to inquire into such matters without seeing that they fall naturally into two divisions, that is, we have to consider an instrument and the use of that instrument; or, we have to examine language, and the effect of its employment as the means of recording thought. The latter is Literature properly so called.

But in directing your attention first to speech or language, let it not be thought that this has only a slight claim to stand, though humbly, beside the other. True, it is only the channel of our thoughts; but how much of the bearing and effect of thought does it not call us to review! The history of a river channel is the adventure and behaviour of its streams; it leads us through all which its springs have gladdened or enriched, and includes whatever has been breathed in dew from the clear still sky of night to fill its gentle fountains, and whatever the thunder-stroke has unlocked from the bosom of the tempest, to bound in a thousand cataracts, and mingle in foam amidst the hills. The question is, how men have contrived to speak, from the rude pantomime and gibberish of stranger savages, till we reach the flow and force of civilized oratory or song, which, with a proud and powerful victory, carries the soul a willing captive on with it. Besides, in the history of language we touch upon the history of the families of men. A river course may be known and traced, though the melody and glitter of its stream have died and left a dusty sand to bleach under the summer sky; so man leaves the mark of his mouth upon the land he has held. The names "Rome" and "Naples" tell that these were Greek colonies in Italy. "London" and "Dublin" are vestiges of a Celtic race, and the "Knysna," "Ghamka," and such like, remind us that we are the successors of the Hottentot. . . . Thus do we trace our relationship with tribes which have ceased to be, or with men of different manners and position, and seeming also to be of another speech than ours. So may we trace, I think, the relationship of the scattered Bechuana, to the Greeks and Etruscans, Gothes and Romans—the ancestors of European nations. This light of grammatical analysis alone enables us to carry a line of union so doubtfully prolonged through the obscurity of Time.

#### THE PRE-ADAMITE CREATION.

Philosophy bids us, by the clear instruction of Nature itself, trace back the origin of our system to the same vapoury and shadowless intermixture of elements of which the faint outlines come to us in the specs of light vainly detected in the heavens by the finest instruments of man;—of which, some send their swift rays over a space apparently so vast, that if their creation had not occurred far back in time, the eye of their discoverer may have caught the first ray which reached the earth. These considerations incline us to the notion that the wide, pure spaces through which the planets sweep on their silent way have been the arena on which the great law of weight, combining with the original movements



impressed on the material, worked out, over what we should call multiplied ages, its work of fashioning and constraining into order;—that many changes ran out their determined period; that mighty agencies awoke, and fell to powerless rest, and re-awoke again, as these continuous processes of fashioning required them,—until Force and Fire were chained and put in bondage to regular labour; till the sea found a permanent dwelling, and the earth's torrents a prepared home, and the wind a prescribed way, and the earth was, by the successive agency of death and dissolution, covered with the manufactured soil, which the power of renewed life is ever awakening into new forms of usefulness and beauty.

#### THE DOMAIN OF MATTER AND OF MIND.

One truth received is, that a knowledge of the Deity is the bound and limit of human research into the condition and agency of material things, and must occur where the last interior action of material being or property has been reached. The truth neglected or overlooked is, that to such so found, and so found everywhere there can be no terminating line by which its agency can be bounded or excluded. The very occurrence of this agency so discovered, makes it a contradiction that there should be any limit. The fact that such a power is so met, includes in it the truth,—that all material existences, masses, or atoms, or constituents of an atom, or the intervening things by which they or their constituents are kept in union or in separation, and all by which they are moved among themselves, are the expressions of an ever-present watchful and ever-acting Will.

If we examine with a powerful microscope the transparent stem of the chara of our pools, we shall see that stem to be separated by internal partitions into distinct points or chambers. Throughout every one of these there is a constant movement. Green dots or masses are observed to be hurried along by an invisible agency, and having reached the partition, there they turn round and trace their way back again, without stoppage or confusion. Something similar, it may be presumed, occurs in every minute portion of stalk, leaf, or flower; and something of an analogous character, in every minute fibre of a living animal. Such is the awful and all-pervading life of organization, wherever it adorns the earth, or fills the waters. Or, let us return to that of which I have spoken already, and contemplate the mystery of light. Whatever its nature may be, research unfolds the fact of incessant movement. To use this fact for the explanation of phenomena is the purpose of opposing theories regarding its nature. Movements including a reversal of direction in something which is moved, occur at the rate of about fifty thousand an inch; so that in the depth of a human eye, from the point at which light enters till it has done its duty in making us see, there is room for thirty or forty thousand of these movements. When an eye, therefore, is directed to the midnight heavens, then—from every glittering point which spangles them—it is assailed and filled, without jostling or annoyance, by this glowing flood of movement. What we mean by a present personal agency of the Deity is, that each movement onward, bending or reversed, of this tremendous activity, throughout all nature living or lifeless, is an act or direction of His Will.

If anyone recoil from such a thought, as we see startled reason in diffidence or incapacity often do, it is the recoil, or often the endeavour to escape from it and cast it off, which is the evil and the weakness; and low and sordid indeed have the thoughts of men often become under this alarm. We may find the truth rejected, in fact, under the view of its being a continuous miracle, by men who do not understand the sounds of their own mouths. But that the mind be thus startled, awakened, and made fearful as it looks into these awful mysteries, is the very end for which nature utters throughout all her regions the call to come and gaze upon them. That the soul be kept thus reverential when it deals with them is the purpose philosophy should seek in inquiring and expounding.

We may learn that Faith was the attribute which man lost when transgression made his life to be of its present condition. That this great virtue be recovered, or that the spirit return to its natural state of reverential watchfulness and freedom in dealing with divine mysteries, is the proceeding and effect, and partly

also the purpose, of the restoring means provided for him in this present life. This process has, as we know, its great and heavenly agencies and laws as nature has. But as the discussion of such matters would be diverging too much into the subject of theology for our present purpose, I beg leave to conclude these observations with the words of one who, perhaps amid much wilfulness and error, had strong glimpses of great truths. J. Paul Richter says, in his *Levana*: "When in your last hour think of this,—all faculty in the broken spirit shall fade away, and die into inanity—imagination—thought—effort—enjoyment;—then at last will the night-flower of Belief alone continue blooming and refresh with its perfumes in the last darkness."

The poetic spirit which characterized many of Dr. Adamson's lectures and prose compositions was in some instances exercised in verse; and one or two specimens of his poetry with which we are acquainted have caused us to indulge in a feeling of regret similar to that expressed by Pringle with regard to Fairbairn's muse—"that one who could write so well has written so little." From among the fugitive pieces which he from time to time published, and now only to be found in scattered pamphlets and papers, we select three. One describes with finished taste and expression the twilight-scene so often enjoyed by himself, from the familiar cliff on the Kloof-road, above the granite promontory of Sea Point. Another, entitled "*Cometh forth as a flower*," displays an exquisitely tender and graceful fancy. And a third is a fragment of the "*Lost Boat*," which, with considerable metrical power, pictures most vividly a sad catastrophe occasioned by a "south-east" squall in Table Bay—

#### GREEN POINT.

Stars in the sky,—eve's shadow on the hill,—  
And, save the voice of Ocean, all is still!  
The light leaves scarcely with a tremor play,  
And dewy blossoms droop along the spray.  
But the white surge comes bounding to the shore,  
And the cliff answers to its angry roar.  
For where the Cape of Storms heaves high its steep,  
The clear South-Easter foams along the deep,—  
Whirls the wild spray in gusts of driving snow,  
And sweeps with its salt shower the reeling prow.  
While round each winding bay and jutting rock  
The glassy swell rolls with its thunder shock,—  
Or, deepening, vast and sullen, heaves away  
To the lone isles beneath descending day.

\* \* \* \* \*

In their primæval silence, through the skies  
Shoot forth the clustering stars with wakening eyes.  
In evening's bosom glowing, Hesper's rays  
Streak the dim ocean with a flutt'ring blaze—  
Whose misty spire shoots playfully on high,  
Where the wave mingles with the dark'ning sky.

\* \* \* \* \*

Where wast thou? Brightest One! in the old time  
When Europe woke, and caught the hope sublime  
That other lands might be in the lone waste  
Of ocean, whose chill mystery embraced

Her narrow bound of shore, and found—no track  
 Of death, no waste of fire, no black  
 And withering region of eternal storms—  
 No dim and deathlike end of space, where forms  
 Of cold and ghastly desolation lead  
 To the drear mansions of the shadowy dead ;—  
 But the glad sea spread wide its azure plain,  
 And gave the laughing sky its hues again,  
 As beauty's youthful glance, in years gone by,  
 Smiled to her image in a sister's eye.

What the weak radiance of thy glory, when—  
 Fresh to the watchful eyes of hardy men—  
 Awoke our sky's bright honours, of which thou  
 Wert but a dim, faint ray ? and when the brow  
 Of the steep cliff, in mural majesty  
 Rose up with gloomy grandeur from the sea,  
 And, sweeping on, in savage rudeness, led  
 To the last peak, against whose rugged head  
 Reel'd on the polar storm,—while deep below  
 The swell, proud heaving with its crest of snow,  
 And fierce, wild shout, told in its angry mood  
 How jealous Ocean loved its solitude !

Changes have grown with thee. Here, where I stand,  
 The dark-brow'd children of a sunny land  
 In bright day basking,—like the startled snake,  
 Shrank in wild wonder, till amid the brake  
 Glowed the still terror of each widening eye,—  
 As first the white-sail'd bark swept proudly by.  
 No more they cluster round the weeping rill,  
 No more their wild cry echoes from the hill.  
 All traceless as that wild cry's vanish'd tone,  
 Forgotten is their life,—their graves are gone.

\* \* \* \* \*

. . . . . But thy bright beam  
 Glimmers below, as shadows dimly trace  
 Where busy men, of many a clime and race,  
 Have raised their homes, half hidden in the brake  
 Of the dark pine trees, whose brown shadows take  
 The sting of fierce wrath from the glowing sun,  
 Tempering his rays to mercy. Till alone,  
 As the eye sweeps along the dusky shore,  
 Gleams low the house of prayer, and clustering o'er  
 The sea's wild verge, the silent dwellings stand,  
 Where late, with small feet printing the deep sand,  
 And small hands clapping in their youthful glee,  
 And eyes that scanned the wonders of the sea,  
 And busy lips that questioned eagerly—  
 Full many a lov'd one wandered, and the look  
 Of fond affection watch'd them, and forsook  
 That gaze of deep'ning pleasure, but to watch  
 The road's long sultry line, and earliest catch  
 The glittering of the wheel which brings him near  
 From life's harsh scenes of conflict, gain or fear,  
 Whom looks of tenderness and words of love  
 Have welcomed to his home.

## "COMETH FORTH AS A FLOWER."

Too beautiful ! too bright for earth ! more than the light of life  
Is radiant in that flashing eye, as if there were a strife  
Of love between earth's beauteous ones here linked in heart with thee,  
And heaven's desire to win thee now, that there thy dwelling be.

A tenderer tint than beauty's blush is mantling o'er thy cheek,  
A softer smile than dwells on earth is floating round the meek  
And peaceful lip of rosy bloom, now resting from that song  
Thy soul's sweet music has poured forth, —while fancy would prolong

Its tones as if they were not gone ; and yet the softening thrill  
Is lingering in the listening heart, with hope that visions still,  
Drawn by that melody from where the full and glorious swell  
Of seraph music floats abroad, may longer in it dwell.

Art thou not more of heaven than earth ? Dost thou not think it long  
That life's young years have kept thee here, even though thou dwellest among  
The smiling light which loving hearts spread o'er the scenes of time ?  
Droops not a bud of Eden in the wastes of earth's chill clime ?

The rootless flowers of tropic lands wave fragrant from their birth,  
Wreathed round the tall palm's shaded stem, refusing aught of earth -  
Save breathings of the dewy breeze ; so is thy resting place,  
But not thy home, here where heaven's dawn sheds bloom upon thy face.

Are there not songs unsung by man, untaught to human ear ?  
The wandering echoes of whose notes from heaven come floating near  
Like angel whispers in the soul ? Let, then, thy spirit rest,  
Reserved in listening faith, to share such music in thy breast.

Let thy young thoughts thus ever dwell where thousands bloom like thee,  
Let thy young ear be open still to heaven's sweet melody,  
Which falls more deeply on the soul, as flow the passing years,  
And gladdens with a sunnier smile life's face oft wet with tears.

Although it be that light not earth's is radiant in thine eye,  
And though thy fair cheek's beauteous blush is softer than the dye  
Which earth's life gives, yet to fond hearts, may thy smile lingering still  
Be long a brightening ray to break through clouds of coming ill.

But let not this become thy world, though here thou lingerest yet,  
Let not earth's visions dim thy sight ; — where thy heart's aim is set.  
What Faith, Hope, Love, in scenes of time, have shadowed forth, shall come,  
When Beauty all too bright for earth is welcomed to its home.

## THE LOST BOAT.\*

Cheerily blew the breeze,  
The drift before it spread ;  
And, curling short,  
The billows sport  
Upon their ocean bed.

\* The Table Bay Port Office boat, manned by her crew of seven men, after conveying the captain of H.M. ship *North Star* on board that vessel, put off to return ; and having stretched to windward beyond the anchorage, towards the opposite side of the Bay, was not again seen, till found next day after considerable search. She was then tumbling about capsized, and containing, entangled in her, the bodies of two of her men. The others were not recovered.

The cloud's bright stream is poured  
Along the mountain's brow,—  
    Deep, soft, and light,  
    And fleecy white,  
Like wreaths of winter's snow.

A boat shoved from the side  
Of a ship which anchored lay,  
    Right stoutly manned,  
    To reach the land,  
'Ere sunset fade away.

Seven stalwart, hearty men,  
As ever had handled oar,  
    Hauled tight the sail,  
    In the freshening gale,  
To beat along the shore.

The pure bright sky above  
Was calm in its azure rest,  
    But wide and low  
    Spread the veil of snow,  
Which streamed o'er the mountain's breast,

The seamen knew the signs,  
Hid deep in the vapoury shroud,  
    For a darker wreath  
    Rolled wild beneath,  
And fringed the tempest cloud.

In the glow of the level sun  
It blazed, as crowned with flame ;  
    But they thought the shore  
    Would be gained before  
The blast in its fury came.

She bounded short on the surge  
Which broke across her way ;  
    And far to the lee,  
    In the widening sea,  
She dashed the drenching spray.

So held they merrily on,  
Till near the swell they reach,  
    Where broad and low,  
    From the deeps below,  
It rolls to the flashing beach.

There, as in easier lull,  
They rose and slowly fell,  
    About ! about !  
    Called the helmsman stout,  
She will fetch our landing well.

They brought her round, and the sheet  
Was belayed on the starboard wale,  
    With bow to the sea,  
    She heeled on the lee,  
And filled her straining sail.



A while she fell from the wind,  
 Gathering her onward way,  
     Then with tempest rush,  
     In thundering gush,  
 Came on the whirling spray.

And high in the air, from the shore,  
 The stormy dust swept on,  
     As the hurricane squall  
     Came tearing all,  
 With shrill and deadly moan.

It dashed on the swelling sail,  
 It heaved and swept her round,  
     As a limb of the oak,  
     By the whirlwind broke,  
 Is hurled upon the ground.

As the lion's prey, when he bounds,  
 Is crushed in his ravenous glee,  
     She recoiled from the blast,  
     And over was cast,  
 In the trough of the driving sea.

She turned beneath the surge,  
 Which o'er her fiercely smote,  
     While sharp and high,  
     A drear, wild cry  
 Burst from the swamping boat.

. . . . .

Where now are they who sailed  
 So merrily and light,  
     When the sky was mild,  
     And the blue sea smiled,  
 And descending day was bright.

Whereto have the spirits passed?—  
 When death, in mockery,  
     The wild wave spread  
     O'er his victim's head,  
 And dug his grave in the sea.

Who can dissolve the gloom  
 Which bounds this twilight life,  
     When, with hurried groan,  
     The spirit has flown  
 In the shipwreck's desperate strife.

Who can unveil their fear?  
 Or who can unveil their faith?  
     When the lip breathed last,  
     And darkened fast—  
 The mystery of death.

Let them rest who are gone,  
 Till the sea gives up her dead,  
     To tread the strand  
     Of the Immortal Land!

These fragmentary quotations may give our readers, and those of the young generation who knew the venerable doctor only by name, a better conception of his intellectual character than a formal biography of his life, which we can only very briefly refer to here.

Shortly after coming to the Colony, he was offered a professorship in the Anglo-Indian College of Bengal ; and later, in 1837, proposals were made to him to return to his native land and accept a charge in his father's parish of Cupar—the Rev. Dr. Chalmers, his personal friend, urging him to take this step, “as the exigencies of the church at home required men of large and comprehensive minds, as well as of decided piety, in the crisis of her affairs.” But neither of these proposals was accepted. He was no self-seeker, and, in fact, on many occasions spurned those considerations which influenced others around him engaged in the pursuit of wealth or distinction. The religious and educational work upon which he entered after his arrival in Cape Town received the earnest devotion of his best energies. In addition to his pastoral duties he laboured as a missionary among the coloured classes, especially those who were then emancipated from slavery ; and for many years he also filled the chair of Professor of Mathematics at the College. His varied acquirements were besides this displayed in connection with the different local institutions, such as the South African, the Literary and Philosophical, the Bible Society, and the Meteorological Committee. Among contemporaries like Sir J. Herschel, Mr. Fallowes, Dr. A. Smith, Colonel Bell, and Mr., now Sir Thomas, Maclear, his extensive knowledge of science as well as literature called forth the remark that he was possessed of quite a “cyclopædic mind,—one equally familiar with a botanical root, the root of an algebraical equation, or of some puzzle in Semitic or Aryan etymologies.” The Governors of the day—Sir Lowry Cole, Durban, Napier, and Smith,—frequently availed themselves of his manifold talents in many public movements and social questions, and from some of them he received special acknowledgment of his services in that direction. He formed one of the Commission of Inquiry, in 1837, on the Improvement of Table Bay and the Construction of Docks, the elaborate report connected therewith being from his own pen. Some years afterwards, on the death of Baron Von Ludwig, he brought prominently before the Government the importance of a Colonial Botanic Garden in a scientific, educational, and economic point of view. His representations then induced Sir Harry Smith to give up the fine Government grounds now used for the purpose, “to be open under proper arrangements to the public and the whole world ;” and Dr. Adamson, with Dr. Pappe, Mr. Fairbairn, Mr. Rutherford and Mr. Arderne, were the first commissioners of the Gardens.

In 1850 he visited England, and from there went to America, where for a time he was occupied in preaching and lecturing, and set on foot the establishment of a college in Pennsylvania for the education and training of missionaries. He was also associated with the American Geographical and Statistical Society, and the American Philosophical Society, and read before the latter body a paper on

“Certain modes of Measuring minute intervals of Time,” which was published in their Transactions for 1857. On his return to the Cape in 1860, he was again invited to take the chair at the South African Public Library Meeting, and gave an interesting address, describing his impressions of America and its people. He occasionally occupied the pulpit of his clerical friends in the metropolis, and was a contributor to the press and the pages of the *Monthly Magazine*.

The death of his eldest son, the much-respected Mr. Lawrence Adamson, of the Colonial Civil Service, whose memory is still green in the hearts of all who knew him—followed a few weeks after by the loss of the affectionate and worthy partner of his own life, Mrs. Adamson—were blows which shook his granite-like constitution to its foundations, and laid it open to the many infirmities which accompany old age. The once sturdy energetic step became halting and frail—the voice which used to roll out in concentrated intensity “thoughts that breathe and words that burn,” dropped soft and feeble; but still his mind was undimmed, and his concern and interest in everything pertaining to the advancement of man’s well-being unabated. Those who listened to some of his last sermons or addresses, even during this infirm state, could not but be impressed with what has been described as the “scintillating flashes of unquestionable genius” which marked them, and conveyed some idea of the strong, quick, and keen intellect that so distinguished the man in his prime. In all of these utterances, it was noticeable that there was the clear, emphatic testimony of the scientific philosopher, who had largely experienced the high privilege of drawing near unto and gazing upon the mystery confronting mystery around the Unsearchable—that all of honour which was conferred on Material things in man’s creation out of them, stands eclipsed in the Divine provision by which that same earthly nature became the abode of Eternal Love and Power, proclaiming “Peace on earth and goodwill towards man.”

Dr. Adamson’s remains have been laid in the Lutheran Burial Ground, Cape Town, side by side with those of his wife and son. He has not left much wealth or great worldly distinction, but he has bequeathed to his surviving family the name of an able, upright, and highly intellectual man, the good influences of whose life and thought in South Africa extend to a wider circumference than can now be estimated. As Longfellow finely says —

Were a star quenched on high,  
For ages would its light,  
Still travelling downward from the sky  
Shine on our mortal sight.

So, when a great man dies,  
For years beyond our ken,  
The light he leaves behind him lies  
Upon the paths of men.

## The Zulus.\*

THE last eighty years' history of the colony of Natal shows more wonderful changes than we could well imagine, if we tried to invent a probable or even a possible story, for our own amusement.

The "ups and downs" in the fortunes, not of individuals only, but of whole communities and populations, and the revolution in the social as well as in the political condition, which each change caused, are so wonderfully strange, as well as complete, that it would be difficult to find a country which could furnish a true story of itself so full of vicissitudes as Natal.

Then, or at most twenty years more, will deprive us of the testimony of nearly all the few remaining eye-witnesses of the earlier of those exciting scenes which thus revolutionised the country. The particulars of the short sketch I propose to give you have been gathered from those eye-witnesses, and I believe them to be almost as correct as in the nature of the case it is now possible to make them.

It is necessary that I should first describe, as shortly as possible, the different phases of condition through which the inhabitants of this country have passed since 1812, for it was about that year that the great disturbance of their ancient comfortable mode of life commenced.

I shall endeavour to trace the causes which led to that disturbance, and its consequences, and in doing this I shall be obliged to take a glance at what is now called Zulu-land, for that was there towards the close of the last century, that domestic events in a chief's family gave the first small impulse to the movement; and it is one of the most curious points in our wild story, that this impulse was to receive its strength and direction from such civilisation as then existed in the Cape Colony, before it could so rudely influence, as it afterwards did the destiny, not of Natal only, but of the whole of South-Eastern Africa.

Up to about the year 1812, then, and for how many centuries before we cannot now tell, this country was thickly populated by numerous tribes, under independent chiefs. These tribes lived so close together, that tribal change of residence was difficult, if not impossible. They intermarried with each other—possessed flocks and herds—lived in ease and plenty themselves, and at peace with their neighbours; until this luxury occasionally culminated in a periodical quarrel (as is the natural tendency, the natives say, in all that grows fat) and this quarrel was settled by a periodical fight, but those fights were then by no means such serious matters as they afterwards became. In those days armies never slept in the open, *i.e.*,

\* This valuable paper was recently read at a meeting of the Royal Colonial Institute in London. It is the production of the very able Secretary for Native Affairs in Natal, The Hon. T. Shepstone, Esq.

away from their homes. The day was fixed before-hand, the men of the rival tribes met in battle on that day, and the result of the single encounter decided the quarrel. The few old men still living, who lived then, delight to tell how that in those good old times they did not fight to shed blood, or burn houses, or capture cattle, or destroy each other, but to settle a quarrel, and see which was the strongest; how that their women looked on while the men fought, that prisoners taken in battle were not killed, but kept till ransomed; and especially how that many a young warrior, when the day's strife was over, would hand his shield and assegai to a companion to take home for him, that he might accompany his late foes, to renew his vows to some daughter of the rival tribe. For then, unlike later times, they will touchingly add, "The sun that saw tribes fight never set till their quarrel was ended." But although their relations with each other, as tribes, were so simple, and the opposite of aggressive, there was always imminent danger of one ground of quarrel arising, which aroused every feeling of animosity, occasionally split up tribes, and caused more bloodshed, and the exhibition of more ferocity, in one year, than all their punctilious tribal battles did perhaps in ten. I mean quarrels between relations for succession to the chieftainship, in which sections of the tribe took opposite sides. This is certainly not changed in our experience of human nature, exhibited either in clans or families; but from the account of these quarrels, they seem to have been kept up with such persevering malevolence as to suggest an explanation to what we ourselves experienced in our contact with these people, *i.e.*, that strong attachment to individuals and families which makes them earnest partisans; and that wonderful respect for, and devotion to, any person of whose duly constituted authority they are sufficiently convinced, which makes them obedient subjects.

We see, then, that with the exception of family quarrels, these people were unwarlike and harmless, and lived in happiness and contentment with each other. Then, as now, the seasons favoured the high lands one year, and the low the next, and interchange of commodities for wood went on, as it still continues to do, between the inhabitants of the two different classes of the country, and friendly relations between tribes were the rule.

Such was the general condition of perhaps a million souls in what is now the colony of Natal, up to the year 1812, when the first or quiet phase of their history closes. Time will not admit of my entering into the detail of their social condition, such as their belief in witchcraft, and its effects, with other matters, which, although sufficiently interesting, are not necessary in so short a sketch as this of their general history.

In this year (1812) these people saw the first fruits of a single seed of knowledge, sown in the mind of a lonely fugitive, perhaps twenty years before; although sown to the westward of the great Fish River in the Cape Colony, it germinated to the north of the Tugela. And



the fruit of this first lesson in civilization was sad enough, for it inaugurated the second or turbulent phase of their history. It inspired one among the many tribes in that region (north of the Tugela), which were then living in almost the same circumstances and condition as those in this country, with a military spirit, and caused it to introduce a military organization. This change soon developed itself still further, and became aggressive, so that the neighbouring tribes were compelled to adopt the new system also. But for some time wars, although more frequent, were carried on under more or less observance of the old rules. Tribes were not at first destroyed, although conquered. It was not until this new mode of warfare was directed by the sanguinary genius of Chaka, that extermination as far as possible, followed every conquest. So great was the terror caused by this policy that tribe after tribe gave way before him and forced themselves through their weaker neighbours, whose feeble resistance they easily overcame. Several powerful tribes were driven in this way to force their retreat through what is now Natal. In vain did the inhabitants combine to resist; although numerous enough, they were undisciplined, and unused to earnest fighting; so they were easily defeated, and some of them carried to the south by the tribes they had attempted to oppose.

I have mentioned the year 1812 as the date when the second, or turbulent phase, of their history commenced, because it was about that year that the first of these large tribes entered this country on their retreat from Zulu-land, through the present divison of Newcastle, whose inhabitants were not only defeated, but plundered and scattered, and became in turn aggressors upon their weaker neighbours. This was the first actual experience they had of the great coming change. From the date of that event, wave after wave of desolation swept over the land, in the shape of retiring tribes, carrying all before them, in the attempt to place as great a distance as possible between themselves and the universal enemy Chaka. The alarm and demoralization caused by the passage of these foreign bodies through such a people as then inhabited Natal can be better imagined than described. But it is difficult for us to emagine even their full effect. The instinct of self-preservation, stimulated by terror, turned friends into foes, lifted every man's hand against his neighbour, and justified every treachery and atrocity hitherto unknown amongst them. But it was not by fugitive tribes only that such effects were caused—Chaka himself had to finish what they had merely begun. And after clearing away or subjugating the population north of the Tugela, he sent his armies periodically to this side to ravage a country whose inhabitants were already sufficiently demoralised and spiritless, but who nevertheless possessed an abundance of the means of subsistence. His orders were to spare neither man, woman, nor child, to burn all houses, and destroy all food, and faithfully enough did his men execute those orders. The object, of course, was to render existence impossible within the reach of his arms, except under his rule. He

aimed at universal sovereignty. And it was only during the last years of his life that he expressed his willingness to share the world with the white man. Several tribes offered themselves to Chaka as vassals, and were accepted. These afterwards contributed very much to the sufferings of the friends they had deserted. Their knowledge of persons and places enabled them to render much service to the armies of the great exterminator. Year by year did those armies extend the sphere of their operations, until at length they reached the tribes which had retreated through Natal, and established themselves to the south. These were either destroyed, or were, for the most part, incorporated by Chaka, or driven upon the Kafirs on the frontier of the Cape Colony, among whom they became a slave property, under the name of Fingoes. It is a strange coincidence that a recent Acting-Lieutenant-Governor, General Bisset, and I were both present when Sir Benjamin D'Urban, the Governor of the Cape, at the head of a division of the British army, emancipated these very people from their slavery, in the Kafir war of 1835-36; and that in the course of our respective duties we have both had much to do with the measure.

But to return to our own population. Those who still remained in the country—and there were many thousands who did so remain—were by this time reduced to a condition absolutely hopeless and wretched. Naturally the means of subsistence furnished by their cattle and other smaller domestic animals had failed first; for they were eagerly sought after by Chaka's soldiers. Their stores of grain held out longer, but in time they were exhausted also, and as hopeless as the cattle, for then granaries could not be replenished by cultivation, because cultivation attracted attention, and had therefore to be abandoned. Living in their usual huts, or indeed anywhere except in rocks and bushy kloofs, or glens, was out of the question. To live at all, without their usual food, seemed impossible. Their dogs had long been too weak to help to capture any, and, lean and hungry as they were, had been eaten by their masters. Wild roots were the only means of subsistence within their reach. These were scarce, required much labour to procure, and afforded but slight nourishment after all. No wonder, then, that the country was filled with the dead: and that as the natives express it, the assegai killed people, but hunger killed the country. No wonder that these victims were left unburied by their emaciated friends, to feed wild animals, and still less that these animals became as much an object of dread as Chaka's warriors. Many poor wretches who could, crawled towards the Tugela to be picked up, as they termed it, by Chaka's haughty vassals. There they could at least get food, whatever the Government might be. Others refused to leave their country, and preferred meeting the death that seemed to stare them in the face, to submitting to those who had caused them so much misery, and whom they had such small cause to trust.

It seems impossible, that in a cup so brimful of sorrow, space could

be found for one additional drop. But it was possible ; and that drop was the bitterest of all. In terror of wild beasts, in still greater terror of Chaka's ruthless soldiers and vassals, maddened by hunger, and altogether demoralised by the circumstances which surrounded him, a man conceived the horrible idea of feeding on his fellowman, and at once put it into practice. Starving wretches in misery equal to his own, rallied round him, and a band of cannibals was soon formed, to be increased by two or three in other parts of the country. These bands hunted for human beings as men hunted for game. Driven first by necessity they acquired a taste for this revolting practice, and continued it long after the necessity ceased. They had become so formidable, that it was not until about the arrival of the first Dutch emigrants in Natal that the last of them were dislodged from the Biggersberg, and driven over the Kahlamba mountains by Digaan. I have heard many a stirring story of escape from these cannibals from the lips of those who were captured, and who had themselves listened to discussions as to whether they would eat tender or tough when they were killed.

To such a state of things, then, was this country reduced in the course of less than ten years after the first fugitive tribe entered the division of Newcastle ; and it continued, with little amelioration, until Chaka's policy had absorbed, with few exceptions, the whole of the survivors, and the Zulus actually occupied one-third of what we now know as Natal.

This completes my brief description of what I have called the second or turbulent phase of the history of our natives. To the third belongs the revival of hope, caused by the arrival of the Dutch emigrant farmers, and the establishment of a settled Government in Natal. To this I shall do no more than make an allusion presently.

I have said that all this suffering was caused by a lesson in civilization learned by a fugitive in the Cape Colony. I must now relate to you a little of the personal history of that fugitive, to show how he came in the way to learn such a lesson, and how he applied it. To do this I must go back to the ten years which brought the last century to a close.

One of the most considerable tribes then occupying the country north of the Tugela was that of the Umtetwa. The Zulus were but a small collection of families, tributary to their more powerful neighbour. Jobe was the name of the Umtetwa chief. Warned by the example afforded by family quarrels about the succession in other tribes, he had determined, on the approach of old age, to make arrangements such as he supposed would leave no opening for dispute in his family. The two sons nearest the succession were named Tana and Godongwana. The old chief formerly nominated the elder son, Tana, to succeed to the chieftainship at his death, and assigned to him one of the royal kraals as his residence. Had the old man done this and died, the great change we have been considering would most probably not have taken place ; and if they had not

Natal could scarcely have become a British colony. But he lived on to the great disappointment of his ambitious son, until weary with waiting, the latter formed a plot to destroy his father. The youngest brother, Godongwana, was privy to this plot—perhaps its originator. The two brothers lived together. The conspiracy became known however, to the old chief, and he took immediate and very strong measures to repress it. He ordered the instant execution of both the young men, and sent a force to carry out the order. Special directions were given that the younger should not escape; he was considered the more dangerous of the two. Accordingly, the hut in which the brothers were sleeping was surrounded in the night, and nearly all found in it were put to death. Godongwana, fortunately for himself, succeeded in rushing through his assailants and leaping the outer fence. He did not escape scatheless, however. He was wounded in the back by a barbed assagai, and had to carry it away in his body. Daylight showed Tana, the eldest son, to be among the dead; the younger had escaped. His only chance of life now was to conceal himself. His sister knew he was wounded and she knew no one but her brother could take such a leap. She sought for him as few, but a sister would seek, and found him the next evening faint and hungry. She extracted the spear, and ministered to his wants as best she could, told him of the danger of his position, that his father was angry at his escape, and ordered strict search to be made for him; gave him her own kaross or robe, got a few attendants to accompany him, and bade him depart, with her blessing, until better times should come. At first the young man thought he would stay as near his home as possible, and he tried to linger among neighbouring tribes; but they were all, more or less, subject to his father's influence, and, generally speaking, willing to purchase the old chief's favour at the cost of his son's life. Many attempts were made to destroy him, but failed. I should weary you were I to tell the many stories of miraculous interposition in favour of this young man which are believed by the natives. In some of these the sister's robe is said to be the instrument of his safety; others, some ointment she had given him. But, whatever amount of truth there may be in these stories, it is quite clear that, finding his life so much sought after, he took a dive, no one knew where, and was not heard of for years after. In the meantime, although his people believed him to be dead, his father professed the contrary, and to the last refused to nominate a successor other than his missing son. But on the death of the old man, it became necessary to appoint a successor, and Godongwana's younger brother, of another house, assumed the government of the tribe.

Things went on quietly enough for a while with the Umtetwa tribe. At length strange rumours reached them. It was whispered that Godongwana was still living, and that he intended to return. In due time the fact that he was actually on his way became known. Soon after this followed descriptions of his person, and his mode of



travelling; and highly exaggerated these descriptions were. Of course he was handsome, and looked every inch a chief. But the strange animal he sat upon was the wonder of all men. When it carried him along, no one, at first sight, could say whether it was all man or all beast. It looked as one animal. It had, however, been ascertained, people said, that it was a man sitting upon an animal, and that man was Godongwana, the son of Jobe, chief of the Umtetwa tribe, and that the animal was an "Injomane." What this meant no one could tell, as a horse was as much an object of curiosity to the natives of these parts in those days as a live unicorn would be to us. To give you some idea of the notion these people had of a horse, I will relate an incident which occurred twenty years after the time of which I am now speaking. One of the tribes, now in this colony, had met an expeditionary force from the Cape frontier to the south of the St. John's River. Part of that force was mounted. During the engagement that followed one of the horsemen got separated from his horse, and it ran wildly away. The chief immediately gave orders for every exertion to be made to destroy it. He thought that letting the animal loose was one of the modes of warfare used by the enemy; that it tore men to pieces with its teeth, and stung them to death with its tail. It seemed to them so active an animal that the sooner it was dispatched, the better. The poor innocent victim of this calumny was of course easily despatched, amidst triumphant yells from the valiant warriors.

You will see, then, that a young chief, returning to the tribe over which he claimed authority, under such circumstances, and sitting upon a horse, would do so with no small prestige in his favour. The reigning brother offered a futile opposition, and lost his life for his pains. Godongwana soon established himself as the rightful chief of the Umtetwa tribe, for (as the natives in allusion to the scar he received in his leap for life, express it) his wound was his witness. In compliment to his strange history, his name was changed from "Godongwana," to "Dingiswayo," which means "The Wanderer," or "he who was caused to wander." And I shall now speak of him by that name.

It seems that in his travels he had reached the Cape Colony, and must have lived with or entered the service of some colonist. Whether he got his horse honestly or not is a question which must now, I fear, for ever remain unsolved. It was during his stay in the Cape Colony that he acquired the information, or made the observations, which were to effect the great change in his native land and the surrounding countries of which I have just given you a very imperfect idea. He learned the strength of standing armies, the value of discipline and training, as compared with the mobs called armies in his own country. He saw that if he could gain possession of his tribe he could gratify his ambition. He had heard of or seen bodies of civilized soldiers; he had ascertained that they were divided into regiments and companies, with regularly appointed



officers, and he thought that all soldiers were bachelors. He had no sooner got possession of power than he set to work to organise his tribe in accordance with these ideas. He formed all the young men into regiments, with commanders in due subordination to each other, and very soon he had a formidable regular force at his command.

To possess such a force, and to use it, seems to have been a necessary consequence with such a man, and he was not long in making the trial. As might be expected, no tribe could withstand the attacks of his army, newly formed though it was. But he was neither bloodthirsty nor avaricious. He fought to conquer, and to show his superiority, caring little for capturing cattle. He forbade the destruction of women and children. The great test of victory in his mind seemed to be the power of leading his army on the grain stores of the conquered. "Let the weak man sow, and the strong man reap" was his motto. It is said that he always halted his army until the enemy's corn was exhausted. But his opponents usually tendered their submission, and re-occupied their country as Dingiswayo's vassals the moment he withdrew his forces; so that he never destroyed, or permanently dispersed, any people with whom he went to war.

But the surrounding tribes had already, in self-defence, adopted the new military system, and Dingiswayo, not calculating the effect of this on his neighbours, eventually himself fell a victim to the organisation he had introduced. He was taken prisoner when in advance of his main body with a small guard, and put to death by a chief who had often been his prisoner before, and whom he had as often released, in deference to his grey hairs; for, said Dingiswayo, "He was the companion of my father." But it must be said, in excuse for this old chief, that it was his great wife—a lady whose head was much larger than her heart—who insisted on the execution of her husband's generous enemy.

Dingiswayo was the introducer only of the novel war system, but the man who caused it to make such an impression on the country must be now briefly spoken of, to render this sketch intelligible.

Senzangakona, chief of the small tributary Zulu tribe, had an illegitimate son named Chaka. The young man was energetic and talented, and, like many such men, assumed airs which did not quite suit his position, and were offensive to his father's family. In consequence of their hostility, he and his mother were compelled to flee for their lives. Thy took refuge with Dingiswayo not long after that chief had succeeded in organising his army. Chaka entered one of Dingiswayo's regiments as a private soldier. His galant conduct soon won for him a great reputation, as a soldier. He narrowly watched his master's policy of forbearance and its consequences, and disapproved of it, because he thought it would lead to dangerous combinations against the supreme chief. In his opinion the only safe plan was to inflict such an injury as would thoroughly disorganise, if not destroy. Hence, when he acquired power, he adopted the un

compromising system which raised the Zulu name to such renown in South Africa.

When Chaka had served long enough in Dingiswayo's army to understand the system it was based upon, and to mark its defects, his father, Senzangakona, died. Chaka, was of course, not entitled to the succession, for there were other sons whose claims were superior. But in deference to their supreme chief, the tribe submitted the question to be decided by Dingiswayo, and he being convinced, not only of his young soldier *protégé's* ability, but of what was of far greater consequence, his loyalty to himself, appointed Chaka chief over the Zulu tribe, at that time weak, tributary, and insignificant.

Up to the death of Dingiswayo, Chaka always faithfully co-operated with his old master, and it was the result of a combined movement by these two chiefs that drove the powerful tribe on its retreat to enter the present division of Newcastle about 1812, as already mentioned. And thus was caused the first shock felt by the doomed but unsuspecting inhabitants of this land.

All the troubles which followed, and which I have very imperfectly described, were caused by Chaka alone. His genius overbore all opposition, and he died within the territory which now constitutes this Colony on the 23rd of September, 1828, undisputed sovereign of all South-Eastern Africa, from the St. John's River on the south, to King George's River on the north; including a large portion of what now forms the Orange Free State and the Transvaal Republic, as well as the tribe and territory of his old master and patron, Dingiswayo.

This brings us to times to ascertain the history of which we have more or less of documentary evidence to refer to. I shall not, therefore, trespass upon them. I have selected the period embraced in this sketch because it is of necessity less known than that on which books have been published, and because the tale of its occurrences, however imperfectly I have told it, may teach us valuable lessons.

I wish, in conclusion to present a kind of analysis of this history; and you must be good enough to bear in mind that it relates to a period scarcely extending back sixty years from this date. It shows three phases, representing three conditions, as opposite each to the other two, in most respects, as it is possible for any nation to be.

In the first, we have simple, primitive, unalloyed barbarism, unmitigated, as well as untainted, by any trace of civilization. Under this condition, which probably had lasted for centuries, the people enjoyed peace, prosperity, and plenty.

In the second, we have the same barbarism, the same people, and the same country; but we have also added to these a dash of civilization—a stray, but not very incorrect, notion of one its practices, which poisoned all enjoyment, cut off all that sustains life, turned thousands of square miles into literally a howling wilderness, shed rivers of blood, annihilated whole communities, turned the members of others into cannibals, and caused miseries and sufferings, the full

extent of which can now never be known, and which if even known, could not be told.

In the third we see civilization no longer represented only by a mere notion or idea, but in its living bodily form protecting and ameliorating the condition of the remnants of this wreck. Where, a few years ago, so dreadful a storm of human passion and violence raged, we now see a British colony, with its quiet farms, its representative institutions, its Christianity, its electric telegraph, and its little railroads; and we see also its inhabitants occasionally discussing the most advanced topics of the most enlightened civilization of the age. When we realize the idea that these three great changes have all taken place in the country we live in during the short compass of less than a man's lifetime, we shall understand and wonder at the fearful rapidity with which revolutions sometimes overwhelm a people; and we shall wonder still more when we contemplate the apparently trivial events from which such momentous consequences have sprung, events which, if calculated according to the ordinary doctrine of chances, would have stood at one hundred to one against occurring at all. But trivial as they were in themselves, they have already influenced the destiny of thousands, and have, in my opinion, contributed in no small degree to the planting of civilization in this land for some wise and beneficent purpose, which I sincerely hope may be faithfully fulfilled. \* \* \*

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### *Bushman Researches.*

[WE much regret our inability to reproduce in their entirety the extremely interesting researches reported by Dr. Bleek officially to Government on Bushman Folk-lore. One difficulty is the mechanical one of using the peculiar type employed in printing this report,—a type imported from Berlin some years ago for the purpose of printing Nama Hottentot translations, and especially adapted for texts containing Bushman names, as it includes the signs for four out of the five clicks. But, as this type cannot stand with the English type, on account of its different length, it was impossible to employ it in this Magazine. Therefore, wherever Bushman words containing clicks occurred in the Report, they had either to be wholly omitted, or to have their clicks indicated (as in Kafir) by the letters of the common alphabet, taking *c* for the dental click *ɿ*, *x* for the lateral *ɿ*, *q* for the cerebral *ɿ*, and *j* for the palatal *ɿ*, which is a click not known in Kafir. On account of the difficulty in printing the clicks, the original Bushman names of Dr. Bleek's informants are not reproduced here, their Dutch names being employed instead. Another difficulty is the impossibility of reprinting the whole of the report within our limited number of pages. We have, however, selected what appeared to us to be the most important

passages from the report, amounting to considerably more than a half of the whole ; while Dr. Bleek himself has been good enough to furnish more detailed accounts of some paragraphs, which in the original report only give the titles of portions of Folk-lore most recently collected.—ED.]

IN my last report concerning the Bushman Researches, published in 1873, I mentioned that, unless the inquiries made by me regarding the whereabouts of the wives of the two Bushmen then with me proved successful, I feared that ere long the men would leave me. The younger (Stoffel) had been with me since the 29th of August, 1870, and the elder (Jantje) since the 16th of February, 1871. In fact, it was only by the promise of a greatly longed-for reward that I could induce Jantje (whose services as an excellent narrator were most valuable) to make up his mind to remain on with Stoffel through the winter. On the 15th October, 1873, both Jantje and Stoffel were, according to promise, sent to Victoria West, to find from thence their way back to their belongings. We have since heard of their safe arrival, through the kindness of Messrs. P. Watermeyer, C. St. L. Devenish, and the Civil Commissioner of Victoria West. Since then we have been informed that both the Bushmen have found their wives, and that the elder one, Jantje, will return to us, leaving his still older wife Lies behind him with their son, on account of her age rendering the journey too difficult for her. We regret this, as we had hoped that she would have given us a great deal of the information known only by the elder people, and especially by the old women.

Shortly after the departure of these two Bushmen I was fortunate enough to be able to get Klaas to stay with me. He came on the 1st of November, 1873, and was, before Christmas, joined by his comrade David Hoesar. As both of these Bushmen came from the Katkop Mountains, north of Calvinia (about 200 miles to the west of the homes of our former Bushmen, which were in or near the Strontbergen, lat.  $30^{\circ}$  S., long.  $22^{\circ}$  E.),—their dialect varies slightly, and their native traditions form an independent testimony to the substantial identity of the mythological stories, handed down to the present generation by their ancestors. David, especially, proved to be a good narrator, whilst Klaas (whose father was a Koranna chief, and his mother a Bushman woman) understood and spoke both Koranna-Hottentot and Bushman equally well, and knew traditions belonging to each of these nations. By his knowledge of both of these languages he enabled us to arrive at some not unimportant facts, which throw some light upon their mutual relations ; but this is too involved and difficult a subject to appear even now near to a satisfactory solution. These two Bushmen could not be persuaded to remain with me longer than to the 18th of March, 1874 ; and their anxiety to rejoin their families was proved by their reaching Calvinia (270 miles distant) on the 30th of



the same month; of which Dr. H. Meyer kindly wrote me word. They returned to me, however, on the 13th of June, 1874, with Rachel (wife of Klaas, and sister of David), and her two youngest boys, aged respectively six and two years. These were joined on the 25th October by her two elder sons, who had been until then left at Wellington. The maintenance of so large a family entailed a much increased expenditure, which was, however, unavoidable for the purpose of retaining for a time Rachel, who would not stay without her whole family. Her information, as that of the first Bushmanwoman accessible to us, was, of course, very desirable. Rachel, with her husband and children, remained with me until the 13th of January, 1875, when they all returned to Bushmanland, leaving her brother David, who has promised to stay here some time longer, and whom we hope soon to see joined by Jantje.

The amount of Native Bushman Literature collected has increased since our last report from more than 4,000 to about 6,600 half-pages or columns (in seventy-seven volumes quarto);\* of which more than one-third has been written down by myself and the remainder by a lady who collects for me. A large portion of these Bushman texts has been translated with the aid of the narrators. From almost the whole of my own translated texts, the words have already been entered into a Bushman-English Dictionary, which now contains more than 11,000 entries, and from which, as well as from my older Dictionary, an Index or English-Bushman Dictionary (comprising already about ten thousand entries) has been compiled.

A most curious feature in Bushman folk-lore is formed by the speeches of various animals, recited in modes of pronouncing Bushman, said to be peculiar to the animals in whose mouths they are placed. It is a remarkable attempt to imitate the shape or position of the mouth of the kind of animal to be represented. Among the Bushman sounds which are hereby affected, and often entirely commuted, are principally the clicks. These are either converted into other consonants, as into labials (in the language of the Tortoise), or into palatals and compound dentals and sibilants (as in the language of the Ichneumon), or into clicks otherwise unheard in Bushman (as far as our present experience goes),—as in the language of the Jackal, who is introduced as making use of a strange labial click, which bears to the ordinary labial click a relation in sound similar to that which the palatal click bears to the cerebral click. Again, the Moon—and it seems also the Hare and Anteater, —substitute a most unpronounceable click in place of all others, excepting the lip click. \* \* \* Another animal (the

\* As the printing of this report (handed in to Government in February last) has, through press of business, been delayed to the present month (May), we are able to state that the total amount of Bushman Native Literature collected is now about 7,200 half-pages, in eighty-four volumes.



Blue Crane) differs in its speech from the ordinary Bushman, mainly by the insertion of a *tt* at the end of the first syllable of almost every word.

It need not be said that, if it be by no means easy to write Bushman itself, the difficulty of taking down these animal speeches is far greater, and before any attempt could be made to translate them into English or Dutch, they had first to be rendered into ordinary Bushman by our informants. The presence of these abnormal clicks in the different kinds of speech, points to the possibility, nay, even to the probability, of the former presence of many more clicks in the Bushman language than the five which are now to be found there.

Although I am fully conscious that, in our collections, we have, as yet, been able to gather only a small portion of the great store of Bushman traditionary lore, and although, perhaps, even the greater portion of their mythological notions may still be unknown to us, —what has already been collected, may yet not unreasonably be supposed to give us a fair idea of the general character of Bushman mythology. And mainly on this account, I shall here, in my analysis of our collections, endeavour to give a short outline of the principal myths which we have met with amongst the Bushmen.

### 1.—THE MANTIS.

The most prominent of the mythological figures is that of the Mantis, around which a great circle of myths has been formed. Besides his own proper name (*Ckaggen*) he possesses several others, and so also does his wife, whose most usual name is, however, *Chunntuqattqatten* (*Chunn* means the “Dasse,” Hyrax . . . .). Their adopted daughter, the Porcupine (whose real father is a monster named *Xkhwai-hemm*, the All-devourer, with whom she dares not live for fear of being herself eaten), is married to *Ckwammanga*, and has by him a son, the Ichneumon, who plays an important part in Bushman mythology, particularly in advising and assisting his grandfather, the Mantis, and in chiding him for his misdeeds. The same mythological figure, *Ckaggen*, is also the most prominent one in the mythology of the Bushmen of the Drakensbergen, as related to Mr. J. M. Orpen. (*Cape Monthly Magazine*, July 1874, pp. 1-13.)

1. In the arrangement of the myths regarding the Mantis, it has appeared to me most convenient to place first that one in which the Mantis takes away a shoe belonging to his son-in-law *Ckwammanga*, and converts it into an eland, of which he makes a pet, placing it among the reeds, and going thither from time to time to feed it with honey. The Ichneumon is then sent out to discover why the Mantis brings no honey home, but as the Mantis puts him into a bag while he calls the eland from the reeds, the Ichneumon is at first unsuccessful; later, by the advice of his father, *Ckwammanga*, he cuts

a peep-hole in the sack. *Ckwammanga*, on being told about the eland, shoots it, after having enticed it with honey to come out of the reeds. The Mantis, going again, misses his pet, and weeps bitterly. Following its spoor, he sees blood, and later finds some Mierkats or Suricats (*Suricata Zenick*, or *Rhyzaena suricata*), together with another person, who is cutting it up. One of the Suricats throws the Mantis violently down upon the horns of the dead eland. He, therefore (by piercing the gall of another eland), creates a darkness, into which he springs away; and returning home in pain, lies down while the sun is still high. The Suricats cut the eland's flesh into slices, hanging it upon a tree to dry, and upon the same tree they hung their weapons and their skin clothing. In the night, while they were sleeping, this tree, laden with their possessions, rose up and passed through the air, descending where the Mantis lay. The Mantis and Ichneumon (upon awaking) took possession of their enemies' things. One of the Suricats (with only his girdle left, which he made into a tail) returned home to be stared at and questioned by his wife.

\* \* \* \* \*

2. The Ichneumon's speech, when the Mantis had deprived the Suricats of their possessions, is in the curious language in which the Ichneumon is supposed to speak, and in which all the clicks are converted into sounds like *ts*, *tsy*, *ty*, *dy*, etc., and other modifications also take place. It is, probably, as yet unfinished.

\* \* \* \* \*

3. The origin of the Moon is an episode in the story of the Mantis and his pet eland. When the Suricats, who were present at the cutting up of the eland, ill-treated the Mantis, he found upon a bush another eland's gall-bladder, and this (as mentioned above) he pierced and broke, thereby creating a darkness into which he sprang; but, being inconvenienced by it, he took off one of his shoes and threw it into the sky, with the order that it should become the moon. Thus the moon is red, because the shoe of the Mantis was covered with the red dust of Bushmanland, and cold, because it is only leather. We have two versions of this myth.

\* \* \* \* \*

10. The visit of the Mantis to the houses of the Ticks,—who, excepting one boy, have hidden themselves away in the fleeces of their sheep,—evil thoughts of the Mantis with regard to this boy who is left in charge of the pots of food which are upon the fire,—return of the Ticks,—their attack upon the Mantis,—his flight home,—his revenge upon the Ticks for their inhospitality and ill-treatment of him,—the consequent destitution of the Ticks, which is lamented by the relatives of the Mantis,—the monster *Xkbwai-hemm* is now, by the wish of the Mantis, unwillingly summoned by his daughter, the Porcupine, to swallow for them a portion of the Ticks' flock of sheep,—his fearful appearance and unlimited voracity,—he swallows the Mantis, and the brave *Ckwammanga* as well,—fiery

rial of the young sons of the Mantis and *Ckwammanga* by the Porcupine,—the monster *Xkbwai-hemm* slain,—re-appearance of all the animals and things which had just been swallowed by him,—removal of the survivors from the place where he lay dead.

\* \* \* \* \*

14. The originality of all the preceding myths, and the impossibility of their owing their origin to anything that the Bushmen may have heard from Dutch neighbours, will be clear from the outlines of the stories given above. At the same time the mythological character given to the Mantis in them renders it natural that those among the Dutch who may have had any of these stories related to them by Bushmen understanding Dutch (or may have listened to them in Bushman,—for there have been and still are some farmers' children who can speak Bushman), should have translated the name of the Mantis (*Ckaggen*) with that of the "Devil." The above translation may also have tended to introduce some traits of the Christian idea of the Devil into the conception of *Ckaggen* among those Bushmen who have intercourse with the Dutch. This renders it uncertain whether the idea, expressed by Jantje, that the Mantis misleads Bushmen by putting evil and mischievous thoughts into their minds (really into the sides of their throats, where, according to Bushman notions, the thinking powers of man are to be found), may not be of modern and foreign origin. (*Vide Cape Monthly Magazine* for July, 1874, p. 11.)

## II.—SUN AND MOON.

Although the Mantis is apparently the most prominent figure in Bushman mythology, and, at all events, the subject of the greatest number of myths,—yet it does not seem that he is the object of any worship, or that prayers are addressed to him. The heavenly bodies—Sun, Moon, and Stars—are, however, prayed to, \* \* \* and thus the Bushmen are clearly to be included among the nations who have attained to sidereal worship.

15. The Sun, a man from whose arm-pit brightness proceeded, lived formerly on earth; but only gave light for a space around his house. Some children belonging to the First Bushmen (who preceded the Flat Bushmen in their country) were therefore sent to throw up the sleeping Sun into the sky; since then, he shines all over the earth. We have two complete versions of this myth, a short one \* \* \* and a longer one. \* \* \*

Besides these, we have the beginning of a version in the dialect of Stuurman's Fontein, in the Karreebergen, \* \* \* and a fragment in the same dialect. \* \* \* Regarding a similar myth met with among some of the Australian Aborigines, *vide Cape Monthly Magazine*, February 1874, pp. 98–102.

16. Whilst in the preceding myths of the Mantis, the Moon, according to its origin, is only a piece of leather (a shoe of the

Mantis),—in Bushman astrological mythology the Moon is looked upon as a man who incurs the wrath of the Sun, and is consequently pierced by the knife (*i.e.* rays) of the latter. This process is repeated until almost the whole of the Moon is cut away, and only one little piece left; which the Moon piteously implores the Sun to spare for his (the Moon's) children. (As mentioned above, the Moon is in Bushman mythology a male being.) From this little piece, the Moon gradually grows again until it becomes a full moon, when the Sun's stabbing and cutting processes recommence.

\* \* \* \* \*

17. The Hottentot myth of the Origin of Death is also found in Bushman, but the Bushman form of it first related to us is very different from the Hottentot, be it more or less original. We have two versions of it. In the first, the Moon strikes the young Hare (whose mother is lying dead) with his fist upon its mouth, and tells it to cry loudly; for its mother will not return as he (the Moon) does, but is quite dead. \* \* \*

This version is followed by an explanation that the Moon has the power of talking, because he belongs to the Mantis, all of whose things talk. \* \* \*

In the second version (given by Stoffel, and apparently unfinished) the Moon appears, at one time, to tell the little Hare that his mother will come to life again, and that, therefore, he need not cry; but the little Hare does not believe, and continues to cry, saying that the Moon is deceiving him. The Moon upon this becomes angry, and threatens to beat his mouth. Towards the end of the story there is some Moon and Hare language, with its peculiar click; and also some remarks upon the mode of pronouncing it. \* \* \*

### III.—STARS.

22. Various statements are given with regard to the nature and movements of the celestial bodies. The first of these treats of the Moon and Stars, ending with the "Bushman-rice" Star Canopus;

\* \* \* the second treats of Sun, Moon, and Stars;  
\* \* \* and the third of the same. \* \* \*

The names of a number of Stars have been ascertained with the kind help of Mr. Maclear. Besides a separate alphabetical index to the Stars, the names of some are given in a supplementary list,

\* \* \* whilst another list in the Katkop dialect has not yet been identified on the map of the sky. \* \* \*

Some stars possess several Bushman names, for instance Canopus, which has at least five. \* \* \*

Among the stars which have been identified, the meaning of the names of those which follow is quite clear:

Star-digging-stick's-stone or the

Digging-stick's stone of Cano-

pus- - - - - = Achernar;

Male Lions - - - - - = Pointers to the Southern  
Cross;



|                                               |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |                                           |
|-----------------------------------------------|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|-------------------------------------------|
| Lionesses                                     | - | - | - | - | - | - | = | <i>Alpha, Beta, and Gamma</i><br>Crucis ; |
| Male Hartebeest                               | - | - | - | - | - | - | = | Aldebaran ;                               |
| Female Hartebeest                             | - | - | - | - | - | - | = | <i>Alpha</i> Orion ;                      |
| Male Eland                                    | - | - | - | - | - | - | = | Procyon ;                                 |
| Eland's Wives                                 | - | - | - | - | - | - | = | Castor and Pollux ;                       |
| Steinbok                                      | - | - | - | - | - | - | = | Magellan's Clouds ;                       |
| Male Tortoises (hung upon a<br>stick)         | - | - | - | - | - | - | = | Orion's Sword ;                           |
| Three Female Tortoises (hung<br>upon a stick) | - | - | - | - | - | - | = | Orion's Belt ; etc. etc.                  |

23. A girl of the ancient race (preceding the Bushmen) wished for a little light, so that the people might see to return home by night. She, therefore, threw wood-ashes into the sky, which became the Milky Way. This myth, which Jantje heard from his mother,  
\* \* \* \* \* is followed by an account of the same girl, who, being vexed with her mother for giving her too little of a certain red edible root, threw up portions of it into the sky, where they became stars. \* \* \*

24. A girl, when men should not have been looked upon by her for fear of harm to them, saw some people eating together at a rock-rabbit's house of branches. In consequence of this, they and the house, fixed by her looks, became stars in the sky, and are now to be seen there as the Corona Australis. This myth was told to Jantje's mother by her own mother. \* \* \*

25. The Stars are divided into night stars and dawn stars. The latter are the subjects of some very fine and complicated mythological conceptions, of which we evidently possess, as yet, only fragments.—The "Dawn's Heart" (the star Jupiter) has a daughter, who is identified with some neighbouring star preceding Jupiter (at the time when we asked, it was Regulus or *Alpha Leonis*). Her name is the "Dawn's-Heart-child," and her relation to her father is somewhat mysterious. He calls her "my heart," he swallows her, then walks alone as the only Dawn's-Heart Star, and, when she is grown up, he spits her out again. She then herself becomes another (female) Dawn's-Heart, and spits out another Dawn's-Heart-child, which follows the male and female Dawn's-Heart. The mother of the latter, the first-mentioned Dawn's-Heart's wife, was the Lynx, who was then a beautiful woman, with a younger sister who carried her digging-stick after her. The Dawn's-Heart hid his child under the leaves of an edible root (*qkuïssi*), where he thought that his wife would come and find it. Other animals and birds arrived first, and each proposed herself to the Dawn's-Heart-child as its mother ; but they were mocked at by the child, until at last it recognized its own mother. Among the insulted animals were the Jackal and the Hyena, who, to revenge themselves, bewitched the mother (Lynx) with some poisoned



"Bushman Rice" (so-called "ants' eggs"), by which means she was transformed into a lioness. In the dark, the Hyena tried to take her (the Lynx's) place in the hut, on the return of the Dawn's-Heart; but the imposture was made known to him by his sister-in-law. The Dawn's-Heart tried to stab the Hyena with his assegai, but missed her. She fled, putting her foot into the fire, and burning it severely. The bewitched wife was enticed out of the reeds by her younger sister, and then caught by her brothers, who pulled off the lion skin, so that she became a fair woman again. But, in consequence of having been bewitched by Bushman rice, she could no longer eat that, and was changed into a lynx, who ate meat.—This myth, which contains many minor, and some beautiful incidents, is partly given in the form of a narrative, and partly in discourses addressed by the Dawn's-Heart to his daughter, as well as in speeches made by the Hyena and her parents, after her flight home.

\* \* \* \* \*

26. The (two) Lions, which was the name given to us (by our first informants) for the Pointers to the Southern Cross, were formerly men, and at the same time lions. \* \* \* One of them became a star, because a girl looked at him; and the other lion also became a star. They now stand silent, not far from the lionesses, who sit silent. \* \* \*

A shorter notice \* \* \* refers also to this conception; but there is evidently much more mythological fiction connected with these lions than we know; and it is probably on this account that the meaning of what we have already noted down is not clear to us.—The names of the two lions are *Qgu* and *Qhaue ta ɣhou*. There are four birds mentioned in connection with them,—the *Cgi* and his wife the *Cki*, the *Qkao* and his wife the *Qk'o* (or "Blue Crane"). The two husbands are killed and roasted by the lions,—the *Cgi* by *Qgu*, and the *Qkao* by the other lion. The *Cki* saw what the lions did, and when offered some of her husband's flesh, refused it; but the Blue Crane accepted some of the flesh of the *Qkao*. Both birds then went to fetch water. The Blue Crane, who had left her child (the little *Qkao*) behind her, returned home from the water, and was eaten by the lions; whilst the *Cki*, who had taken her child (the little *Cgi*) with her, did not come back, and went away to the house of the Crow, which was on the branch of a thorn tree, and to this she was pulled up by a thong made of gemsbok skin. The Crow then made a fire, and heated stones. The lion *Qgu*, pursuing the *Cki*, arrived under the thorn-tree, and begged to be pulled up. By direction of the Crow, the *Cki* threw down a rope made of mouse's entrails, which, of course, broke, precipitating the lion into the fire, where he was roasted to death. The birds then departed from the thorn-tree; and the other lion (*Qhaue ta ɣhou*), attracted by the smell of roasted flesh, arrived, and cut off a piece from his companion's thigh. Thereupon the lion *Qgu* (who apparently suddenly came to life again) jumped up, and

asked for a piece of his own flesh, which they both devoured together. They then hunted for food, but in vain. They perceived at last a male tortoise, and, notwithstanding its advice, as well as the request of his companion to be allowed to share this repast with him, the greedy *Qgu* swallowed the tortoise down whole. In punishment of this, whenever the lion approached game or water, the tortoise told it to run away or dry up; and when they came into the neighbourhood of human beings, the tortoise immediately called out to them to throw fire at the lion. Thus the two lions, while hunting together, could get nothing. They finally came to the house of an old woman who was lame, and lived with a little hare. These also managed to outwit the lions; and, at last, *Qgu* died of starvation. After his death, the other lion soon obtained food.

\* \* \* \* \*

A story which seems to be a variation of a portion of the above myth, gives the account of a man who, wishing to escape from a lion, cut off his sore leg, and ran successfully away on his sound one. It was told by Rachel.

#### IV.—ANIMAL FABLES.

27. Not only in the astrological mythology, but also in the world of Bushman Fable, the lion naturally occupies a prominent position. One fine fable relates how the hyena revenged itself upon the lion, who had grudged it food, by inviting him to its own house, and then, while feeding him with soup, inverting the heated pot upon his head, and beating him to death underneath it.—Of this fable we have two versions,—the second being probably the better of the two; \* \* \* whilst the earlier \* \* \* closes with the usual refrain respecting suitable marriages in animal life.

28. The fable of the lion who exchanged his chest (breast) with the field-mouse \* \* \* is as yet unfinished. \* \* \*

[28a. The lion being jealous of the ostrich because the latter was preferred by the women, on account of its finer call, is advised by another lion to kill the ostrich and swallow its lungs, for the purpose of obtaining a similar voice. The lion thereupon fights with the ostrich, but this time unsuccessfully.—The story is concluded by the advice which an old Bushman gives to some boys. He tells them that when they kill a male ostrich, they must swallow portions of its lungs raw, and without chewing them, in order to obtain good voices, that they may avoid quarrels among themselves.—In the Katkop dialect, by David, from his paternal grandfather.]

29. A fable, somewhat similar to the Hottentot one of the lion and the jackal who went to shoot elands ("Reynard the Fox in South Africa, p. 3, etc.), was told in the Katkop dialect by Klaas, \* \* \* from whose dictation another beginning of the same fable has also been written down. \* \* \*

30. An account of the doings of a family of lions (apparently a continuation of the Ichneumon's speeches, in the myth of the Man-

tis, § 8) gives a good deal of conversation of such a description as might naturally be ascribed by Bushmen to lions. \* \* \*

31. "Ehe Jackal and the Hyena" (in which piece there are interminable speeches by the jackal) contains many allusions to other fables, and really forms part of the lengthy discourse of the Dawn's-Heart, § 25. \* \* \*

[31a. In another "Jackal and Hyena" fable, the hyena, having killed a quagga, goes away to fetch his wife and children to share his prey. The jackal meanwhile builds a tower, to the top of which he removes the flesh of the quagga, and there begins to cook it. On the return of the hyena, the jackal makes believe to draw him up to the top of the tower by a rope made of mouse's entrails; but when the hyena is just high enough to catch a glimpse of the meat in the pot, the rope is cut asunder by the jackal, and the hyena precipitated to the ground. This happens twice; and the second time he falls into a fire, by which his hind quarters are burnt and shrivelled—This fable, which reminds us of other Bushman and Hottentot fables, is related in the Katkop dialect by David Hoesar, who had it from his mother. The "Jackal's Tower" is still to be seen in Bushmanland as a "spitz-kop," on the other side of the Zak River.]

32. A fable, in the Katkop dialect (told to Klaas by his mother) relates how the Ichneumon came to some mierkats, or suricats (here called *χarra*), who were cutting up an eland which one of them had shot, and how he disputed the prey with them, but unsuccessfully.—This is evidently a fable belonging to the series of myths of the Mantis. \* \* \*

[32a. The vicious Water tortoise plays a trick to the charitable Ratel (*Mellivora*), by which the latter's hands decay, leaving only the bones. This fable was told, in the Katkop dialect, to David Hoesar, by his mother.]

33. The Anteater inquires from a flock of springbok ewes, one after another, whether her child is a female. Each mother answers that hers is a male, until, at last, a foolish springbok confesses that her child is a daughter. The anteater offers to hold the child, so that the springbok should eat some of the anteater's food. The latter then springs into a hole with the kid, and tells the mother, who is crying for her child, to go. The male springbok scolds his wife for having lost their child. The anteater then lays down the law with regard to the proper food for different animals, and that their marriages should be suitable. They all listen to the anteater, and also to the lynx, who repeats to them the anteater's words. In the discourse there is imbedded a fable about the knorhaan, relating how its head was burnt in the fire; but this requires further explanation. On account of her husband's anger, the springbok mother sends the lynx to recover her child for her. The lynx slips into the anteater's hole underneath the young springbok, and, pushing her out, runs off with her. The anteater, trying to follow, is caught in the bowstring of the lynx, as in a sling. Disengaging herself, she again proceeds

to deliver to the lynx her important messages concerning the nature and habits of the different animals. \* \* \*

In another version the daughter of the springbok is stolen away by the lynx, who marries her. The anteater, who is told of this by the partridge, follows them underneath the ground; whereupon the lynx unlooses his bowstring and throws it down. The anteater's head is caught in it, and falling down, she is ordered by the lynx to become altogether an anteater, and to live in a hole. After this, the lynx takes back the young springbok to her mother, and becomes himself (by the order of the anteater) a lynx who eats springbok, and marries a lynx.—This account is again followed by the anteater's laws concerning the habits of various animals, such as the jackal, the "löffelhvnd" (*Proteles*), &c, who were, once upon a time, men.

In the anteater's laws it is to be remarked, that, in the directions given about marriage, some animals marry wives, others husbands. Therefore, it seems probable that some animals are commonly thought of as masculine, and others as feminine. This strengthens the presumption that Bushman originally belonged to the languages in which a grammatical gender of nouns existed. (*Vide* my remarks in the article "On Resemblances in Bushman and Australian Mythology," in the *Cape Monthly Magazine* for February, 1874, pp. 98—102.

[33a. In another fable the handsome lynx is the pet of the anteater, and plays to her at sunset and daybreak on a musical instrument. Carried off by some people, the lynx is at last recovered by the anteater.—In the Katkop dialect by David Hoesar, to whom it was told by his paternal grandmother.]

34. A male ostrich is killed and carried home by a Bushman. One of its little feathers, stained with blood, is lifted up by a gentle whirlwind, and falls into the water, where it gradually becomes an ostrich. It leaves the water as a young ostrich, grows up, and returns to its wives as their revived husband. As such, he guards the nest against the attacks of the jackals and hyenas, who are thereby driven to seek for the nest of a she-ostrich who will not be fierce, and who runs away.—This is followed by a very lengthy and still unfinished dialogue between the hyena and the jackal in their flight, etc. \* \* \*

This idea of the revival of a dead male ostrich, in and through one of its little feathers, is also mentioned in other places, and is compared to the coming to life of the Moon; whilst, with the exception of the Moon and the Male Ostrich, all other things mortal are said to die outright, and not to come to life again.

35. The quagga, who fed her hungry child with a piece of her own liver, and whose death was caused by her husband, the jackal, who put poisoned pieces of sharp bone into her bed, because his relations said that he had married "meat." Her death was avenged by her own family.—In the Katkop dialect, by Rachel.

In making up the arrangement for this number we find it impossible to give the full extent of extracts we had intended and which are in type. The rest will appear in the next issue.—Ed, C. M. M.]



## The Cape Revisited.

### CHAPTER IV.—PORT ELIZABETH.

HAVING pretty well, as it is called in modern slang, “done” Cape Town, I proceeded, in compliance with the urgent invitation of one of my oldest friends, to pay a visit to Port Elizabeth, which I had not seen for more than twenty years, and sailing from the docks in the good steamer the *Edinburgh Castle*, arrived there after a very smooth and agreeable passage in the short period of forty-eight hours ; my last passage in a small steamer called the *Fettercairn*, of I should say one horse-power, formerly plying on this coast, having extended to the protracted period of sixteen days, during twelve of which the absence of any mundane specific or creature comfort for sea sickness was glaringly conspicuous, and even the eatables at table, before the end of our voyage, exhibited a very famine-stricken appearance. My passage in the *Edinburgh Castle* afforded a most agreeable contrast to that in the *Fettercairn*, and will always be recollected by me with as much pleasure as that in the latter is with horror and disgust. The excellence of her table, the polite attention of her officers, and the presence of a few kind friends as fellow-passengers, all contributed to a pleasant voyage ; to which I may add lovely weather, a magnificent panorama of the coast, and a calm and almost unruffled sea not sufficient to evoke the demon of sea sickness in the most squeamish stomach, and also the consciousness of the cordial and thoroughly friendly reception which awaited me on my arrival at port. However, safely anchored, I soon descried the boat containing my dear old friend, Dr. D——, coming out to meet me ; but, alas, a change soon came over the spirit of my dream. A stiff breeze made our landing rather a tedious operation, and to me, inexperienced as I was in Algoa Bay navigation, rather, I feared, a risky one. At last, after numberless tackings and re-tackings, which I thought never would be ended, we at last reached the end of the jetty, when, you may be sure, I was not long in scrambling to *terra firma*, when I was speedily conveyed to my friend’s house.

In a short period I was noting the very great changes which had taken place on all around me since I had left in 1852, and which indeed, with few exceptions (the docks, for instance), were far more striking than any I had observed in Cape Town ; and the Main-street especially presented a scene of lively and animated bustle which pleased me very much,—showing at least the commercial current seemingly much more active in its thoroughfares than it appears in those of its elder sister. Cape Town is more mediæval and undemonstrative in its business movements,—Port Elizabeth more a representative of a modern commercial city, and may be well termed the Liverpool of South Africa. The number of stores



and new buildings of every description, many of them fairly well designed, if not always in the purest taste, is perfectly marvellous. The street architecture of Port Elizabeth has this advantage over that of Cape Town, that the former possesses quarries of a very workable stone, at a not very great distance, with a nice neutral tint very refreshing in a climate in which even Portland or Bath stone would create an unpleasant glare. In a few buildings the stone has been freely used with a very good effect; but in a great many where it should have been used, we regret to say (no doubt for economical reasons) it has not. While giving general praise to the recent buildings, there is one building, however, to which I must make a marked exception,—that is to the pile comprising the Grey Institute on the Hill. Anything more perfectly barbarous, although hideously pretentious, I never saw; and the architect (or rather designer, for architect he was not), if he has any feeling of self-respect, ought to blush every time he passes it. The new town hall buildings and library externally want height and dignity; but internally possesses at least one fine feature which surpasses anything in Cape Town in its fine assembly hall and ball room, which is truly elegant and well ventilated. The arrangement of the library is perhaps objectionable, but the attention of the officials to strangers is above all praise, and the supply of periodical literature, newspapers, &c., is abundant in the extreme. No proper catalogue of the books unhappily exists, which is inconvenient, and the arrangement of light is not at all equal to that in the Cape library. The buildings of the London and South African Bank are very cleverly designed; and those of the Standard Bank, now in course of erection, promise to be a credit to the town. It would be, perhaps, invidious to mention any merchant's stores worthy of particular notice, but those of Blaine & Co., and of Dunell, Ebdon, & Co., cannot be overlooked, as an inspection of them will easily give a stranger an idea of the immense commercial business of the port, and how liberal and ready to take advantage of all the most recent technical improvements in stores and warehouses the merchants are. The monolithic obelisk, the gift of our future premier, J. Paterson, Esq., cannot be overlooked, reflecting as it does very great credit both in his liberality and good taste.

The weather in Port Elizabeth having been fine during my visit, I am unable to say, under different circumstances, whether the streets would present the same muddy aspect as those of the modern "Modderopolis," as Cape Town may well be called; but we think not. The soil being apparently of a more porous and sandy nature, and the fall of the waters from the Hill region to the sea being more direct, and conducted down the slope in honest, well paved surface channels, without any attempt to imitate the sham drainage of Cape Town. Above all, I noticed a total absence of moribund crawfishes and decayed snoek in the high-ways and bye-ways.

The town councillors, too, appear to be a plain, inobtrusive,

business-like body, who, on strict inquiry, I found never bully their engineer when they have one, or challenge him to fight like their brethren in Cape Town; and I was assured that such a circumstance as a chairman of the public works committee threatening their city engineer to box his ears was quite unknown in this region. I believe, however, that at present there is no official representative of that office in Port Elizabeth, which circumstance, from the utter inutility of the office, their constant snubbing of the official, and saving of his official income, we would recommend to the consideration of the Cape Town Dogberries; who, if they want an object to vent their official pugnacity or irascibility on, might retain the cheap services of an office messenger or a turncock or two,—men of obtuse feelings,—without giving them much pain, and thus let the educated professional man who should fill the office escape much uncalled-for insult and personal degradation, and the work would be quite as well done, for really at present it can hardly be worse (as the engineer is never let to carry out his own ideas, but must endorse all the Dogberries' absurdities and vagaries), whoever is to blame for it. But still in Port Elizabeth we cannot say much in favour of the water supply, or the harbour, and many other engineering works, which appear to have for years been sadly mismanaged and bemuddled. Still Port Elizabeth, from its local situation, presents many advantages, especially for good drainage, while a perfect water supply is only a question of £. s. d. At present the principal supply is from the rainfall, and the existence of open tanks renders the engenderment of clouds of mosquitoes very annoying, and the supply itself very intermittent, sometimes reduced even to zero.

The enormous expenditure on harbour improvements in Port Elizabeth have simply ended in making what was never a very good harbour ten thousand times worse than it was, and looking on the gross jobbery perpetrated, and crass ignorance displayed, we are forced deliberately to express our opinion that every individual connected with these so-called harbour improvements simply deserve impeachment for causing loss to the public revenue, and also to the private interests of the mercantile community of the port itself, besides causing us to be laughed at by all intelligent strangers visiting it. Nothing half so bad has been even attempted here in Cape Town; and we are of opinion that if any individual, whoever he may be, who deliberately accepts the position of Minister of Public Works (thus tacitly claiming a certain amount of technical knowledge in a difficult profession), should be held in some degree responsible for the blunders made, and the public money squandered during his period of office. It is well-known, as my friend the Doctor will avow, that twenty-five years ago I foretold the upshot of any attempt to improve the shelter of Port Elizabeth by the expedient since adopted: namely, the certainty of the silting up of the water space enclosed by a projecting pier or jetty; but in sailing

along the coast I could clearly discern the cause of the present unlucky movement in the immense drift of sand across the narrow neck of country forming the projection of Cape St. Francis towards Algoa Bay, partly, if not wholly, caused by the destruction of the bush or scrub formerly growing thereon, and now destroyed for the sake of fuel purposes, without adequate steps being taken to arrest its progress by fresh plantations. This is the most serious thing I observe in the matter, as as long as the progress of these sands continue, so long will the beaches of Port Elizabeth continue to silt up. Even if a solid wall be built it will soon be overtopped by these sands continuing to extend from W. to E. It is evident that the use of wooden piles is a mere throwing away of money, as those still existing, having been driven but a very few years, are already more than half destroyed by the worm *Teredo navalis*. Where twenty-three feet of water formerly existed it would be exaggeration to say there exist now eighteen inches. What a look-out this is for our engineering ability to improve the first commercial port of the Colony! Whether any improvement can be made now, without removing all that has been hitherto done, is another question, which, I confess, as a professional man, I don't see any way to answer. In the meantime, let us make the best of the existing state of things, and acknowledge that the central jetty is substantially made, and is so far an improvement. As to ever forming a dock in the Baakens River, a vision once fondly cherished by some, I fear unless nature forms a cataclysm in our favour we shall never see it.

I think I have so far fully discussed my first impression of Port Elizabeth, and I now proceed to acknowledge most gratefully the kindness with which I was received there; and I have every reason to speak in the highest terms of the Port Elizabeth people, to whom I was comparatively unknown. They possess much geniality of feeling and a great desire to show attention and kindness to stray visitors like myself. The remainder of my visit to Port Elizabeth, which extended to a period of ten days, was spent in a series of junketings, fishing parties in the Zwartkops, drives to Walmer and other pleasant localities in the neighbourhood, and in general friendly agremens.

I cannot, however, leave this subject without some allusion to that now delightful "Rus in Urbe" of Port Elizabeth, the "Hill," which I well remember a few years ago a miserable barren common, and now studded over with charming villas, enjoying an agreeable climate and lovely sea view. Above all, I was delighted with the park and its flourishing plantations, growing on a spot where a few years ago it was declared impossible to produce anything better than a tobacco bush. It is altogether most creditable to its projectors, gardeners, and curators, and every year becoming more so; its flower beds are charming, and its shady walks where "the lover may meet the dove or the gentle plover in the afternoon," afford agreeable trysting places for our young people which their fathers and mothers never

possessed the advantage of, but who had to be satisfied with a stroll up the hot Baaken River Valley, or a still more dismal promenade knee-deep on the sandy beach. We hope this pleasant park will therefore flourish, and impart a tone of romance to the younger branches of the community here, who perhaps a little too much let their pursuit of wealth, absorb their finer and more sentimental feelings. From our own observations we opine it will, as the lady visitors the evening I spent there, many of them very charming, were numerous in the bosky recesses and summer houses, and seemed well attended and waited on and dangled after by a large detachment of the gilded youth of Port Elizabeth.

But the gun of departure has fired, and we must be quickly off again to the *Edinburgh Castle*. I must not lift the veil from the scene of domestic happiness I enjoyed in the household of my old friend and his excellent wife. I bade a hurried farewell to his celebrated talking parrot poll\*, to his big dog Charlie, his melancholy gibbed cat, Lord Thomas, and the other pet animals of his household; also to our friend K——, also a member of the household and a pet; and in forty-two hours I was again landing at the North Wharf in Cape Town Docks, after a very pleasant trip; and, reader, believe me, in this vale of tears there are many worse places than Port Elizabeth.

#### CHAPTER V.—NAMAQUALAND.

When I first visited Namaqualand, now more than twenty years ago, I approached it from the south by land, encumbered with the expensive paraphernalia of a mule wagon, groaning under the weight of a well-stocked larder, wines and beer of the finest quality, &c., as was the custom of Koper Soekers in those days; and I this time packed up a few traps in a small portmanteau, stepped on board the greater Namaqua steamer, commanded by that very kind and attentive officer, Captain Clarke, and trusting to the hospitality of the staff of the Cape Copper Mining Company, ventured on my long and tiresome journey from Cape Town to the famous mine of O'okiep, the central point of attraction in the copperiferous region of Little Namaqualand, without any preparation whatever; and was safely landed on the barren shores of Port Nolloth in less than forty hours after leaving the docks, without encountering any strange adventure worth relating.

There were then two or three vessels anchored outside, awaiting their cargoes of copper ore from the mines, and their position struck me as a most lonely and uncomfortable one, for the shore was not pleasant to look at,—one universal waste of white sand, scattered over with a sprinkling of withered-looking bushes more like stumps

\* Those who doubt the reasoning power of parrots with reference to their imitation of speech, should spend a few days in the house with this wonderful bird, whose morning greeting to me the second day after he had seen me was, "Well, old man, how are you getting on? Ready for your kos, eh?" and so every morning to the end of my visit.



of witches worn out brooms than anything else. The existence of a bar at the entrance to the port, on which the sea in certain winds breaks with considerable violence, prevents vessels above a certain tonnage availing themselves of the shelter afforded by the little indentation in the coast which forms Port Nolloth proper. But Captain Clarke considers that this little port, gradually growing into one of importance, would at a comparatively trifling cost be capable of great improvement, and even afford safe shelter to a much larger class of vessels than it can do at present by simply blasting and removing certain masses of large rocks which now impede the deep channel and prevents the scour of the tide through it; which scour, if unimpeded, would have a powerful tendency to deepen the water on the bar, and probably eventually remove it altogether; and certainly, looking at the port on the spot, with the advantage of Captain Clarke's explanation of his views, I am, as an engineer, of opinion he is quite right. The present system adds enormously to the expense of shipping to or from Port Nolloth, as in rough weather for days sometimes no communication can be had with the shipping; and certainly the poor skippers who lie in the outer anchorage must have hard times of it in the winter season. The facilities for landing inside at Port Nolloth are considerable, owing to the construction of a very convenient wooden jetty, close to which craft of 150 tons may be safely moored. The town or seat of magistracy consists of several rather large and important stores, the different buildings belonging to the Cape Copper Company, a very excellent hotel, a custom house, court house, &c. They are principally of corrugated iron, lined inside with varnished boarding, and affording some very commodious dwellings, but in a high wind so loose is the sand that it must be a very uncomfortable residence, as the fine sand penetrates everywhere, and there is as yet very little vegetation of any kind to restrict it. The water, except that collected from the roofs of the buildings, is brought in casks a distance of seven or eight miles, and though clear is rather brack, as indeed is nearly all the water of the district. I need hardly say that all fruit and vegetables must be brought from Cape Town. One peculiarity of the climate on the coast at least is that though rain falls very seldom, there is a very considerable deposit of dew, which condensing on the iron roofs affords a pretty regular supply of fresh water to the cisterns, with which every store or dwelling is amply supplied. At this season of the year at least dense fogs are prevalent until near mid-day.

I found the hotel at Port Nolloth exceedingly comfortable, an excellent table kept, and plenty of fruit and vegetables, in spite of the barren aspect of the country; and the beds clean and comfortable, with a total absence of mosquitoes and other lectuarian tormentors, whose name in our old Saxon phraseology was a synonyme (as it still is in America) of a nightly horror. And here I assure my readers, as a proof of the improved state of domestic



cleanliness in this rather warm climate, during a residence of more than six months, including steamers, hotels, and private lodgings, I have not encountered one single specimen of my devout horror the *Cimex lectuarius*, and this I decidedly cannot say of my experience in my former residence in the Colony. It may be well, perhaps, to recollect, when whole villages are now composed of wooden or corrugated iron buildings, that the simple passing over the joints of the flooring, wall, or ceiling boarding, a thick lather of arsenical soap will banish the abhorred insect for ever; and that for iron or other bedsteads the use of a little cocoa nut oil on the joints when putting them together will be equally effectual. But if I go on gossiping this way, I will never reach O'okiep or the Copper Mines, to which my footsteps are directed.

I remained in Port Nolloth but one day, but even that exhausted all that was to be seen there; and on the morning of the second day after my arrival, I was ready to start on the Company's railway for O'okiep, a journey of about seventy-six miles, which by mule traction on the rail, or rather tramway, is often done in one day, but for comfort's sake still better in two. The railway is so far a complete success, although as now worked by mule traction it can hardly aspire to a loftier denomination than that of a tramway, as two or three rather steep inclines which occur in its course necessitate the employment of a locomotive of a much greater power than is necessary on the lower parts of the line, and the stock of mules at present in possession of the Company enables them to work the line with far greater economy than if more powerful locomotives were employed. The gauge is thirty inches. The rails, which are very light, and shaped somewhat like a Greek Omega, are laid on longitudinal sleepers, forming a continuous line, and the roadway excellently ballasted with a tufaceous limestone which is found in abundance along the line, and furnishes an elastic and excellent track-way for the mules at present employed as traction power. From Port Nolloth to the station, Muishondfontein, a distance of about forty miles, the road, although gradually ascending some 1,400 feet, seems to be on an almost dead level, and no cuttings or difficult engineering seem to have been necessary, which enabled this portion of the line to have been completed at an expenditure not exceeding £1,000 per mile; but from the foot of the mountain range at the station near Muishondfontein to the summit level near the station Klipfontein (3,100 feet), an immense incline rising 1,700 feet on a base of seven and a half or eight miles, has to be surmounted in one quick and uninterrupted ascent, down which the loaded wagons from the mine proceed by gravity. When the summit level is obtained, there is a tolerably level space of a few miles on the Kookfontein plateau, until near the entrance to Ratel-poort there is another sharp incline of 600 feet, bringing us down to the entrance of Gouragouppoot, from whence we emerge on a tolerably level plateau gradually ascending to O'okiep (3,060 feet).

The whole of this line is now nearly completed, in excellent order, except a length of about four miles at the O'okiep end, which will be finished about the end of the present year. And this little inexpensive and most useful line of railway caused me to make many reflections on its applicability to the colony, where far more expensive lines are now in construction, and whether the simpler and cheaper tramway construction, somewhat modified, would not have supplied us with animal traction as far say, in the first instance, as Beaufort West or the line from Uitenhage to Graaff-Reinet and Graham's Town. At the present price of coals, I think oat hay would prove by far the cheapest fuel, and homely mules are by no means a bad substitute for rickety locomotives, besides the encouragement the consumption of both would give to our agriculturists and horse breeders. I found, too, on this line that the fouling of the boilers by the use of brackish water was a cause of much inconvenience and expense, a coating of salt half an inch in thickness speedily accumulating, causing an immense extra expenditure in fuel in getting up steam, &c. The wagons of the Cape Copper Company are of wrought iron, with a very low centre of gravity, and carry about three tons each. All their couplings and other equipments are of the plainest and most substantial nature, and the mules travel in single file along the rather narrow space between the rails at a rate of about seven miles an hour, in relays of about twenty-eight miles each span, and do not seem the least distressed, and the mortality amongst them seems very small.

My railway journey from Port Nolloth to Muishondfontein presents nothing very remarkable except the excessive barrenness of the country, on which only eight inches of rain had fallen during the last two years, the total absence of trees, of which only one exists between the sea and the mountain range, and the industry of the staff of the Cape Copper Company to take advantage of every indication of water existing along the line, all of which has been utilised in a very satisfactory manner; and it is a curious, although I believe a well-known feature, that where springs exist in this barren, desolate region, although at a depth of more than one hundred feet, the dried-up, withered vegetation of the surface extends its roots down to these springs through hard beds of almost baked clay. With the exception of seeing two or three jackals crossing the line in one of those almost interminable perspectives that here and there occur (one fifteen miles in a straight line), animal life there was none, a very few large crows excepted, who appeared hardly to know what to do with themselves. Even snakes, they say, are getting rarer. A dead, monotonous, sandy flat, with a few rocky kopjies or low hills in the distance; but we did not come here expecting fine scenery, and seated in a most comfortable passenger truck, with every necessary or even luxury of life packed in it for use, we got along in a most jolly manner until in the grey of the evening we reached the mountain range, and prepared to ascend

to the summit station at Klipfontein, where we were to remain for the night. I confess as we ascended that rugged mountain side, and saw in the waning light the yawning and rugged ravines on either side of us, hundreds of feet almost perpendicular to the bottom, I felt a sort of sinking of spirit,—my courage oozing like Bob Acres' out of my toe nails when I reflected I would have in a few days to descend all this fearful incline by gravity. By Jove, it was quite enough to make any fellow feel grave, especially as I was by no means sure that Kircaldy's tests had been applied to all our brakes, on the adhesive power of which our very lives depended. However, we at last ascended safely, and were kindly welcomed by the present engineer of the line, Mr. Thwaites, at or near the summit level, Klipfontein, at whose hospitable house Mr. Carson and myself remained till the following morning.

Starting again about nine a.m., we proceeded for some miles along the high plateau of Kookfontein or Steinkopf, leaving the mission station on our right, and here the line makes a considerable curve to escape rather a rough piece of country, which would have been the most direct line, but attended with enormous expense. A house of accommodation for travellers exists at Kookfontein, for I should here mention that the Cape Copper Company run regular passenger trains three times a week between Port Nolloth and O'okiep. About twelve miles from Kookfontein we reach the head of a rather steep incline descending the ravine called Ratelpoort, down which we roll by gravity a vertical fall of about six hundred feet in the space of four miles. The sensation would be an agreeable one enough if it was not accompanied by an undefined feeling of danger. Our carriage had two breaks, one before and the other behind, and as it was a new and untried one I was recommended to get out and perch myself on a sort of step behind the carriage, and hold on like grim death; so that in case of any accident I might reach the ground as rapidly as possible, or select a place at least where there was good lying ground. The engineer, Mr. Thwaites, managed the hind break, the driver the fore one. We soon began to spin along pretty lively, and were about half way down when, to my consternation, Mr. Thwaites began to ascertain that his break would not act. This, as we were on the very edge of a deep precipice, was by no means satisfactory; but the carriage was proceeding steadily, although a trifle (for my nerves, at least) too quickly. However, the brake in front acted famously, and by its means we soon arrived at the bottom of the incline all safe and sound. A few miles further on, at a place called Stearfontein, we reached the end of the completed part of the line, when we were met by a cart and four horses, which speedily conveyed us through the Garacoup Pass to O'okiep, a distance of seven or eight miles, passing on the road one of the Company's trial mines, but in which the workings are for the present suspended.

O'okiep is a sort of oasis in one of the barrenest deserts that can

be imagined, and its numerous houses, stores, engine chimneys, &c., are the creation of those immense deposits of mineral wealth which lie hidden below its unpromising surface. I believe I am correct in saying that when the Cape Copper Company was formed, the riches of this mine were very imperfectly ascertained, or the price given by the Company would have been much higher than it was. However that may be, it eventually turned out to be one of the richest copper mines in existence ; and now, at a depth of eighty fathoms, and an immensely increased area of copper producing ground, it not only shows no sign of exhaustion, but is actually richer than ever, having untouched reserves of the very richest ores in the mine calculated at no less than 40,000 tons in sight, and the great mass of the workings have been hitherto confined to the east side of the shaft, where the ore stretches out to an immense distance, while to the west of the shaft it is reasonable to believe that the ore is equally rich, although as yet almost untouched.

Of O'okiep mine and the general administration of the Cape Copper Company, to do it the smallest justice, it would require a very long and separate article to itself. No stranger can imagine the serious responsibilities devolving on the present excellent manager, Mr. E. Carson. He has not only to look after the working operations of the mine, *i.e.*, to get sufficient copper ore not only to the surface, but from O'okiep to Port Nolloth, to load the vessels always anchored there, and anxiously waiting for their freight, but he has to provide for, in the midst of drought of the most intense nature, for the commissariat, in the most extensive sense of the word, of the many hundreds of workmen and sub-officials, both European and Native, employed by the Company, as regards not only their provisions, but also for their shelter, their medical, and even their educational and spiritual wants, for the Company have a staff including besides merely a mining one, one including medical men, civil engineers, clergymen, schoolmasters, &c., capable of ministering to the wants of the vast number of workmen in their employment, who are not neglected in any one point with reference to their benefit, either temporarily or spiritually. Mr. Carson has to provide everything, and sometimes in advance for months he must foresee droughts, and also the continuance of them. He has the anxious task of maintaining his various mule trains, and the difficult one of providing sufficient stores of forage for them ; he must have on the beach at Nolloth supplies of ore to meet the calls of the insatiable merchant men always waiting there for freight. Supplies of fruit and vegetables must be always at hand to prevent a long dreaded outbreak of scurvy amongst the workmen, while his energies are equally taxed to prevent a too liberal supply of alcoholic liquors, which would tend to disorganize the present general good conduct which distinguishes the mining population in the employment of the Company.

In fact, greater responsibilities seldom devolve on the shoulders of any one man. And yet he works them all admirably, everything



goes on as smoothly as possible without a single jar or hitch, all his subordinates work together with a will ; and without any exaggeration, and having myself a small stake in the matter, I must say that the management of the Company could not possibly be in better hands.

The difficulties of managing the Company's affairs are just now increased by the intense drought which has for the two last years afflicted Little Namaqualand, and which has entirely prevented the unfortunate natives from growing corn for their subsistence on the hill tops where they usually get a good crop if any rain falls. In addition to this I regret to say that at O'okiep the mortality amongst them has been excessive, nearly 300 deaths having occurred at that station alone in a population probably not exceeding 1,600 souls, principally from a sort of typhoid fever and the usual effect of famine dysentery. The Company, however, have come nobly to the fore and distributed food amongst the people to the amount of not less than £500 for corn only, besides employing hundreds not only of able-bodied men but women also, who are busily employed breaking up and sorting the ores. I saw at least one tall strapping Namaqua Princess so employed—indeed, if it was not for the relief so afforded, the whole of the native population would have perished during the last few months. We found working at the mines specimens of nearly all the South African races, Damaras, both Berg and Beest, Ovampos, Corannas, Namaquas, Bushmen, East Coast Negroes, Malagashes, &c., besides dozens of Stalwarts, Cornish, and German miners, who, with their families, are located in snug cottages at O'okiep, each cottage with a garden allotment, and prizes given by the Company to whoever shows the best garden at a certain period.

The water supply at O'okiep is nearly all derived from the drainage of the mine, and the strictest analysis cannot detect the slightest trace of copper or any other mineral in it, although it is what is generally known as hard water and seems impregnated with lime or some other alkaline matter. It is, however, favourable for garden purposes, and I saw several very fair specimens of vegetables grown with it, for without constant watering nothing will grow there, and it is not unpleasant to drink. The different buildings are well provided with tanks and cisterns and the mine water is led out for irrigation wherever practicable. All the machinery used in working the mines is of the most superior description and in perfect order, and the Company's workshops have an ample supply of the best lathes and other tools for keeping it so. The Company make no attempt in keeping up any monopoly for the supply of their workpeople. Several large stores exist at O'okiep, the property of private traders, and no restrictions of any kind exist as long as they sell their goods at a fair and reasonable rate, and it has been found beneficial even to abolish the restriction formerly laid on the sale of wine and brandy, as much less drunkenness now exists where liquors are sold more openly than formerly, when their sale was



subject to many restrictions or altogether forbidden, which, as usual, caused much smuggling, &c.

While in Namaqualand, I visited the Original Mining Centre—Springbokfontein, but found it utterly exhausted and the village in ruins, although it is still the seat of the local magistrate, who is there like Crusoe “monarch of all he surveys.” The mines at Concordia are still at work, but with a very small degree of energy. I saw about fifty tons of pyrites are ready for removal, but the parties working it have no dressing machinery of any kind. Indeed, those abandoned mines everywhere present a most melancholy and doleful appearance, and inspire you with a melancholy feeling which the burnt, parched-up appearance of the country leads to increase. At Concordia, however, they are building a large new church, while the existing one was already too large for the congregation using it.

After spending nearly a week at O’okiep, I took my departure with Mr. and Mrs. Carson for Port Nolloth, and with some degree of fear and trembling again embarked on the incline at Klipfontein; but having a lady with us not very long a wife, I argued rightly that the degree of real danger must have been very small indeed, and so it proved: we ran down the incline in about eighteen minutes, and I enjoyed the run exceedingly, arriving safe at the bottom, and in the evening of the second day arrived safely at Port Nolloth, and on the following evening sailed for Cape Town in *Namaqua* No. 2, sur-named the Little, and after a rather rough passage arrived in about sixty hours in the Dock, not at all sorry, I assure you, that my voyage in that very limited craft had come to an end. Although the new Captain with the fine agricultural name of Stubbington, is as jolly and kind-hearted a skipper as I ever sailed with.

H. H.

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### *The Best Food for Man.*

REFERRING to the very able article by “Q. E. D.” in the April number of the *Cape Monthly Magazine* with the above heading, it is my desire, as one of the cooking animals, to enter a protest against the sweeping assertion “that mankind are very much the worse for consuming meat,” and that it is “not essential to the maintenance or prolongation of life.” Now a single instance of the great benefit derived from adhering strictly to a vegetable diet cannot be taken as a proof of the correctness of the hypothesis. I am quite willing to allow that John Bull, and especially the colonial variety of that carnivorous animal, is far too much given to the consumption of beef and mutton; hence his afflictions are chiefly dyspepsia and other allied disorders: but this is no proof that a mixed diet would not be the best after all. “Q. E. D.” quotes his own case as an

illustration, and instances the great benefit he has derived from partaking "*of everything savory at the table except meat.*" I have no manner of doubt but that the change must have been beneficial, especially as he acknowledges to have gone to an extreme the other way, "*eschewing all vegetables except rice and potatoes.*"

"Q. E. D.'s" bill of fare reminds me of an occasion in which I dined with a Roman Catholic friend on a fast day. Some meat was prepared especially for me, but out of respect for the feelings of the family I volunteered to fast with the others. Now I am not a gourmand, but I have a vivid impression of that dinner at the present moment, and if I could afford it I would fast after the same manner at least three days out of the seven. I felt very much as did Betty Cobb (see "*Dodd Family Abroad*") after eating a plate full of potato salad as the legitimate wind up to a Teutonic supper.

There are very few animals in the world, excepting the strictly herbivorous (almost exclusively confined to the various cloven hoofed species), that do not at times indulge in a flesh diet. "Q. E. D." states that "apes do not eat flesh in a state of nature." Now baboons do; they have an especial fancy for scorpions. Dexterously pinching off the tail, which is quickly thrown away, they quietly take up the now harmless animal and devour it with evident relish, much as you, gentle reader, might a shrimp. In the Sneuwbergen the baboons kill and eat lambs, and the farmers have to wage war with them for this reason. Monkeys are proverbially fond of spiders; horses will eat locusts; all birds eat flesh-meat of some kind; and why should not man be allowed to eat flesh in moderation if he can afford it?

It is all very well for scientific men (I have taken a "skunner" at the whole tribe) to tell us that the albumen of vegetables and meat are exactly the same. Granted. Sugar and starch, we are told, are very much the same thing. The plant in growing converts the sugar into starch, which in its turn may be chemically changed into sugar, and in nature is so changed by the germination of the seed; but how would "Q. E. D." like a spoonful of starch in his "*coffee au lait*?"

The natives of this country certainly do live to a considerable extent on grain and milk. The latter is well known to be a perfect food in itself; but what a longing they have for flesh,—as our farmers (especially those who never give their servants meat) know to their cost; and they will eat almost any wild animal, clean or unclean,—monkeys, wild cats, birds of prey, &c.,—to satisfy this longing. Dr. Livingstone, if I recollect aright, witnessed to this intense longing for flesh.

I do, however, know an instance in which a strictly vegetable diet was the means of saving a man's life. His name was Wilson, a discharged soldier, and one of the Auckland grantees. He told me the tale himself. The Government for a time gave the military settlers rations of bread and meat. While this continued, all went "merry as a marriage bell." At last the supplies were stopped, and each man was supposed to be able to support himself out of his garden. The neighbouring town of Alice was soon overstocked with vegetables, having a plentiful supply of its own, so that the unfortunate settlers could not sell, and were therefore bound to eat their vegetables, cooked in every imaginable way. After a time potatoes and cabbage for breakfast, varied by cabbage and potatoes for dinner became monotonous, and Wilson deserted, forfeited his estate, and was not gathered to his fathers, as were most of those unfortunate vegetarians who remained till the war broke out.

I shall say nothing in favour of alcoholic drinks, but I would advise "Q. E. D." to stick to his good old English porter and his vegetable diet, especially out of "Cape breedies," but to add an occasional chop and tomato sauce, though they did bring the renowned Mr. Pickwick into trouble. They need not, however, of necessity be prepared by a widow; or, if the widow is inevitable, they may be ordered verbally, and without committing himself to paper. *Verb. Sap.*

# THE CAPE MONTHLY MAGAZINE

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## Queen Mary.\*

THE announcement that the Poet Laureate was engaged in the study of a special period of English history, with a view to the dramatic treatment of it, was received with general interest and expectation; and at the same time with not a little misgiving on the part of his professed admirers. All who know the style of the poet's work—his ready command of the noble music of our English speech, his rare power in the analysis, and exquisite felicity in the description, of character—will agree that one portion of the dramatist's duty might safely be committed to his hands. The characters of the actors would be clearly and delicately drawn. The completeness of each individual portrait was assured. The richly illuminated canvass from which the figures of Arthurian romance stand out in such vivid brilliancy was the guarantee that each part in itself would be faithfully and elaborately finished. But for the successful dramatic treatment of a great subject it was felt that powers are requisite of a different order from those by which the Laureate has raised himself into the ranks of our great poets. It is not sufficient that the dramatist should have the genius to comprehend and the skill to delineate each separate character. He must be able to bring them into harmonious relation with each other. Each character in a drama is to be regarded as a constituent element in the unity of the whole; and the true function of the dramatist is displayed in the combination of his various elements, so that each shall contribute to the organic completeness of a structure "fitly joined together, and compacted by that which every joint supplieth."

There was a general impression, therefore, that Tennyson was doing a bold thing when he set himself to a task in which Wordsworth had signally failed, in which Coleridge, Byron, and Shelley had achieved a questionable success, and which Milton had left altogether unattempted. As yet, the Laureate had given no proof of dramatic power. His genius is essentially lyric. Of music and picture and "linked sweetness long drawn out," there is abundance

\* Queen Mary: a Drama, by Alfred Tennyson. Henry King & Co., London, 1875.  
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in the volumes which have made his reputation. But they give little indication of that higher and rarer power which shaped the stately creations of Æschylus, and dwelt in the serene soul of Shakespeare.

In the selection of his subject, moreover, Mr. Tennyson was inevitably suggesting, if not distinctly inviting, a comparison of his own work with some of the highest and most successful efforts of dramatic genius. Shakespeare has taught us how possible it is to transfigure the ordinary facts and familiar characters of English history by the magic touch of the enchanter's wand. The leading features and the great men of English story live for all coming ages in that series of historical dramas which commences with King John and closes with Henry the Eighth. The modern poet is clearly challenging a comparison with his illustrious predecessor when he selects the next—or almost the next—in the succession of English sovereigns for the subject of his drama.

The work is now before the world, and the critics have already begun their dissection and appraisal of it. Opinions vary, from the extreme of enthusiastic laudation—predicting for “Queen Mary” a final place in English literature second only to the historical plays of Shakespeare—to scarcely disguised disappointment, and a significant hint to the poet that the success of the experiment is not such as to justify its repetition. Our own judgment—which we offer with unfeigned diffidence—will appear in the course of our notice. We share neither the enthusiasm of vehement admirers, nor the disappointment of those who speak of its failure. We will only say here that “Queen Mary” is in many respects worthy of the high reputation of its author; that it contains many passages of conspicuous beauty and great power; that the artistic finish of the whole work, and the delicate delineation of each character, are such as we expect from so consummate a workman;—and yet, that it falls short of being in the true sense a great drama.

The first impression we have on reading the work is that the poet has made a careful and patient study of the period with which he is dealing; and this impression is sustained and deepened on reference to the history of the times. Mr. Froude's graphic narrative has evidently been to Tennyson what the chronicles of Hollinshed were to Shakespeare, or the *Mort d'Arthur* to the author of the “*Idylls of the King*.” “Queen Mary” is more than an historical drama; it is dramatic history. It is not only that the spirit of the times is caught, and the conflicting opinions of that troubled age fairly represented; but the men and women themselves are before us, in positions which we know them to have filled, and with words that they have actually spoken. The ambassadors of France and Spain, jealously watching in the interests of their sovereigns; Elizabeth, with the careful reticence imposed upon her by her difficult and dangerous position, yet with an occasional flash of her own imperious will and the proud Tudor



temper ; Philip, cold, haughty, contemptuous of all in England and England's Queen, save their crown ; the Martyrs, whose story is the saddest and most tragic in the History of England ; above all, the poor Queen, with her alternate fits of love and jealousy, hope and despair,—they all come before us, not as the poet's imagination conceives that they might have been, but as history records that they were. Especially in the more impressive scenes—as, for example, the trial and condemnation of Cranmer—the historical narrative is minutely followed ; and if less scope is thus allowed for the creative imagination of the poet, he has ample room for the exercise of his judgment in the selection of his material and the exclusion of anything that would interfere with the artistic symmetry and dramatic unity of the whole.

We shall now proceed to give our readers some description of the drama in its principal features and characters ; and we propose to quote here and there passages from Mr. Froude's picturesque narrative to illustrate the relation between his "History" and the poet's drama.

In the first scene, the Queen and her sister Elizabeth pass in procession through "Aldgate, richly decorated." The scene contains little that is noteworthy beyond the skill with which it introduces, in the brief conversations of "citizens" and "gentlemen" who witness the procession, many of the questions which divided public opinion, and around which the main interest and action of the drama are gathered. In the next scene, Archbishop Cranmer resists the earnest entreaties of his friend, Peter Martyr—one of the numerous refugees whom the leniency of the preceding reign had attracted to England—to save himself by flight. A touching picture of the "boy-king" who preceded Mary is drawn with great beauty.

The wan boy-king, with his fast-fading eyes  
Fixt hard on mine, his frail transparent hand,  
Damp with the sweat of death, and griping mine,  
Whisper'd me, if I loved him, not to yield  
His Church of England to the Papal wolf  
And Mary.

The action in the third scene is more vigorous, and carries us into the very heart of the conflict of religious opinions and political interests. Father Bourne, the chaplain of Mary, addresses a crowd of Protestants at St. Paul's cross, and is only saved from assassination by the courage of Courtenay, son of the executed Marquis of Exeter, and great-grandson of Edward IV. This nobleman, at the bidding of his mother, carries the priest out of the reach of the crowd, which he has exasperated to fury by an allusion to Bonner. The story is thus told by Mr. Froude :—

"Bourne, whom the Queen had appointed her chaplain, preached at Paul's Cross. A crowd of refugees and English fanatics had collected round the pulpit ; and when he spoke something in praise of Bonner, and



said that he had been unjustly imprisoned, yells arose of "Papist! Papist! Tear him down!" A dagger was hurled at the preacher, swords were drawn; the Mayor attempted to interfere, but he could not make his way through the dense mass of the rioters; and Bourne would have paid for his rashness with his life had not Courtenay, who was a popular favourite, with his mother, the Marchioness of Exeter, thrown themselves on the pulpit steps, while Bradford sprung to his side and kept the people back till he could be carried off."—Froude's *History of England*, vi., p. 61.

Meanwhile Noailles, the French ambassador, foreseeing the danger to Mary from the presence of Elizabeth, takes the opportunity of this assembly at Paul's Cross to scatter inflammatory placards among the people, and darkly hints to Courtenay that by dexterous management the Crown might be his own. The Frenchman's unscrupulous policy is thus succinctly expressed:—

If Elizabeth lose her head,  
That makes for France.  
And if her people, anger'd thereupon,  
Arise against her and dethrone the Queen,  
That makes for France.  
And if I breed confusion any way,  
That makes for France.

Elizabeth comes on the stage in the next scene, and the poet has shown great skill in the management of her conversations with Courtenay, and afterwards with Lord Howard, bringing out very strikingly the calm, keen, searching power of the woman who was destined to rule England with such dazzling splendour. The following passage is admirable. Howard is dissuading her from listening to overtures from Courtenay, and at the same time anxious to know exactly how she is inclined towards him:—

*Howard.*—Was that my Lord of Devon? Don't you  
Be seen in corners with my Lord of Devon.  
He has fallen out of favour with the Queen.

\*                      \*                      \*                      \*

The disaffected, heretics, reformers,  
Look to you as the one to crown their ends.  
Mix not yourself with any plot I pray you.  
Nay, if by chance you hear of any such,  
Speak not thereof—no, not to your best friend,  
Lest you should be confounded with it. Still—  
*Perinde ac cadaver*—as the priest says,  
You know your Latin—quiet as a dead body.  
What was my Lord of Devon telling you?

*Elizabeth.*—Whether he told me anything or not,  
I follow your good counsel, gracious uncle.  
Quiet as a dead body.

*Howard.*—You do right well.  
I do not care to know; but this I charge you,

Tell Courtenay nothing. The Lord Chancellor  
(I count it as a kind of virtue in him,  
He hath not many) as a mastiff dog  
May love a puppy cur for no more reason  
Than that the twain have been tied up together ;  
Thus Gardiner—for the two were fellow-prisoners  
So many years in yon accursed tower—  
Hath taken to this Courtenay. Look to it, niece :  
He hath no fence when Gardiner questions him ;  
All oozes out ; yet him—because they know him  
The last White Rose, the last Plantagenet  
(Nay, there is Cardinal Pole, too), the people  
Claim as their natural leader—ay, some say  
That you shall marry him, make him King belike.

*Elizabeth.*—Do they say so, good uncle ?

*Howard.*— Ay, good niece !

You should be plain and open with me, niecee.

You should not play upon me.

*Elizabeth.*—

No, good uncle.

In striking contrast with this calm self-possession of Elizabeth is the half-ludicrous half-pathetic restlessness of Mary in the expectation of a formal offer of Philip's hand in marriage. She has her lover's miniature, which she insists upon showing to all about her—to her attendant, to the Lord-Chancellor Gardiner, to Noailles, the French Ambassador, and Renard, the Ambassador of Spain. Only from Renard does she hear a word in praise of Philip. From motives of policy he does all in his power to bring about the accomplishment of her passionate prayer,—

Holy Virgin,

Plead with thy blessed son ; grant me my prayer ;  
Give me my Philip ; and we two will lead  
The living waters of the Faith again  
Back thro' their widow'd channel here, and watch  
The parch'd banks rolling incense, as of old,  
To heaven, and kindled with the palms of Christ.

There is great skill and beauty shown in describing the enthusiastic vehemence of her passion. The name, the thought, the suggestion of Philip, is enough to send the poor Queen into an ecstasy. "The Prince," says Renard,

"Yearns to set foot upon your island shore."

To which she replies in these fine lines :—

God change the pebble which his kingly foot  
First presses into some more costly stone  
Than ever blinded eye. I'll have one mark it,  
And bring it me. I'll have it burnished firelike ;  
I'll set it round with gold, with pearl, with diamond.  
Let the great angel of the church come with him ;  
Stand on the deck and spread his wings for sail !  
God lay the waves and strow the storms at sea,  
And here at land among the people.

Another reference to Philip by Renard suggests one of the most highly wrought passages in the play. "At his coming," says the crafty Spaniard, "your star will rise."

*Mary.*—My star ! a baleful one.

I see but the black night, and hear the wolf.

What star ?

*Renard.*—Your star will be your princely son,

Heir of this England and the Netherlands ;

And if your wolf the while should howl for more,

We'll dust him from a bag of Spanish gold.

Mary abruptly changes the subject ; but later on, when the vision called up by Renard seems about to be realized, she recalls the image and breaks out into this triumphant rapture :—

He hath awaked ! he hath awaked !

He stirs within the darkness !

Oh, Philip, husband ! now thy love to mine

Will cling more close, and those bleak manners thaw,

That make me shamed and tongue-tied in my love.

The second Prince of Peace—

The great unborn defender of the Faith,

Who will avenge me of mine enemies—

He comes, and my star rises.

The stormy Wyatts and Northumberland,

The proud ambitions of Elizabeth,

And all her fieriest partisans—are pale

Before my star !

The light of this new learning wanes and dies ;

The ghosts of Luther and Zuinglius fade

Into the deathless hell which is their doom

Before my star !

His sceptre shall go forth from Ind to Ind !

His sword shall hew the heretic peoples down !

His faith shall clothe the world that will be his,

Like universal air and sunshine ! open,

Ye everlasting gates ! the King is here !

My star, my son !

The whole conception of the character of Mary is founded upon the view that she was a mere instrument, played upon at will by the designing emissaries of the Papal Court. Men like Gardiner and Pole, Renard and De Feria, knew how to work upon her fears and weaknesses. Upon the first of these men Mr. Froude lays but a small part of the guilt of the Marian persecution ; the main portion of it rests upon Pole. This view is accepted by the poet, who succeeds in drawing out feelings of compassion at least towards the unhappy Queen, of whom Mr. Froude says, that though in the few years of her reign "she had swathed her name in the horrid epithet which will cling to it for ever," yet "from the passions which in general

tempt sovereigns into crime she was entirely free, and few men or women have lived less capable of doing knowingly a wrong thing." (History VI., 528).

The greater part of the second act is occupied with the insurrections against the Government, headed by Sir Thomas Wyatt, and supported by France. Our space forbids quotation ; but in this part of the drama, we are inclined to think, will be found an unusually large number of what Coleridge somewhere calls "single lines of sinewy strength." We must find room, however, for the following exquisite picture (from the 3rd Act) of one of the earliest victims of the unrelenting spirit which swayed the counsels of the Court—the beautiful and accomplished Jane Grey :—

Seventeen—and knew eight languages—in music  
Peerless—her needle perfect, and her learning  
Beyond the Churchmen ; yet so meek, so modest,  
So wife-like humble to the trivial boy  
Mismatch'd with her for policy ! I have heard  
She would not take a last farewell of him,  
She feared it might unman him for his end.  
She could not be unmann'd—no, nor outwoman'd—  
Seventeen—a rose of grace !  
Girl never breathed to rival such a rose ;  
Rose never blew that equall'd such a bud.

We cannot follow with any minuteness the scenes in which Sir Ralph Bagenhall and other members of the Commons speak for the heart of the English people ; or that in which Gardiner, Pole, and Bonner represent the ecclesiastical policy of the Government and the fierce intolerance of the Romish Church. The workmanship throughout is very thorough and careful ; and some passages—Pole's description, for instance, of the progress of the royal barge up the Thames (Act III, Scene 2)—are in the poet's finest descriptive manner. The last scene in this act represents Elizabeth at Woodstock, chafing somewhat under the enforced seclusion—petulant, yet ever courteous at heart and queenly in bearing. As a study of character, and a piece of literary work, it seems to us to possess merit of a very high order. The strain and anxiety of the Princess are lessened—as the severity of the scene is relieved—by the "Milkmaid's Song." Its simplicity alike heightens, and is heightened by, its stern surroundings.

Milkmaid (*singing without*).

Shame upon you, Robin,  
Shame upon you now !  
Kiss me would you ? with my hands  
Milking the cow ?  
Daisies grow again,  
Kingcups blow again,  
And you came and kiss'd me milking the cow ;

Robin came behind me,  
 Kiss'd me well I vow ;  
 Cuff him could I ? with my hands  
 Milking the cow ?  
 Swallows fly again,  
 Cuckoos cry again,  
 And you came and kiss'd me milking the cow.

Come, Robin, Robin,  
 Come and kiss me now ;  
 Help it can I ? with my hands  
 Milking the cow ?  
 Ringdoves coo again,  
 All things woo again,  
 Come behind and kiss me milking the cow !

But, beyond all question, the main interest of the drama is in the last two acts, and gathers around the Martyrs of the Persecution, and the last days of the Queen. The 4th Act opens with the eloquent and touching pleadings of Lord Howard and Bishop Thirlby for the life of Cranmer. Mary—that is, Pole—is inexorable :—

All your voices  
 Are waves on flint. The heretic must burn.  
 It is God's will, the Holy Father's will,  
 And Philip's will, and mine, that he should burn.  
 He is pronounced anathema.

In spite of his recantation, he is delivered over to the secular arm. The burning of Ridley and Latimer (Oct. 16, 1555), had been witnessed by Cranmer ; and the recollection of that terrible scene, his own long imprisonment, physical weakness, a sense of utter loneliness, and the promises and importunities of the Romanists, combined “to wear into the firmness of a many-sided, susceptible nature.” The scene of the 16th of October is thus alluded to by the imprisoned Archbishop :—

Fire—inch by inch to die in agony ! Latimer  
 Had a brief end—not Ridley. Hooper burn'd  
 Three quarters of an hour. Will my faggots  
 Be wet as his were ? It is a day of rain.  
 I will not muse upon it.  
 My fancy takes the burner's part, and makes  
 The fire seem crueller than it is.

And is described by Howard in these touching lines ;—

*Paget.*—And you saw Latimer and Ridley die ?  
 Latimer was eighty, was he not ? His best  
 Of life was over then.

*Howard.*—His eighty years  
 Look'd somewhat crooked on him in his frieze ;  
 But after they had stript him to his shroud,  
 He stood upright, a lad of twenty-one,



And gather'd with his hands the starting flame,  
And washed his hands and all his face therein,  
Until the powder suddenly blew him dead.  
Ridley was longer burning ; but he died  
As manfully and boldly, and 'fore God,  
I know them heretics, but right English ones.  
If ever, as heaven grant, we clash with Spain,  
Our Ridley-soldiers and our Latimer-sailors  
Will teach them something.

They did *teach them something* in the next reign.

Mr. Froude's description of Latimer as he stood before the Bishops who condemned him, and his comment upon the scene, are deeply impressive :—

Ridley withdrew, and Latimer was then introduced—eighty years old now—dressed in an old thread-bare gown of Bristol frieze, a handkerchief on his head, with a nightcap over it, and over that again another cap, with two broad flaps buttoned under the chin. A leather belt was round his waist, to which a Testament was attached ; his spectacles, without a case, hung from his neck. So stood the greatest man perhaps then living in the world, a prisoner on his trial, waiting to be condemned to death by men professing to be the ministers of God. As it was in the days of the prophets, so it was in the Son of man's days ; as it was in the days of the Son of man, so was it in the Reformers' days ; as it was in the days of the Reformers, so will it be to the end, so long and so far as a class of men are permitted to hold power, who call themselves the commissioned and authoritative teachers of truth."

Arrived at the stake—

"Latimer . . . . threw off his cloak, stood bolt upright in his shroud, and the friends took their places on either side of the stake.

"O Heavenly Father," Ridley said, "I give unto Thee most humble thanks for that Thou hast called me to be a professor of Thee even unto death. Have mercy, O Lord, on this realm of England, and deliver the same from all her enemies."

A chain was passed round their bodies, and fastened with a staple.

A friend brought a bag of powder, and hung it round Ridley's neck.

"I will take it to be sent of God," Ridley said. "Have you more, for my brother ?"

"Yea, sir," the friend answered.

"Give it him betimes, then," Ridley replied, "lest ye be too late."

The fire was then brought. To the last moment, Ridley was distressed about the leases, and, bound as he was, he entreated Lord Williams to intercede with the Queen about them.

"I will remember your suit," Lord Williams answered. The lighted torch was laid to the faggots. "Be of good comfort, Master Ridley," Latimer cried, at the crackling of the flames. "Play the man : we shall this day light such a candle, by God's grace, in England, as I trust shall never be put out."

"*In manus tuas, Domine, commendo spiritum meum,*" cried Ridley. "*Domine, recipe spiritum meum.*"

"O Father of Heaven," said Latimer, on the other side, "receive my soul."

Latimer died first : as the flames blazed up about him, he bathed his hands in it, and stroked his face. The powder exploded, and he became instantly senseless.

His companion was less fortunate. The sticks had been piled too thickly over the gorse that was under them ; the fire smouldered round his legs, and the sensation of suffering was unusually protracted. "I cannot burn," he called. "Lord have mercy on me ; let the fire come to me ; I cannot burn." His brother-in-law, with awkward kindness, threw on more wood, which only kept down the flame. At last, some one lifted the pile with "a bill," and let in the air ; the red tongues of fire shot up fiercely ; Ridley wrested himself into the middle of them, and the powder did its work. (Vol. vi., pp. 382—388).

Cranmer's own martyrdom was not long delayed. He was burnt at Oxford on the 21st of March in the next year. The address of Cranmer to the people was delivered in St. Mary's Church, from a high stage, upon which he mounted amidst the tears of many of the spectators. The address is given *in extenso* by Mr. Froude, and reproduced with faithful, and often with literal, accuracy by the dramatist. Our space will not admit of long quotation. We must be content with a few lines. The historian says, quoting the words of Cranmer, "Every man desireth, good people, at the time of his death, to give some good exhortation that others may remember after his death, and be the better thereby ; for one word spoken of a man at his last end will be more remembered than the sermons made of them that live and remain." The poet's version of this simple statement is in very admirable lines :—

Good people, every man at time of death  
Would fain set forth some saying that may live  
After his death and better humankind :  
For death gives life's last word a power to live,  
And, like the stone-cut epitaph, remain  
After the vanish'd voice, and speak to man.

The concluding words of the address, as given by Mr. Froude, are these,—

And now I come to the great thing that troubleth my conscience more than anything that ever I said or did in my life, and that is the setting abroad of writings contrary to the truth, which here I now renounce and refuse, as things written with my hand contrary to the truth which I thought in my heart, and written for fear of death to save my life, if it might be ; and that is, all such bills and papers as I have written and signed with my hand since my degradation, wherein I have written many things untrue ; and forasmuch as my hand offended in writing contrary to my heart, my hand therefore shall first be punished ; for if I may come to the fire, it shall be the first burnt. As for the Pope, I utterly refuse him, as Christ's enemy and Antichrist, with all his false doctrine ; and as for the Sacrament, I believe as I have taught in my book against the Bishop of Winchester (vi. 427-8).

The paraphrase is well nigh literal,—

And now I come to the great cause that weighs  
Upon my conscience more than anything  
Or said or done in all my life by me ;  
For there be writings I have set abroad  
Against the truth I knew within my heart,  
Written for fear of death, to save my life,  
If that might be ; the papers by my hand  
Sign'd since my degradation—by this hand

*[Holding out his right hand.]*

Written and sign'd—I here renounce them all ;  
And, since my hand offended, having written  
Against my heart, my hand shall first be burnt,  
So I may come to the fire.  
As for the Pope, I count him Antichrist,  
With all his devil's doctrines ; and refuse,  
Reject him, and abhor him. I have said.

One phase at least of the popular feeling occasioned by this reign of horrors is shown in the conversation of Tib and Joan, two country crones who have come up to see the burning.

*Tib.*—I cum behind tha, gall, and couldn't make tha hear. Eh, the wind and the wet ! What a day, what a day ! nigh upo' judgement daay loike. Pwoaps be pretty things, Joan, but they wunt set i' the Lords' cheer o' that daay.

*Joan.*—\* \* \* Eh, but I do know ez Pwoaps and vires be bad things ; tell 'ee now, I heerd summat as summun towld summun o' owld Bishop Gardiner's end ; there wur an owld lord a-cum to dine wi' un, and a wur so owld a couldn't bide vor his dinner, but a had to bide howsomiver, vor "I wunt dine," says my Lord Bishop, says he, "not till I hears ez Latimer and Ridley be a-vire ;" and so they bided on and on till vour o' the clock, till his man cum in post vro' here, and tells un ez the vire has tuk holt, "Now," says the bishop, says he, "we'll gwo to dinner ;" and the owld lord fell to 's meat wi' a will, God bless un ; but Gardiner wur struck down like by the hand o' God avore a could taste a mossel, and a set him all a-vire, so 'z the tongue on un cum a-lolluping out of his mouth as black as a rat. Thank the Lord, therevore.

*Paget.*—The fools !

*Tib.*—Ay, Joan ; and Queen Mary gwoes on a-burnin' and a-burnin', to git her baaby born ; but all her burnins' 'ill never burn out the hypocrisy that makes the water in her. There's nought but the vire of God's hell ez can burn out that.

*Joan.*—Thank the Lord, therevore.

*Paget.*—The fools !

*Tib.*—A-burnin', and a-burnin', and a-makin' o' volk madder and madder ; but tek thou my word vor't, Joan,—and I bean't wrong not twice i' ten year,—the burnin' o' the owld archbishop 'ill burn the Pwoap out o' this 'ere land vor iver and iver.

The scene at the end is described in verses of solemn beauty by an eye-witness,—

*Peters.*—You saw him how he past among the crowd ;  
And ever as he walk'd the Spanish friars

Still plied him with entreaty and reproach :  
 But Cranmer, as the helmsman at the helm  
 Steers, ever looking to the happy haven  
 Where he shall rest at night, moved to his death ;  
 And I could see that many silent hands  
 Came from the crowd and met his own ; and thus,  
 When we had come where Ridley burnt with Latimer,  
 He, with a cheerful smile, as one whose mind  
 Is all made up, in haste put off the rags  
 They had mock'd his misery with, and all in white,  
 His long white beard, which he had never shaven  
 Since Henry's death, down sweeping to the chain  
 Wherewith they bound him to the stake, he stood,  
 More like an ancient father of the Church,  
 Than heretic of these times ; and still the friars  
 Plied him, but Cranmer only shook his head,  
 Or answered them in smiling negatives ;  
 Whereat Lord Williams gave a sudden cry :—  
 " Make short ! make short ! " and so they lit the wood.  
 Then Cranmer lifted his left hand to heaven,  
 And thrust his right into the bitter flame ;  
 And crying, in his deep voice, more than once,  
 " This hath offended—this unworthy hand ! "  
 So held it till it all was burn'd, before  
 The flame had reached his body ; I stood near—  
 Mark'd him—he never uttered moan of pain :  
 He never stirr'd or writhed, but, like a statue,  
 Unmoving in the greatness of the flame,  
 Gave up the ghost ; and so past martyr-like—  
 Martyr I may not call him—past—but whither ?

*Paget.*—To purgatory, man, to purgatory.

*Peters.*—Nay, but, my Lord, he denied purgatory.

*Paget.*—Why then to heaven, and God ha' mercy on him.

*Howard.*—*Paget*, despite his fearful heresies,  
 I loved the man, and needs must moan for him ;  
 O Cranmer !

*Paget.*— But your moan is useless now :  
 Come out, my Lord, it is a world of fools.

The close of Mary's life was utterly wretched. " Her Philip " was the one prop of her troubled heart, the one thing that stood between her and despair. When he failed her, she sank into the gloom which soon settled into the night of death. She loved the man with a fierce, passionate, jealous love, and knew at length that it was wasted on that cold, proud, selfish nature. A scene like the following could not fail to crush the hope out of the most enduring love :—

*Philip.*— Well, I am going.

*Mary.*— O, Philip !

Nay, must you go indeed ?

The parting of a husband and a wife

Is like the cleaving of a heart ; one half  
Will flutter here, one there.

\* \* \* \* \*

*Philip.*—Then one day more to please Her Majesty.

*Mary.*—The sunshine sweeps across my life again.

O if I knew you felt this parting, Philip,  
As I do !

*Philip.*— By St. James I do protest,  
Upon the faith and honour of a Spaniard,  
I am vastly grieved to leave your Majesty.  
Simon, *is supper ready ?*

The impression of Mary's misery is deepened by one of those vivid contrasts for which Tennyson has so keen an eye, and which he knows how to use with such telling effect. The Lady Clarence is doing what she can to bind up the broken heart :—

I trust that God will make you happy yet.

*Mary.*—What is the strange thing happiness ? Sit down here :  
Tell me thine happiest hour.

*Lady Clarence.*— I will, if that  
May make your Grace forget yourself a little.  
There runs a shallow brook across our field  
For twenty miles, where the black crow flies five,  
And doth so bound and babble all the way  
As if itself were happy. It was May-time,  
And I was walking with the man I loved.  
I loved him, but I thought I was not loved.  
And both were silent, letting the wild brook  
Speak for us—till he stoop'd and gather'd one  
From out a bed of thick forget-me-nots,  
Look'd hard and sweet at me, and gave it me,  
I took it, tho' I did not know I took it,  
And put it in my bosom, and all at once  
I felt his arms about me, and his lips—

This is very perfect. It is the first half of a well-known line in the Princess, "deep as first love." Poor Mary's "lute-song" is the other half of the same line—"wild with all regret"—

Hapless doom of woman happy in betrothing !  
Beauty passes like a breath and love is lost in loathing :  
Low, my lute ; speak low, my lute, but say the world is nothing—  
Low, lute, low !

Love will hover round the flowers when they first awaken ;  
Love will fly the fallen leaf, and not be overtaken ;  
Low, my lute ! oh low, my lute ! we fade and are forsaken—  
Low, dear lute, low !

As we close the volume, we are more than half inclined to recall the statement that "Queen Mary" is not in the true sense a great drama. It will not rank with those matchless efforts of a genius



which has lifted three or four of the plays of Shakespeare into a place by themselves—as high above his other dramas as these are above the average level of the Elizabethan drama. Such dramas as *Hamlet* and *Lear* stand apart in the majesty and grandeur of the character which is the sole and absorbing centre of interest. There is nothing in all literature to be compared with them. It is not with these great efforts of creative imagination, but with the average historical plays of Shakespeare, that “Queen Mary” will be compared, and perhaps not very far below these that it will ultimately take its place. If not a great drama, it is a splendid dramatic study. It will not, indeed, draw the plaudits of an age whose taste is corrupted by the modern sensational drama. But it will gain the approval of the “fit audience, though few,” with whom the final verdict in literature must ever rest.”

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### *Consolation.*

*(From Lamartine.)*

Drop, softly drop, O tear,  
And on the cold earth rest ;  
No faithful hand to stay thy fall,  
No sympathising breast.

Drop, as the idle rains,  
That on the hard rock beat,  
Where breath of drying wind ne'er comes,  
Nor sun's expanding heat.

What matters to the world  
A brother's broken heart ?  
They cannot hear the cry of pain,  
They cannot feel the smart.

For them no heavenward sigh,  
No tearful complaints rise up ;  
No darkling visions taint their hopes,  
No drop of gall their cup.

The fickle crowds that smile  
Before me as they go,  
Will never need a voice to cry,  
“We share a common woe.”

Away then with appeals  
 To other hearts address,  
 I'll hide my forehead in my hands,  
 My sorrow in my breast.

So when abandoned souls  
 The garb of mourning wear ;  
 When earth gives nothing more to hope,  
 Adds nothing to despair ;

When friendship turns and shuns  
 The course that once impelled it ;  
 When breaks the once supporting staff,  
 And tears the hand that held it ;

When feeble souls that dread  
 Misfortune's blighting spell,  
 Turn round and leave their fellow men  
 Alone his griefs to tell.

When from the coming years  
 We nothing hope to gain ;  
 When e'en the bread we eat is mixed  
 With bitterness and pain :

Then in my inmost soul  
 Thy voice, O God, I hear ;  
 Then comes Thy hand my burdened heart  
 To lighten and to cheer.

Then when no other voice  
 But thine can reach our hearts,  
 The solace that nought else can give,  
 Thy blessed Word imparts.

Then gently clasped within  
 Thy mighty arms' embrace,  
 We hear the puzzled world inquire,  
 "What means that joy-lit face ?"

Then on the wings of prayer  
 Our spirits heavenward soar ;  
 Then 'neath their dewy lids we lift  
 Our tearless eyes once more.

Like as when showers have fallen  
 On branch and rocky dell,  
 One drop may linger in the shade  
 Till genial beams dispel.

J. G.

## More Letters from the "Challenger."

BY COMMANDER MACLEAR, R.N.

The following further batch of letters, alike interesting and valuable, and bringing down the narrative to the very latest date at Yokohama, have been forwarded to us by members of the Commander's family for publication in the *Cape Monthly Magazine*.—ED.]

We left Hong Kong on January 6th, as you know, and went to Manilla, Zebu, and Zamboagan. At Manilla I found an observatory, kept by the Jesuits. Of course I visited it, and got from the Fathers *seven years' meteorological observations*, besides other information. I also found that they had a very good set of magnetical instruments, the same as ours, sent them by Father Perry, but put away on a shelf because no one knew how to use them. I repaired them, put them in order, and spent two days teaching the Professor of Physics how to use them, for Manilla is an important station for observations. You must know that I am coming to the conclusion that the earth's magnetism is on the outer crust, and extends very little way down. Observations in a volcanic country like the Philippines might prove useful; in any case it would be the most eastern observatory of the globe, and if disturbances come from other bodies than our own, should be the first to notice them. Leaving Manilla on the 14th, we arrived at Zebu on the 18th, and remained our usual five days to get the rates of the chronometers, and obtain the exact longitude. Zebu is much like Ilo Ilo, a pleasant little Spanish place, with a governor, military commandant, and a few English merchants,—branches of Manilla houses. It was a relief to them to have so many Englishmen about, and we met constantly. The Consul gave a ball. We had to wait from nine (the time we were asked) till about ten, when the first lady made her appearance: this is fashionable. The interim we spent walking up and down the ball-room smoking: such is also the fashion. On the 30th January we swung for the magnetic effect of the ship's iron on the compasses, as we did in Table Bay on December 12th. I wanted to swing on the same spot near the magnetic equator after a stay south, and also after a stay north. The result has justified my expectations that the effect would not be the same, but the calculations to get exactly the different way the hard iron and the soft are affected are difficult and complicated, but will be very useful when finished. It was a chance not to be neglected. We anchored at Zamboagan again the same night, and pitched our tent on shore in a *cocoa mat* near a large pigstye and for the next few days had diversions from observations in chasing the pigs and dogs out of the compound. They were very inquisitive. We filled up our main deck with coal, bought pigs and goats to stock islands with, and finally left on the 5th February. Since then our cruise has been

particularly dull. On looking over the journal I see nothing but—"soundings in 2,000 fathoms, &c., the temperature below, &c. My forecasts of two months' rains verified also; the preparing the awning and glass windows to the ports, &c. Our looking for Carteret reef and not finding it, but getting 2,100 fathoms on the site, and seeing several whales; but Carteret, we know, was often wrong in his longitude." All such is the journal till the 16th February, when we anchored in Humboldt Bay, New Guinea. The natives were exceedingly wild, and nothing would induce them to come on board, but they were anxious to barter everything they had with them,—their bows and arrows, their ornaments and all for "Segar," which appears to mean iron, and we drove a good trade with pieces of old hoop, until one of us rashly exposed a trade hatchet, worth 1s. 6d. There was a great cry from all the natives, which I have no doubt was very like a lot of children calling out "me too," when some tempting toy has been displayed. After that we could only trade in axes and knives; but you can well understand that "trade" axes and knives are very cheap. I bought four or five of their hatchets. A piece of hard, green stone is let into a stick, and this again into another stick; so they have a sort of adze chopper. The stone is not very sharp, but it is wonderful what use they make of such a rough tool. All their canoes are hollowed out with them. Many wore wigs, huge masses of hair (some said they were made of the under feathers of the cassowary) stuck full of white and red feathers, a pair of tusks thrust through the nose, and a huge mouth made a well-dressed dandy a terrible object to meet in a dark lane. Then they turned out great thieves, and gave trouble by taking things out of the boats, threatening at the same time to shoot with their bows at any alarm or provocation. I think the whole of the males of the village must have turned out, for we had about fifty canoes, averaging five men in each, alongside; and apparently they left the women to take care of the village, for when the Captain went there in the pinnace all the women came out with bows, the arrows fitted, and would not let him land there. We were anxious to examine the village, for it was built on piles in the sea, and put one in mind of the lake dwellings lately discovered. The canoes, at a distance, molested our boats that were trying to survey, so that we would either have to fire on them or give up, and the Captain decided on leaving, for it would take a week's patience with them to let them quietly understand us, and we could not afford that, so we left. \* \* \* March 26th, east of Ladrones. This seems the longest and most tiresome cruise we have had yet. Even the antarctic cruise, which exceeded it in length, never was so monotonous,—perpetually at sea, light winds, smooth water, and constant rain; yet we cannot steam, for we want the coal for sounding and dredging, and we have only just enough to let us complete the line to Japan. Oh for a clear south-easter to freshen us up. Really we generally look very washed out. It has

been noticed, both in men and officers, how white they look, whilst in the antarctic they looked black. I remember one man turned as black as a sweep. There is very little to tell about our late doings. Would you like a page from the sounding book, and learn that the trawl was put over at 10.30 a.m., five miles of rope reeved, hove in at 2.30 p.m., and brought up globigerinæ, foraminifera, bryozoa, a crimson schigopal, but no umbellularia nor crinoids? There, ring the changes on that, and you have our journal. I must record that two days ago we made the most successful deep sounding ever obtained, 4,475 fathoms or 26,850 feet. Compare that with Table Mountain, and there is a sounding for you! Our last sounding had only given about 2,500 fathoms, so we could not understand it when the line kept running out. We checked it three or four times, but evidently there was still a great strain, so we let go again. At last when nearly 4,000 fathoms were out we pulled up and found one thermometer smashed by the pressure (nearly four tons on the square inch). We determined to verify this, and so sent down the weights again, with about four cwt. to make it go quick, and two more thermometers, and then got a very good sounding, 4,475 fathoms, but both thermometers broken by the pressure. What a hole it must be! Another great event is that to-day we have seen a ship (the first for ten weeks; it seems like ten months), the *John Nicholson*. We are now in the track of the vessels from Australia to China. Now, I suppose, you would like an account of our visit to the savages of Admiralty Island one of the few places in the world really quite unknown. After leaving New Guinea we kept on the eastward, and determined to make for an anchorage seen on the coast of Admiralty Island by D'Entrecasteaux about eighty years ago. After a little difficulty—for it was very thick and rainy,—we found it on the 3rd March, and seeing there was an anchorage, determined to remain a few days and examine the place. We were soon surrounded by natives, wild looking men, but slightly better than the New Guinea men. We induced some to come on board, and they seemed wild with astonishment. One man especially gave a whoop, and slapped his thigh whenever anything new was discovered, as a man might say "darn my buttons." They seemed to think our faces were painted. One came up to me, examined my white boots, white trousers, white coat (for we wear all white in the tropics), and then cautiously pulled up my trousers, and when he saw the white skin gave a great exclamation and called his fellows to come and look also. These people had no bows, but their canoes were full of darts tipped with obsidian. We soon became friendly enough to go into the village and walk about where we liked, but we always carried arms, for like the New Guinea men they were childishly passionate, and we saw cases of the lances being thrown on slight provocation, and as they were clamorous thieves a row might quickly get up. We made a survey of the bay we were in at Admiralty Island, and named it Nares Bay after our late Captain.



One day we went on an expedition in the pinnace to visit the little islands about (one of which is named Maclear Island), and we came across such a pretty little village, the huts all arranged in neat rows, the streets sanded with fine white coral, and bordered with pretty red-leaved plants. Some of the women were good looking, but most of them were very ugly. They are the most clamorous set of savages on that island that we met. There was very nearly a battle royal among them because one was given a better present than the others. From there we went on to Maclear Island, and I shot the former king, a big eagle; was not he a weight to carry through the jungle! He will be stuffed and set up some day. But the mosquitoes revenged themselves on us, for they literally ate us. It was not inhabited, though I came across traces of natives. We also effected a landing on the largest island, and were well received by the men, some of whom had visited the ship, but they sent all the women away before we went near the village. On this island they dressed their hair mops up in large leaves, and when we gave them some old newspapers, they were proud as peacocks when they had turned them into high hats. Oh, they got one man on board and painted him red and white stripes, with a large "H.M.S. *Challenger*," on his breast, and wasn't he strutting about the village the finest dandy in it! We drove a good trade with them, giving small axes, knives, beads, pieces of iron hoop, for native axes made of pieces of hard shell ground down and let in like an adze, lances, ornaments, model canoes, and tortoiseshell. Some of the tortoise is very good, and one of the officers has made some pretty crosses and paper knives out of it, but most of it is very thin. My cabin is full of curios.

Yokohama, April 13th. We arrived here on the evening of the 11th, and glad we were to get in, for our stock was getting very low, and we were very tired of knocking about in light baffling winds so long. It has been the most monotonous cruise yet. But chief of all pleasures was getting our letters.

Yokohama, May 10th, 1875. I have just been spending a couple of days in Jeddo. The change since I was there in 1866 is greater than I could have conceived possible. There is a broad boulevard with stone-faced houses, where I remember a narrow street with gates every hundred yards, to stop thieves or crowds. There were always guards at these gates to close them at the first alarm. All are swept away now; so are the two-sworded yaonins, and the great Daimios with their retinues. Now there is a great desire to imitate Western nations in everything. In dress the rising generation look well enough, but the grown-up men who have been all their lives in the flowing robes of Japan look very like monkeys; they stoop and shuffle. But the soldiers turn out well. There is the Imperial Guard and some regiments of the line, formed on the French model, white gaiters and all; but the marines are the finest body. The Japanese

character is proud and conceited to a great extent. They learn quickly and easily, but it is by imitation. When they have understood the matter they think they know all about it, and there is nothing further to learn. An engineer thinks after six months' study that he knows as much as a European after ten or fifteen years. Of course they forget it as quickly, and are not solid enough to master their subjects. I see the same in many things. They copy our routine in the smallest details, but their ships are commanded by men who have had very few months' experience, but know the "Naval Manual," "Nares Seamanship," &c., by heart. At the naval college there are two commanders, a navigating lieutenant, an engineer and three assistants, five warrant officers, and about twenty petty officers and seamen of our navy. These form the staff for teaching the cadets and boys gunnery, seamanship, and navigation. They are drilled and taught according to the English system. All their book work, Euclid, navigation, &c., has to be done in English; so the lads suffer under serious drawbacks. I think the Japanese would do without foreigners if they could, and are anxious to replace them by natives, but find they have not yet sufficient knowledge. Fancy their making a survey of Jeddo on a scale of  $\frac{1}{25}$ ; and then they could not put the sheets together, but had to get an English surveyor to correct their angles and make the pieces meet. They had to build a shed to put the map in. The most valuable land in England was never surveyed on such a scale. They bought several hundred pounds worth of the best meteorological instruments and a seismometer; but these are lying idle now until the site for an observatory is fixed, and men trained to use them. I won't say that in Western nations such mistakes are never made; but then they are made by individuals, and are not national.

May 11th. We leave Yokohama this morning for Hiogo, now called Koke, where we went in 1865 with Sir H. Parkes to insist on the ratification of the treaties by the Mikado. What a change! His very existence was then doubtful; now he is photographed, attends reviews and launches, &c. Then we cruize about the Inland Sea, and perhaps go to Nagasaki, explore the Japan sea, and pass round by Yesso to this place again. This will take us three weeks; then fill up with coal and provisions, and leave as soon as the mail due 16th June arrives. You see this still makes us three weeks behind time, though we have made up three weeks, and we have got permission to leave out Vancouvers, so we will turn south when two-thirds across to America, and visit Honolulu, Tahiti, and so to Valparaiso, instead of the route first laid down. I am sorry to miss Vancouvers, but we could not have gone there and visited the islands of the Pacific as well, without the use of a couple of months. We shall go close to Tristan D'Acunha, if we do not visit it, and will probably be home in May.

Hiogo, May 17th. You are now rejoicing, I suppose, in

getting rid of your hot weather. We have got clear of one lot, but now summer is advancing with rapid strides, and to-day is almost too hot for cloth; but we have gone through so many climates during the last year that we have quite lost the run of seasons. We arrived here from Yokohama two days ago, and remain a week to allow everyone to visit Kioto, the city of the Emperor. It is closed to Europeans, except just now for a hundred days while an exhibition is going on. When I was here in 1865-66, several of us tried hard to get a glimpse of the city and its temples by going along a range of hills, but as is always the case, another hill always cropped up and hid the view we wanted, till we had gone fourteen miles, and it was a close run to get back to our boats before dark. Now there is a railway from here to Osaka, a large town on the opposite side of the large bay we are in, and from there we can go by steamer on the narrow river, or take the more certain course of Jinvikshas. A Jinviksha is a big baby's perambulator on two large wheels; two small shafts between which a man draws like a horse. If the distance is great, a leader attaches himself by a cord in front. Sometimes, but only when the road is bad or the man inside very heavy, there is a third "horse." They run along exceedingly well over five miles an hour, and the same man will drag a jinviksha thirty-six miles. Soon after our arrival at Yokohama we had an excursion; most of us were on horseback, but one or two heavy weights were drawn in these affairs by three men. The road was very bad; it rained heavily the last six hours. The whole distance was thirty-six miles, and yet these men came in at a good trot. A report is now going about that the lives of these drawers is being shortened. These vehicles are quite late introductions; there were none in Japan in 1868. I believe they came from San Francisco about five years ago. Now they are made in Japan by the thousand, and take the places of cabs. It is the only method of posting long distances. I have not yet, and I do not wish to, overcome my repugnance to being carried by men, so I never go in one except at Yedo, when I want to find my way to a distant part of the city and have no guide; but they are used by natives and foreigners to go very short distances, which the lazy fellows would do much better to walk.

These Japanese are wonderful people. They have an iron-clad, and a decent little fleet, but certainly no experience. They say it takes several generations to make a sailor, and yet these people think to arrive at perfection in half a generation. I wonder how they would get on in a gale of wind. One can hardly believe the complete revolution in ideas and dress that has taken place in the last ten years. I wonder if it is superficial only?

Now we are going to have two months in these waters. Then we may consider ourselves fairly on our return, and probably will be home in May.

# Bushman Researches.\*

BY DR. W. H. J. BLEEK.

## PART II.

35a. We have only the beginning of a fable, in which a Blue Crane and some Bushman girls play parts, and in which the Blue Crane talks Bushman in the manner said to be peculiar to him, *i.e.*, by the addition of a *tt* to the end of the first syllable of almost every word.

[35b. This is a curious fable told by David Hoesar in the Katkop dialect, explaining the cause of the burnt appearance of the head of a certain kind of Knorhaan. One of these birds is said to have married his own sister, when he was believed by the rest of the family to be still a child. His head was burned in the fire as a punishment for his ill deeds.—Another version of this fable is to be found embedded in “Ant-eater’s laws,” given by Jantje (§ 33)].

\* \* \* \* \*

## V.—LEGENDS.

36. One of the ancient people preceding the Bushmen brought home a lion’s cub, telling his wife that it was a dog which his younger brother had given him, and that it was the whelp of a dog which killed gemsbok. She, however, knew that it was the son of a lioness, whose voice was known to her of old, and who was now heard roaring for her lost cub. The man called it by the name of *qkuisse qkbwi cku*. Although, in hunting gemsbok, the man was well-frightened by his pretended dog, and had even to get his wife to throw fire at it on his return home, he still maintained to her that it was a dog. The wife prudently sent their little son with his father, when he went out early the next morning to hunt. After this, they went hunting gemsbok many times, the boy in fear and trembling, and his father in continual danger;—until one day the boy saw his father killed by *qkuisse qkbwi cku*; who had now grown into a large young lion. He himself, after having seen the lion carry off his father’s body, and lay it under a thorn-tree, with that of a gemsbok which it had also killed, makes his escape home. Upon her son’s report of the death of her husband, and his warning to herself that the lion will soon be upon them, the widow goes away with her children to the house of her husband’s father. On the following morning, the boy goes with his uncles to see what has

\*This is the continuation and completion of what appeared in our last number from Dr. Bleek. The lamented author was too ill to have revised the proofs and extended the matter the very day on which he died.—EDITOR C. M. M.



been done to the deserted homestead. They sleep that night on a mountain above the old home, and the next morning, not seeing any lions, they visit the hut, the sticks of which are a good deal disturbed. They discover the spoor of seven lions (*viz.*, *qkuisse qkbwi cku*, his parents, his two brothers, and two sisters). After a visit to the scene of the calamity, they stealthily retrace their steps home, and remove to a different place.

This legend is told with great epic breadth, and in a very vivid manner, giving an excellent picture of Bushman life; and it is seasoned with many dialogues, in which the wife is a particularly characteristic speaker. \* \* \*

36a. An earlier race of people, who preceded the Bushmen in their country, is frequently mentioned by them in their legends. There is one in which a cunning woman of this race, who lived alone in a house underground, deceived and robbed *ckwammanga*. This was told in the *katkop* dialect by Rachel. Another legend relates how a man of this early race was killed and eaten by a lion; and it is used to point out the folly of venturing to fall asleep when out alone in the field. Told also by Rachel.

\* \* \* \* \*

[37. A young man (of the ancient race), who fell asleep while out in the hunting-ground, was found and carried off by a lion. When he awoke and perceived his dangerous position he tried to feign death, but could not prevent his tears from flowing silently. The lion licked them; and depositing him beneath the branches of a tree, went away to drink, intending to return and devour his prey as soon as its thirst was satisfied. When the lion had departed, the young man arose, (and taking a zigzag course in hopes of misleading the lion) returned home. There he at once begged the people to wrap him up in *hartebeest* skins and mats, so as to hide him from the lion, which presently came to demand him. The people attacked it perseveringly with their arrows and assegais, as long as the day lasted, but in vain, as their weapons could not kill it; and they came to the conclusion that it could not be a true lion, but a sorcerer who had taken a lion's shape. As the young man was greatly beloved among the people, they offered children, and also a maiden to the lion in his stead, but it refused them all, persisting in its demand for the young man whose tears it had tasted. As night was about to fall, the mother of the young man agreed to the request of the people that her son should be given up for the general safety;—but asked that the lion should not be allowed to survive to devour its prey. As soon as her son had been killed by the lion, the weapons of the people became effectual against it, and it soon lay dead by the side of its victim.—The above legend is most movingly told in the *Katkop* dialect by David Hoesar.]

38. By a glance from the eye of a maiden (probably at a time when she would be usually kept in strict retirement) men became fixed in whatever position they then occupied, with whatever they



were holding in their hands, etc., and became changed into trees which talked. \* \* \*

39. An account, apparently a legend, called in my first report "Stones which kill the thrower," given by Stoffel in very early days, wants revision and further explanation to render it intelligible.

40. Bushman women send out crows to ascertain what has become of their husbands, who have not returned from hunting; they hang fat round the necks of the crows as food for their journey. Hence the crows have white patches on neck or breast.—This tragic legend (the husbands having been killed) is in the Katkop dialect, told by David as he heard it from his mother. \* \* \*

[40a. The Bushmen are made aware by certain actions of the Owl and the Black Crow, that the Lion will come. Precautions taken against the lion and other beasts of prey by keeping up fires at night.—Told in the Katkop dialect by David Hoesar, with an especial warning against the Black Crow, and a note respecting sorcerers who turn themselves into birds and jackals.]

41. A note has been made, from information, of a story not yet written down in Bushman, telling how the Rain carried off a little girl belonging to the First Bushman, or the ancient people living before the Bushmen, who afterwards became a frog, her kaross being changed into a springbok, etc. Her people were also transformed.—Versions of this transformation into frogs, ascribed chiefly to a new Maiden's acts of disobedience, are given in the Katkop dialect by Rachel and by David. \* \* \*

## VI. POETRY.

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## VII. ANIMALS AND THEIR HABITS: ADVENTURES WITH THEM AND HUNTING.

\* \* \* \* \*

## VIII. PERSONAL HISTORY.

93. Jantje's intended Return home.—He awaits the moon that he may return, and hear the Bushman stories. Here he works woman's work, while his comrades at home hear histories that travel; but he does not visit, as they do. The people down here do not talk his language; they visit their like, and are work-people who keep houses in order, and plant food. The Flat Bushmen visit and smoke at each other's houses, and listen to histories. On his return to Bushmanland, he intends to put his former house in order, and reassemble his children. He inherited his place, and brought his wife to it. \* \* \*

## IX. CUSTOMS AND SUPERSTITIONS.

99. Bushman Presentiments.—They feel in their bodies that certain events are going to happen. There is a kind of the flesh,

which tells them things. Those who are stupid, do not understand these teachings; they disobey them, and get into trouble,—such as being killed by a lion, etc.—The beatings tell those who understand them, which way they are not to go, and which arrow they had better not use, and also warn them when many people are coming to the house on a wagon. They inform people where they can find the person of whom they are in search, *i.e.*, which way they must go to seek him successfully.

[99*a*. Springbok will lead people to a lion. Their knowledge of distant things gained by their fine scent.—In the Katkop dialect, by David, from his parents.] \* \* \*

101. The Rain-maker is asked to milk a nice female Rain which is gentle, the rain-clouds being her hair.

102. Rain-making: told to Jantje by a Rain-maker who was his foster-father.—An account of rain-making by means of dragging a water-animal over the land, in illustration of a Bushman painting copied by Mr. J. M. Orpen (*Cape Monthly Magazine* for July, 1874, frontispiece), was given, in the Katkop dialect, by David, who had it from his mother. The beginning of this was repeated by him, and two other accounts of rain-making were also given by him.

103. How an old woman asked a Chameleon for rain, and knew, from its way of looking, that rain would fall; as it indeed did that very night.—In the Katkop dialect, by Klaas, who heard it from his mother *'wa ko*.—This is preceded by reasons for not killing the Chameleon, which came out of the sky.

104. Bushman doings and prayers when Canopus and his grandmother Sirius come out. \* \* \*

106. What a maiden must eat and avoid.—How a new Maiden is treated, has been told in the Katkop dialect, by Rachel, who also narrates the use made by Bushman Maidens of a kind of red stone.

106*A*. What Maidens (and young men) must not say or do, to avoid the wrath of the Water.—By David.

107. *Sho-coa*, a Bushman vegetable medicine, used also as a charm.—How one man fights with another, having previously rubbed his own hands with *sho-coa*; and how he afterwards restores the man with whom he fought, by means of a fresh application of *sho-coa*.—The *sho-cca* in general use is not found upon the flats, but in the mountains near the Orange River, and in the mountains and rivers, generally speaking, throughout the country. When dug out by the Bushmen, they replant a part of it with a small piece of the root attached; and take the other roots in a bag, hanging them up to dry opposite the house, etc. The newly-brought *sho-coa* is feared by the women.

108. An ignorant man having gone to dig up *sho-coa*, is discovered speechless and motionless, sitting among serpents, by the hole where he had been digging. By a skilful application of *sho-coa*, the snakes are driven away, taking with them the scent which had injured the

man, but leaving the other scent with the plant in the hole. The man is (also by *sho-coa*) restored to speech and motion.

109. Different Bushman Medicines; where found; and their uses.—Only the names of these medicines are given in Bushman, and the remarks respecting them in English, after Klaas. These specimens were found in the hut of a Bushman sorcerer, and were kindly furnished for identification by Mr. J. Gibb.—Jantje's names for the same specimens, with his remarks (in English only), are in a separate paper of 7 folio pages, to which Klaas's notes have been also briefly added, in red ink. \* \* \*

112. Death.—The place to which the Bushmen go after death.—The various ways of dying, and of being killed.—A man is accidentally wounded by another, when they were both hunting springbok. Dialogue, in which the wounded man begs them to speak gently, not angrily, to the one who shot him. Unfortunate shots are believed to be due to such causes as the children at home playing on a man's bed, etc., and are ascribed to the remissness of wives.—The dying man's last speech to his wife, in which he gives her advice, etc.—The widow's lament, in which she says that she should like to cry herself to death; and does not want to eat food. Her mother-in-law comforts her.—After the burial of the deceased, his widow returns home to her father, where her brothers receive her very well. She relates her sorrow to her family, and expresses her intention not to marry again, for fear of meeting with a husband who had not the good qualities of the deceased. A general conversation ensues, ending in an almost interminable description of springbok hunting, etc.

[112a. Some Bushman children advised by their parents to be self-reliant in seeking food, in order to prepare themselves for the loss of their natural protectors.—Related by David.]

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I must not omit to mention that, at an early period of our Bushman studies, we were very materially assisted, in properly distinguishing the clicks and other sounds, by the Rev. H. Tindall, Author of a Grammar and Vocabulary of the Namaqua Hottentot Language. I have also to acknowledge the kind assistance of the Rev. J. G. Kronlein, translator of the New Testament into Nama Hottentot, and of Dr. Theophilus Hahn.

The scientific names of some of the stars known to the Bushmen have been kindly furnished by Mr. Maclear, Assistant Astronomer Royal; and those of a number of animals have been supplied by Mr. R. Trimen, F.L.S., Curator of the South African Museum.

A collection of Bushman poisons and charms, for which we are indebted to Mr. J. Gibb,—and one of the Bushman implements, given by Mr. E. J. Dunn, have been very useful in eliciting information bearing upon the habits and superstition of the Bushmen.

Bushman drawings and paintings have been kindly copied for me by Mr. Walter R. Piers, and Mr. C. H. Schunke. The latter, in the first instance, sent me a fine collection of copies of pictures scratched on rocks, in the country of my principal Bushman informants; and, latterly, he forwarded a still more important collection of copies of paintings, discovered above the narrow entrance of a formerly-inhabited cave, near the Kammanassie Waggon-drift, and also upon some rocks in Ezeljagtspoort. Among the paintings from the latter locality, is one already portrayed by Captain (now Sir James) Alexander. The subject of it (the watermaidens), was explained in a fine old legend to Mr. D. Ballot (who kindly copied it for Mr. Schunke), by a very old Bushman still surviving in those parts. These pictures have all been deposited in the Grey Library, as well as those copied by Mr. J. M. Orpen, and chromo-lithographed in the *Cape Monthly Magazine* for July, 1874. The latter pictures, kindly presented through the Hon'ble the Secretary for Native Affairs, are of especial interest, on account of their mythological bearings. It is to be regretted that the rain-strokes in one of them were omitted in the chromo-lithograph.

The magnificent collection of forty-two Bushman paintings, copied from rocks in the districts of Cradock, Albert, Queen's Town, Kaffraria, etc., by Mr. G. W. Stow, F.G.S., accompanied by nineteen of his drawings of Bushman pictures chipped into rocks in Griqualand West, has been most generously sent by him to us for inspection, from the Diamond Fields, by the kind aid of Lieut.-Governor R. Southey, and Governor Sir Henry Barkly. They are of the greatest possible interest, and evince an infinitely higher taste, and a far greater artistic faculty, than our liveliest imagination could have anticipated, even after having heard several glowing descriptions of them from eye-witnesses. Their publication, which we hope and trust will be possible to Mr. Stow ere long, cannot but effect a radical change in the ideas generally entertained with regard to Bushmen and their mental condition. An inspection of these pictures, and their explanation by Bushmen, has only commenced; but it promises some valuable results, and throws light upon many things hitherto unintelligible.

I should not have been able to pursue these researches had it not been for special facilities afforded to me in their pursuit by the Colonial Government and its officers, especially Governors Sir P. E. Wodehouse and Sir Henry Barkly, the late Lieut.-General Hay as Lieut.-Governor, Messrs. R. Southey (as Colonial Secretary, and Lieut.-Governor of Griqualand West), Ch. Brownlee (Secretary for Native Affairs), W. N. Hawthorne and J. Dallas, the Rev. G. H. R. Fisk, and others.

To all these gentlemen I offer my sincere thanks for the aid so kindly rendered to me.

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## A Legend of Early Christianity in England.

When Edwin and Ethelburga  
 Were wed in the days of old,—  
 Northumbria's heathen monarch  
 And a maid of the Christian fold,—

Paulinus, the good old bishop,  
 Was brought by the fair young bride  
 To win her king and his people  
 To faith in the "Lamb that died."

Then the grand old Druid priesthood,  
 And many an ancient chief,  
 By the king were called together,  
 To discuss this new belief.

In a rough-built lodge, scarce sheltered  
 From heat, or cold, or wet,  
 In the village of Market Leighton,  
 That rude assembly met.

And loud and long they debated  
 On each new-offered proof,  
 Till a little strayling sparrow  
 Flew in through the broken roof.

And round and round it fluttered,  
 Seeking escape in vain,  
 Till between the opposite rafters  
 It flew through the roof again.

Then on his staff supported  
 An aged chieftain rose,  
 And thus addressed the meeting,  
 And brought it to a close :

"O King! I have sat in silence,  
 And all your reasonings heard,  
 And I've thought how much our existence  
 Is like that wandering bird ;

We know not whence we have come,  
 We know not whither we go,  
 And O ! if this man can tell us,  
 Should we not be glad to know ? "

And thus did he quiet the meeting :  
 For they listened with still accord  
 To the eloquent words of Paulinus  
 As he preached to them Christ the Lord.

T. G. L.



## Pen and Ink Sketches of Natalian Life.

### No. I.

Now that by the wonderful working of Providence this "ancient country" is being brought into prominence once more,—through war and bloodshed, rebellion, heresy and treason, as well as by the attraction of its incalculable mineral wealth,—it may not be superfluous to relate, in the form of simple sketches, some of the writer's experiences during a residence of a quarter of a century in Natal,—the south-east portion of this noble old continent.

Although at this date, thanks to the unwearied exertions of such noble souls as Livingstone and some few like him, but little of Africa remains unexplored. It is evident that great ignorance still prevails regarding the geography of even its colonized portions, or home folks would not fear "lest the Zulus should rush to the help of the Ashantees!" An easy march, truly, from the south-east coast to the north-west, a distance of thousands of miles through flood and field, fever and starvation, beneath an "African sun," that is still to many in more northerly climes the red-hot bugbear of their childhood.

"There can be no doubt that when the Imperial Government decided to take this country from the Dutch they were actuated more by prudential than any other motives, apprehending that the warlike Zulus, unchecked, might involve the Cape authorities in endless trouble and expense. The colony was thus opened to the English; while the avowed object of the British Government was to benefit and raise the natives in the scale of the human family." To this end a prime minister was introduced from the sister colony, in the person of Mr. Shepstone, than whom none could be found more suited in every way to fill the difficult position of Secretary for Native Affairs. He was acquainted with all their customs and modes of thought, and soon found and kept their entire trust and confidence.

Seeing how these people dwelt at peace, increasing in wives and cattle, none daring to make them afraid, hundreds of thousands of outsiders have flocked into the country, while at the present date (1874) there are no fewer than 350,000 black people in the colony to be ruled and governed, and but 17,000 white,—men, women, and children.

Notwithstanding the difficulty of holding well in hand this tremendous preponderance of the black and turbulent element, peace has for thirty years been preserved, mainly through the paternal care and guidance of a government ever on the alert to check in the bud any source of irritation; while the wrongs, or fancied wrongs, were speedily redressed. Like a lot of naughty children, even so must this people be considered and treated; and to preserve order, and for

the good of the whole, punishment must in some instances be awarded and carried out. Disobedience to recognized authority must in no wise be allowed to pass unchecked, so that in some instances it is even needful and expedient, as can well be understood, that one man or tribe should suffer for the good of the whole ; and this brings me to the case of the rebellious old chief Langalibalele.\*

\* \* \* \* \*

Will it be thought there are no earnest, God fearing men and women (gentlemen and ladies), of whom there is as large a sprinkling here as in any community of like number at home ? Do they become nigger drivers, or lose their self-respect by coming here ? Do they not rather enlarge their sympathies, and widen their views of human nature, thereby becoming better qualified to judge of and to deal with, and, if need be, to succour these barbarous hordes ; who, until the white man's advent, spent their time in devouring each other, tribe after tribe, for lack of something better to do ; and who, because they are occasionally required to work for fair wages, are called oppressed ?

Are we to allow these 350,000 barbarians to sit idle in an English colony, when the Almighty in his wisdom has planted here the white man to set an example of industry among other virtues, which, if the people follow not, to their own blame be it ? Not an act of injustice or oppression can be brought against the white master but the "noble savage" can, he well knows, find immediate redress. In every division of every county there are English gentlemen, administrators of justice, waiting to hear the grievances of black and white alike.

Whatever may be the motive of those who for some purpose of their own seek by the grossest misrepresentations to get up a sensational but false influence in the public mind at home, introducing (worse still) a leavening process into the excitable minds of our native population, history will reveal and condemn its inexpediency and wrong headedness. If there is a good work to be done, there is an ample field and vineyard where the vines are all straggling untended and neglected ; though, haply, they be not losers but gainers when the master cometh to gather in his vintage ! But enough of this, "Truth will prevail."

The one idea of Natalians now is Responsible Government ; but I for one among many trust it will not be attempted until the federation of all the South African divisions is effected. Then, and not till then, will such a change be desirable or feasible. Let the colonists rather petition the Home Government for troops to keep up the English prestige, and settle the question first, otherwise the

\* Our fair correspondent will see that we have omitted the details of the Langalibalele affair as the old Chief himself is now settled quietly at Uitvlugt, and the sooner the story of his escapade is forgotten the better. We may here mention that this sketch was written several months ago before the arrival of Sir Garnet Wolseley, or any of the political changes consequently thereupon.—EDITOR C. M. M.

amount of misery and retrogression that are certain to follow a struggle between 17,000 white people and 350,000 blacks is fearful to contemplate.

Having more faith in naked truth than in naked savages, I speak openly, and am not alone in my opinion. If the Queen's troops can be kept at as little expense in this healthy colony as at home, why may not this infant country have the benefit of the presence of a few regiments of red coats, till such time as immigration flows in and the white population increases? Otherwise let us do as the Canadians did, purchase the land from the natives, and let them remove over the border as the Red Indians in Upper Canada have done, and gone to Lake Huron. Shut up as our natives are in remote locations where their polygamic and other heathen customs continue unnoticed and unchecked, they neither envy nor desire to imitate our civilization. The greatest mistake we ever made in this country was that of hiding away behind the mountains and in the broken ravines these "heaps of iniquity," as one of our oldest missionaries calls them, where no light is poured in, no roads made through, no industrial schools introduced, and where the mass of natives continue to do as their fathers did unto this day. Christianity and civilization must be thrown upon them, for they do not desire improvement, and hate the slavery by which white men are bound. If it takes three generations to make a gentleman from a white clown, it will require ten to make civilized beings of these warlike, superstitious Zulus; and yet, as you will find by and bye, the intelligence of this people is surprising, though left alone they can never improve, because the element of progress is in their nature wanting. Many a nice girl have I trained and attached to our family interests, hoping by kindness and affection (for we have become really fond of some of our black maidens) to wean them from heathenism; but, alas! in every instance the force of nature and habit has proved too strong, and they have invariably left what habits of civilized life they had acquired tied up in the bundle of their clothes and placed inside the garden gate; not a vestige were they permitted to carry away with them. Beads and fringe were their only covering thenceforth!

For civilization to do its perfect work it must be woven in and intermixed like silver threads in a black garment, so that by constant intercourse the inferior race must in time accept and adopt some of the white man's customs and usages, and this during one generation is a great step for them to make upwards; but while as now, under the present arrangement, the black man's haunts and homes are beyond the reach of law or order, not such slight improvement as this can ever be hoped for.

Such, then, are the drawbacks to life in Natal, namely, the enormous preponderance of the black over the white population. The former swarming like bees (or I should rather say drones) all around, for the proportion of them who leave their kraals for a few

months to work is as one to a thousand; and latterly not only the native laziness but other causes have conduced to a determined refusal to come out of their locations. Their laziness is naturally hateful to energetic Europeans, who say, Does the Scripture injunction "If ye will not work neither shall ye eat," not equally apply to this race? Most of these people, it must be remembered, have entered the country since it was colonized. They have enjoyed the British protection and become rich; for this they are required to pay a tax of 7s. a hut, which they easily raise by keeping a few fowls or selling a few baskets of mealies which their slave wives cultivate! Now the question forces itself upon all, How long can this state of things last? If this population of 350,000 increases (as it does) at the rate of 80 per cent., the colony itself will ere long not contain them; and whispers are heard among them, and mutterings of driving the white man into the sea. Dissatisfaction has openly shown itself in several instances; most openly in the late rebellion of Langalibalele, or "Burning Sun," as his name signifies.

That some change of a radical nature is urgently required in the planting out of this superabundant population is obvious, and I will say no more on the subject, but proceed to give you a few pictures of different parts of our healthy colony.

When the writer first visited Natal, in 1843, D'Urban, the sea-port town, resembled more some poverty-stricken village on the Devonshire coast than the now business-like town, with its fine churches, public buildings, and flourishing shops, telling of prosperity, present and to come.

Two months after the troops under the command of Major (then Captain) Smith had planted the British flag on this sandy flat, then dotted with a few low-roofed wattle-and-daub cottages, there was not a room to be had for love or money, so like the patriarchs of old the few Europeans who then visited this unknown country pitched their tents and lived on simples. The climate was the attraction then, as it is to a great extent even now. The five winter months cannot be surpassed in any land,—clear, cool, still, and bright, with scarcely a cloud in the sky. Such weather as this has induced many to exclaim,—

"Oh that I felt that I had clear  
For life, six hundred pounds a year,  
Then would I dwell for ever here."

But climate is not everything, and too many have left the country disappointed and wearied of the tardiness of progression, which after all is but comparative, and needs but the iron spur (to wit the railway) to enable this highly favoured colony to compete with her elder sisters. Then, though wanting still the navigable rivers of America, Natal will not lag in the race for health or wealth, for then will be brought to its portal the coal, copper, gold, and diamonds of the interior; the wool, cattle, and all farm produce of the midlands, with unlimited sugar, coffee, cotton, arrowroot, and



fruits from the coast. But as I said, of D'Urban, the sea-port, not much admiration is due, always excepting those charming villa residences along the margin of the Bay ; which Bay, by the bye, has been often likened by travellers to that of Naples, both in form and colour. The hills skirting the town, dotted with the pretty houses of the merchants and business men of the place, present a lively and cheerful appearance, while the view from the Berea range and the botanical gardens is unusually beautiful.

Looking gradually down from the top of this range the eye first rests upon a mass of foliage gorgeous in tinted richness. Here and there are breaks in nature's garden, where the myrtle-like coffee trees give promise of fruitful results. Here and there, too, mingling with and by brilliant contrast relieving the various shades of green, is seen in profusion that brightest of scarlet blossoms, the coralodendron or Kafir boom tree, and the delicate "Erythrina Kaffra." Gardineas and Cape Jasmin abound. In and about this leafy bower fly numerous birds of gaudy plumage. Finches with their long black tails, green and golden cuckoos, and the long beaked *Nectarinia Natalensis* or "Suikervogels," as the Dutch call them, because they live chiefly on honey. Down lower still, see that green flat that intervenes between the foot of the hill and the white-washed town, a distance of about half a mile. Here we may see the puffing locomotive drawing its load of stone from the Umgeni quarries to harden the D'Urban streets, toiling along its iron rails, pioneer of the civilization and progress for which colonists groan and sigh daily, longing to see set aside the snail-like ox wagon, symbol of an age fast passing away.

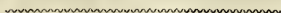
There along the common, canter groups of horsemen and women, bent either on business or pleasure ; while crowds of natives, male and female, dancing and singing as they go, enliven the scene. Brighter and more picturesque still are the clean and smart coolie servants going to do their marketing, their red and yellow turbans gleaming like Turkscap lilies on the green foreground.

Beyond all this lies in the full breadth of its grandeur, and oft-times in its fierce beauty, the solemn expanse of the Indian Ocean, while inside yonder land-locked Bay we see the smaller ships at anchor.

Many travellers in other and older lands have yet remembered with pleasure and affection this lovely panorama in "Savage Africa."

In my next paper I hope to introduce my readers to the cane and coffee fields of Victoria County, which is *par excellence* the garden of Natal.

INKOSI KAZI.





## In the Ruggens.

'Twas a beautiful, breathlessly calm morning when I jumped into my buggy to pay a long promised visit, and being drawn by two powerful young grey stallions—from the breed of Mr. Melck—soon found myself careering over a succession of hills and dales, which in this part of the country is characteristic of the Ruggens. Six hours' good smart driving took me to a romantic looking hamlet, situated on the natural shelf of a river bank, which recedes in a long narrow belt, and is embedded in its surroundings by mammoth boulders, which are but the buttresses of a range of hills here fringing the river. The rugged form which these boulders present—having been laid bare by natural causes, silently but surely operating through untold ages—gives them the appearance of giant but hoary deities, protecting the sacred stream below, as the calm unimpassioned waters of the deepest river in South Africa roll lazily to the sea. Here we quartered for the night in a snug little hotel, whose series of diminutive terraces from the river bank, and profuse foliage of native creepers down to the very brink of the water, gave it the aspect of a place we often read of but seldom see, and constitutes it a fit resort to the many who indulge in the luxury of a honeymoon. 'Twas to me no marvel to find a Scotchman here, but it revived the story in my memory of that nation dividing with the black crow the monopoly of being represented at the Pole. A good hospitable Scotchman he was, however, who moved about with more elasticity of step than one could have expected under a vertical sun, whose merciless rays shot down with a heat which rendered iron and stone unbearable to the touch. The Hottentots of the place sought the shade, and worked with a listless apathy which betokened the grand ideal of indifference. The very dogs panted for breath, and moved about their distended tongues as if to lap the air. We, ourselves, felt the oppression, big drops of perspiration rolled down the cheek, and our hands were swollen into thick fat dumpy shapes; not a breath of wind seemed to stir; a clear deep blue firmament of more than Italian serenity spread from horizon to horizon. The very hens moved to and fro with open beaks, the water lay like a mirrored sheet reflecting the hot sky, and the whole aspect of nature seemed as if doomed for a scorching. With the shades of evening came my Caledonian acquaintance, and over a glass of the national beverage called "toddy," we smoked our calumets and talked of the days of "Auld Lang Syne." Early in the morning we crossed by the pontoon, and in three hours we were traversing an extensive plain, where the Bontebok and the wild ostrich still find a home. Passing Blackhill, where we halted for a moment, and where coo two young turtle doves of the *genus homo*, we came in view of our destination, which, in the distance, presented the appearance of a miniature forest. Hundreds of the American aloes here reared their flower stems to an altitude of forty or fifty feet, and

the farmstead being surrounded by a succession of camps, the dwelling assumed somewhat the appearance of a manor house—the old English avenues of stately birch and elm being represented by the prickly broad leaf and mast-like stem of the aloë. Grazing on our left we saw a troop of Angoras, which a few years ago were ranked among the finest in the Western Province. But we are through the camps now, and as our host is prepared to greet us, we alight. In all frankness, the appearance of the old gentleman does not prepossess us, for he seems to have more than a Quaker disregard of dress, and yet this modern Puritan of the Cape, standing as he does in his untidily laced boots and slouched hat, is the possessor of as many broad acres as would once have formed a not inconsiderable German principality. Flocks and herds feed on the distant hills, and the far-stretched plain, troops of horses, and a valuable breed of donkeys own him as their lord and master, while in a neighbouring division the result of a life's labour has been to produce a repetition of the picture. On entering, we are welcomed by the mistress of the house, a genteel lady-like matron, whose language and manners contrast with that of the appearance of the patriotic burgher now before us,

“He the sturdy oak, she the clinging vine.”

Soon afterwards we were introduced to the other members of the household, and, as at the “Strandveldt,” the evening hours sped like a shadow on the harp amidst strains of excellent music. The next day we found two active sons ready to join us in a shooting party, but, saving a few brace of partridges and pheasants, nothing unusual transpired. On our return our dogs started a wild cat, three barrels were discharged, but this only tended to increase her speed, for the distance was too great to do damage. Near to her lair we found two kittens, and as pugnacious as young bears. Ponto caught one in his great big retriever jaws, and after a few aimless kicks and spasmodic squeals, this wild little thing yielded up the ghost. Being pretty well tired by this time, we damped our clay with Collison's F. C., lighted a cigar, jumped into the cart, and fairly started for home. The tramp through bushy flats and woody kloofs, the excitement attendant on the sport, tame as that was, and the “cup of kindness,” had given us a buoyancy of spirits, and as we now drove quietly along a corresponding depression set in, and we sat as seemingly sulky as a lot of newly whipped school boys, cigars became tasteless and talk insipid. The reaction manifested itself in a selfish indifference, in an oblivious lethargy, till the aloes' tall stems again came in sight, and as we passed the mulberry trees, mounted a flight of steps, and entered beneath a canopy of vines, languor fled. Having changed our hunting habits, and partaken of tiffin, we indulged in a siesta. This African luxury, condemned by some, approved by others, is not only refreshing on a long summer day to the wearied traveller or huntsman, but almost essential to the support of an active vitality in the country. In the afternoon we strolled into the garden,

which almost abuts on the stoep, and over which hangs a bower of vines, drooping their rich clusters of grapes through the trellis work, which forms a natural verandah, in the shade of which one can realise to some degree the Turk's felicity, as it is drawn from a good Habana and a cup of Mocha. Stretched out in indolence on the soft cushioned rest of the summer couches, supping with patrician languor the fragrant coffee handed on silver salvers by the dusky damsels of a neighbouring mission station, feeling the cool breeze kept playing on the temples by the constant fanning of ostrich feathers; the sublime calmness of the day, blending something of awe in its unbroken stillness, the flitting attempt at a mirage in the distant plain;—the giving up of one's self to bask in the shady coolness of luxurious idleness, the feeling of being absolutely at peace with the world, away from the turmoil of busy life, the scenes of struggle in the social scale, of being where contending emotions and heart-rending misfortunes but too often furrow the face prematurely;—where is the Christian that cannot be pardoned for at times admiring the taste and philosophy of the "Infidel!" Happy disciple of the Crescent thus to pass thy halcyon days in dreamy indifference to the cares of life; happy, it may be, in a lesser degree, to eat the bread of contentment on a lonely farm, to listen to the music of bleating lambs, and the lowing of calves, to don the broad-brimmed hat and veldschoens of the most simple Ruggens farmer, whose daughters grow up in the blissful ignorance of city life, whose sons are reared to prefer the flicker of the fat candle to the glare of the street lamp—the exchange to which has marked the decline and fall of many a noble youth.

M.

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### Sans Souci.

THE above, of which no apter rendering can be found than Carlyle's "no bother," is an honourable exception to the general inappropriateness of names. How few places (dare we say folks too?) are there that do not "bother," at least in the first acquaintance! If they are grand, imposing, or time-honoured, they are fenced round with barriers and sentinels, beset with guides or ushers, and enveloped in buckram and red tape. The *religio loci*, and the divinity that hedges in the great ones of the earth, try our susceptibilities severely. By the time these disturbing elements and tiresome preliminaries have been overcome or submitted to, the keen edge of our enthusiasm is blunted, and our first gushing emotions are "sicklied over with the pale hues" of disappointment.

Although the Germans are such sticklers for all the minutiae of etiquette, perhaps a little too conscious of their rank if they are *wohlgeboren*, exacting due homage to it, they do not, as their peers in England, shut themselves up sulkily in their own particular

domains ; but throw open their grounds, parks, nicely kept gardens, and palaces with the most generous confidence to the public. The fact of the proprietor being in residence is, as a rule, no impediment to visitors ; and the present Emperor of Prussia has been known to vacate his own room that a party of sight-seers might not go away disappointed.

Sans Souci is especially easy of access. Even the roads in its neighbourhood are smooth and hard, and the most sensitive limbs may drive unshaken through the long accacia avenues. Should it be in June, when the trees are in full blossom, the scented air, the ground carpeted with their delicate flowers, and the wild vine rampant among their trunks, festooning, interlacing, and forming countless bowers, make a Paradise of delights.

Once inside the grounds of the palace, *chacun à son métier*, there is something for every taste. For the horticulturist, the beautiful Italian gardens, terrace upon terrace, with colours and designs cunningly intermingled like a cashmere shawl, and fountains in all sorts of fantastic forms sending up showers of spray some hundreds of feet. For the simple lover of nature, a few steps further on there are forest glades, giant trees and blackberry bushes. The sculptured groups,—many of them exquisitely chiseled,—will delight the soul of the artist. There is, too, a Raphael chamber in the orangery, where are tolerable copies of the great master's works, though the "Madonna di San Sisto" is just a little disappointing, and one has to remember it is only a copy. The old mill which overhangs the walls, hoary and ivy-grown, affords a text to the moralist, and is a standing illustration of the triumph of right over might ; for was not that same old mill once the Naboth's vineyard, which the great king vowed he would have by fair means, or failing that, by foul ; and did not the sturdy miller reply, "Is there not a *Kammergericht* in Berlin ?" The answer was a brave one, and went straight to the heart of Frederick. So the miller dwelt in peace within the precincts of this bower of *idlesse*, and the good vanes groaned and creaked, and flapped in the wind, whilst in the terrace below "Vater Fritz," as he loved to be called, walked and talked, and took snuff with Voltaire. Years after, when Frederick's busy brain planned no more campaigns, and his body lay in peace in the *Garnison Kirche*, the miller's children still held their mill ; but times were bad, and little by little all the hard won gains had disappeared, and only the mill was left. This too must be sold, which had been the pride and boast of the family, and a monument of even-handed justice in the Fatherland. In their despair a respectful message was sent to the reigning monarch (Frederick Wilhelm), "Would he buy the mill with its ground for the gardens of Sans Souci ?" At once the bargain was closed, and a round sum of money handed over to the distressed family, with a gracious request from the royal lips that they would receive back, as a present from the King, the inheritance which they had so honourably upheld.



Sundays and fête days bring swarms of good German citizens with their substantial wives and families, who congregate round the fountains, watching and feeding the fish, or listening to a band which discourses pleasant music. They are all perfectly well conducted, indulge in no boisterous play or laughter, and never press or crowd, if any member of the royal family should be about. Quietly they stroll along the avenues, or patiently trudge up the seemingly endless flights of stone steps which lead from terrace to terrace, and harmlessly wind in and out among the myrtles and orange trees and other tropical plants,—unwonted spectacle in a northern clime. Good gardeners are these Germans, or they never could produce such lovely results; which are all the more marvellous when one remembers that for three and often four months in the year all the earth is frost bound. What would the South African farmer think of vine culture if, as in these parts, every plant had to be swathed at the approach of winter in bands of straw? So with their creepers and climbing plants, every tendril of which is detached in the autumn from the trellis work or wall which they adorn, and wrapt in mystic overalls. The only drawback is that these swathings and wrappings give a somewhat invalid-like aspect to the landscape.

It seems out of place to think of bricks and mortar, or more pretentious stone, in such gardens as those of Sans Souci, where nature's own gifts of glorious trees and exquisite flowers form the theme of an endless *Te Deum*; but the palace demands of us a share of consideration. It is not imposing, nor should it be, for then it would lose its character and forfeit its name. It is just a one-sided building, full of bay windows, everywhere embowered in creepers, and, in short, rather like a large summer-house. Quite French in its external arrangements and furniture, as that Gallo-maniac Frederick would have it, recalling with its countless mirrors and tawdy gildings the florid style of Louis XIV.; in strange contrast with his own room with the plain uncurtained iron bedstead, simple as a soldier's tent. There on a peg still hangs his old battered hat, which was so seldom off his head, and his watch, which is said to have stopped the very hour he died. Looking from his window over that "amphibious district," as his great biographer designates Potsdam and its neighbourhood, one cannot help wondering how the once dreary waste of marsh and tangled wood has been changed into one of the fairest landscapes under heaven,—of lake and grove and vine-clad hills. Beautiful alike when the rich fruit is glowing in the sunshine, and the tasseled trees are kissing their own reflection in the still waters; or when the dark pine woods are crowned in crystalized snow, and each bough bears myriads of gems, making a fairy land of the sleeping forest, whose deep silence is broken only by the tinkling bells of the sleigh horses as they bound along over the crisp snow; while the frost-bound lakes flash and glisten with the gay dresses of the skaters.

The thought suggests itself, "Is this the work of the hero of the



"Seven Years' War," the unscrupulous conqueror, the stern disciplinarian, the born soldier, who might have seemed the very antichrist of æsthetics? Yet he was no stranger to the finer sentiments, incongruous as it may seem, else he would never have given his mind to draining and planting in that seemingly hopeless tract of country; and most effectually was it done, in the very short intervals when he was recruiting himself, his exchequer, and his army for another campaign. Here in his favourite resort the spirit of the man seemed to pervade everything. One gateway is kept religiously closed, where he used to feed his dogs; those dogs of his of which he said that they were the only creatures that loved him, and that his body should rest in their burial place. An unchristian wish, happily unfulfilled; but in the quiet burying-place of these animals is an equestrian figure, small and well knit, with firm mouth, and surmounting all a field-marshal's hat with certain Imperial variations. No one need ask who it is. It is a sad thought that one with such a large heart and genuine love of the beautiful should in his own life have had so little of that which is the very essence of life. What of his memory is worshipped now? What of his title, "Frederick the Great?" Poor compensation this for a life from which the sweetest charities and the light of home affections were banished! The nineteenth century is not much given to hero-worship; but if any man ever deserved the title of hero he did, for his mind was equal alike to the greatest and the smallest undertakings. From the planning of an attack to the designing of a flower bed, in the smallest details of either, his spirit moved at ease. So in the pleasant retreat of Sans Souci, with its strange historical associations, one element of greatness at least may be learnt in the example of one who was never content with any thing half done. Was not this the secret of Frederick's greatness? Was not this the beacon-light which led the German armies to Paris?

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### *Wilhelm H. I. Bleek.*

THE loss which South Africa—and more particularly the Cape Colony—now deploras in the untimely death of Wilhelm Bleek, affords fresh evidence of the truth of the observation, that there is no more accurate test of a man's status and worth than his sudden removal from the community to which he belongs. It is no slight tribute to the memory of a student devoted to abstruse research out of the customary scope of modern culture, and precluded by feeble health from much social intercourse, that his loss should be both publicly and privately so universally felt and emphatically acknowledged.

Those who knew the departed scholar personally, with more or less intimacy, will be among the first to welcome the general expres-

sion of regret, not only as a fitting testimony to the value of his work, but (as, in any similar case, he would himself have hailed it) an encouraging indication that the Colony is learning to recognize the honour due to original research and self-denying labour. To the many robust idlers of our community, Bleek's patient life of study was a perpetual rebuke. It was good to note his steady pursuit of his object, his ready seizure of opportunities, his unwearied assiduity in the difficult task of amassing the material essential to his special pursuit of comparative philology. He kept up steadily an extensive correspondence with *savans* in Europe, with missionaries throughout the length and breadth of South Africa,—with all who could in any way contribute towards, or throw light upon, the subjects of his laborious investigation. Notwithstanding the heavy demands of his own work upon his time and strength, he was never forgetful of the wants of others; and he laid himself out, with the utmost kindness and courtesy, to render every possible assistance to those engaged in scientific and literary pursuits, whether residents or visitors. The writer well remembers, also, when Bleek's highly distinguished cousin, Ernst Haeckel, invoked the philologist's aid in obtaining some of the lower animals (notably the sponges) from Cape seas, with what zeal and alacrity the worthy doctor devoted his holiday at Kalk Bay to collecting divers sea-beasts for transmission to the professor at Jena, and with what pleasure he afterwards learned that some of his contributions had proved of real interest and value, one or two forms being even new to science.

As is sufficiently indicated in his works, Bleek studied human languages more in the spirit of a naturalist than as a professed linguist. His endeavours, like those of the leading biologists of the day in their treatment of organic beings, were to trace and define, from the examination of kindred structures, the true relations *inter se* of the various families and groups of languages in their derivation from primæval stocks; nor was he hopeless of thus contributing to the ultimate solution of the mystery which still envelopes the origin of speech. He had for long recognized the importance of acquiring an accurate knowledge of the very imperfectly known Bushman language, and thus was prompt in availing himself of the fortunate presence at the Breakwater Works of some Bushman prisoners speaking their own aboriginal tongue. With his accustomed enthusiasm and perseverance, he forthwith undertook the great and unremitting labour of recording, from oral utterances, the strange and uncouth forms of an ancient and almost extinct language. Most interesting and suggestive was it to see the earnest, big-browed German, a typical example of the cultured intellect of his nation, with painstaking exactness and marvellous patience, repeating, analysing, noting down every sound and syllable uttered by the semi-savage at his side, who—with his pigmy stature, prognathous dusky face, narrow forehead, sunken restless eyes, and harsh clicking ejaculations—might well have passed for the demon-imp of mediæval story, compelled by the

magic art of the alchemist-philosopher to reveal his jealously-hoarded secrets.

Absorbing as was Bleek's interest in this department of philology, it must not, therefore, be imagined that he was by any means indifferent to the æsthetic or more literary side of the study. He had read largely in that direction, and kept himself *au courant* with the most recent works of note. But he had deliberately adopted his course; and, leaving the more flowery and attractive walks thronged with fellow students and *dilettanti*, he chose the unalluring and almost lonely path which he followed to the last. "Rather Use than Fame" might well have been his watchword; and though to him—as, we may hope, to the great majority of true workers—there came a fair measure of well-won reputation in his lifetime, it will ever be a source of regret to all who recognized his rare ability that he was not spared to consolidate his renown by the completion of at least his *magnum opus*—the "Comparative Grammar of South African Languages."

While, however, it is not unreasonable to trust that the loss which comparative philology has sustained will in course of time be supplied, the friends of Wilhelm Bleek can never cease to feel their deprivation of a companionship as kindly and warm-hearted as it was helpful and trustworthy.

R. T.

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### The Capture of the Cape in 1806.

[WE purpose publishing from time to time for general reference and record in the pages of the *Magazine* such official documents as are of special interest connected with the history of the Colony. To many of our readers they will, doubtless, be familiar enough; but to many more they will be new and instructive. We commence with the despatches announcing and describing the capture of the Cape by the British forces under Sir Home Popham and Sir David Baird, in 1806. We transcribe them from "The Bulletins," of which a complete set from the commencement of the present century was last year presented by the Foreign Office to the South African Public Library. There are still living amongst us at least one or two octogenarians who saw or took part in the Battle of Blaauw Berg; and we hope to be favoured with some of their reminiscences respecting it, when they shall have perused the documents which we shall now textually submit.—ED. C. M. M.]

GENERAL SIR DAVID BAIRD TO VISCOUNT CASTLEREAGH.

Cape Town, January 12, 1806.

MY LORD,—I have the honour to announce to your Lordship the capitulation of the town and garrison of the Cape of Good Hope to His Majesty's arms.

In my despatches of the 24th November last, from St. Salvador, I had the honour to apprise your Lordship of the measures adopted to refresh the force under my command ; and having with much difficulty, procured about sixty or seventy horses for the cavalry, and the sick being recruited, the expedition sailed on the 26th of that month ; and we had the good fortune to reach Table Bay on the 4th instant.

It had been intended to disembark the army immediately, and with a view of covering our design, before entering the Bay, the 24th Regiment, commanded by the Honourable Lieutenant-Colonel M'Donald was detached, under charge of the *Leda* Frigate, to make a demonstration of landing in Campo Bay, but the winds having failed, the fleet did not arrive at its anchorage until the day was too far advanced to attempt a landing.

On the morning of the 5th the First Brigade, under the orders of Brigadier-General Beresford, was embarked in boats, and proceeded towards the only accessible part of the shore, in a small bay, sixteen miles to the northward of Cape Town, where it appeared practicable to effect a disembarkation, but the surf had increased so considerably that, combined with the local difficulties of the spot, it was found necessary to abandon the attempt.

The rest of the day was devoted to a careful examination of the whole shore, from Lospards Bay to within gunshot of the batteries at Cape Town, but which produced only the distressing conclusion that the chance of effecting a landing depended upon contingencies, very unlikely to be realized but in a perfect calm.

In consequence of this inference, in order to obviate the disadvantages of delay in the adoption of a resolution which I apprehended would at last be necessarily imposed on me, I directed Brigadier-General Beresford to proceed with the 38th Regiment, and the 20th Light Dragoons, escorted by His Majesty's ship *Diomedé*, to Saldanha Bay, where the disembarkation could be accomplished with facility, and a prospect was afforded us of procuring horses and cattle ; and I purposed following with the main body of the army in the event of the beach being impracticable the ensuing morning.

The surf along the shore of Lospard's Bay, having considerably abated the ensuing morning, I determined, with the concurrence of Commodore Sir Home Popham, to make an effort to get the troops on shore, and accordingly the Highland Brigade, composed of the 71st, 72nd, and 93rd Regiments effected that object, under the command of Brigadier-General Ferguson.

The shore had been previously very closely inspected by the Brigadier, and by his spirited exertions and example, our efforts were crowned with success ; although a confined and intricate channel to the shore, which had been accurately pointed out by beacons laid down by the diligence and activity of the boats of His Majesty's ship *Diadem*, and a tremendous surf, opposed the passage of the troops.

The enemy had scattered a party of sharp shooters over the contiguous heights, and commanded the landing, but the casualties of this service arose principally from natural difficulties, and it is with the deepest concern I have the honour to inform your Lordship that we lost thirty-five rank-and-file of the 93rd Regiment by the over-setting of one of the boats, notwithstanding every possible effort to rescue those unfortunate men.



The remainder of the troops could only be brought on shore on the succeeding day, when the extraordinary obstacles to all intercourse with the fleet, which nothing but the courage and perseverance of British seamen could surmount, barely enabled us to obtain the indispensable supplies of water and provisions for immediate subsistence.

On the morning of the 8th the army, consisting of the 24th, 59th, 71st, 72nd, 83rd, and 93rd Regiments, about four thousand strong, was formed into two brigades, with two howitzers and six light field pieces, and moved off towards the road which leads to Cape Town, and, having ascended the summit of the Blaauwberg, or Blue Mountains, and dislodging the enemy's light troops, I discovered their main body, drawn up in two lines, prepared to receive us, and even in motion to anticipate our approach.

The enemy's force apparently consisted of about five thousand men, the greater proportion of which was cavalry, and twenty-three pieces of cannon, yoked to horses, the disposition of which, and the nature of the ground occupied by the enemy's troops, made it evident that they intended to refuse their right wing, and with their left attempt to turn our right flank; but, to frustrate their design, I formed the army into two columns, the second brigade under Brigadier-General Ferguson keeping the road, whilst the first struck to the right, and took the defile of the mountains. Having accomplished my purpose, our line was formed with equal celerity and order; and the left wing, composed of the Highland Brigade was thrown forward, and advanced with the steadiest step, under a very heavy fire of round shot, grape, and musketry. Nothing could surpass or resist the determined bravery of the troops, headed by their gallant leader, Brigadier-General Ferguson, and the number of the enemy, who swarmed the plain, served only to augment their ardour and confirm their discipline. The enemy received our fire, and maintained his position obstinately, but in the moment of charging, the valour of British troops bore down all opposition, and forced him to a precipitate retreat.

The first brigade, composed of the 24th, 59th, and 83rd Regiments, and commanded in the absence of Brigadier-General Beresford, by Lieutenant-Colonel Baird, was unavoidably precluded, by their situation, from any considerable participation in the triumph of the British arms, though the flank companies of the 24th had however an opportunity of distinguishing themselves in dislodging a number of horse and riflemen from the heights on our right flank. This brilliant achievement, however, was clouded by the loss of Captain Foster, of the Grenadiers, whose gallantry is best recorded in the bosoms of his brother soldiers, and the universal regret of the army.

It is utterly impossible to convey to your Lordship an adequate idea of the obstacles which opposed the advance, and retarded the success of our army, but it is my duty to inform your Lordship, that the nature of the country—a deep, heavy, and arid land, covered with shrubs, scarcely pervious to light bodies of infantry; and above all the total privation of water under the effects of a burning sun, had nearly exhausted our gallant fellows in the moment of victory, and with the utmost difficulty were we able to reach the Reit Valley, where we took our position for the night. A considerable portion of the provisions and necessaries with which we started, had been lost during the action, and we occupied our ground



under an apprehension that even the great exertions of Sir Home Popham and the Navy could not relieve us from starvation.

My Lord, on every occasion where it has been found necessary to call for the co-operation of British seamen in land enterprises, their valour has been so conspicuous, and their spirit of labour and perseverance so unconquerable, that no tribute of my applause can add a lustre to their character ; but I discharge a most agreeable portion of my duty in assuring your Lordship, that on the recent employment of their services, they have maintained their reputation ; and in this place it behoves me to inform your Lordship, that the uniform good conduct of those gallant fellows, and the zeal of Captain George Byng who commanded them, together with that of every subordinate officer, have merited my fullest approbation.

The loss of the enemy in this engagement is reputed to exceed seven hundred men, in killed and wounded ; and it is with the most sensible gratification that I contrast it with the enclosed return of our casualties. Your Lordship will perceive the name of Lieutenant-Colonel Grant among the wounded, but the heroic spirit of this officer was not subdued by his misfortune, and he continued to lead his men to glory, as long as an enemy was opposed to His Majesty's 72nd Regiment. I have the cordial satisfaction to add, that his wound, though very severe, is not pronounced dangerous ; and I indulge in the hope and expectation of his early recovery and resumption of command.

On the morning of the 9th, recruited by such supplies as the unwearied diligence and efforts of the navy could throw on shore, the 59th Regiment however, being almost completely destitute of food, we prosecuted our march towards Cape Town, and took up a position south of the Salt River, which we trusted might preserve a free communication with the squadron ; for our battering train, as well as every other necessary, except water, was to pass to us from His Majesty's ships. In this situation, a flag of truce was sent to me by the Commandant of the garrison of Cape Town (the Governor-General Jansens, having retired after the action of the 8th into the country, moving by Hottentots Holland Kloof), requesting a suspension of hostilities for forty-eight hours, in order to negotiate a capitulation. In answer to this overture, I dispatched Brigadier-General Ferguson, accompanied by Lieutenant-Colonel Brownrigg, to stipulate, as the condition of my acquiescence, the surrender of the outworks of the town within six hours, allowing thirty-six hours for arranging the articles of capitulation.

My proposition being assented to, the 59th Regiment marched into Fort Knokke ; and the next day, in conjunction with Sir Home Popham, the terms were agreed upon, and His Majesty's forces were put in possession of the several defences of the town. Of the modified capitulation as ratified by us, I have the honour to inclose a copy.

The cordial, able, and zealous co-operation of Commodore Sir Home Popham, emulated by all the officers under his command, merits my warmest acknowledgments and commendation ; and I have the satisfaction to add, that no united service was ever performed with more true harmony than has uniformly been manifested by both branches of His Majesty's forces. Such of His Majesty's ships as could be spared from the service of Lospard's Bay, constantly coasted the enemy's shore, throwing shot among his troops and people, and contributing to keep him

ignorant of the actual place of our disembarkation ; and a very spirited effort was made by the marines of the fleet, and a party of seamen from the *Diadem*, under the Commodore's immediate command, to occupy a position in Riet Valley, and co-operate with the army.

The marines and the Honourable Company's recruits, as well as their cadets, headed by Lieutenant-Colonel Willet, of the Bengal establishment, have been usefully employed in different branches of the service ; but I have to regret the deprivation of the services of the 20th Dragoons, and 38th Regiment, under a conviction that they could not have failed to discharge their duty in the same exemplary manner as the rest of His Majesty's troops engaged in the action.

Public as well as personal considerations induce me to lament the absence of Brigadier-General Beresford, from whose talents and experience I should have derived the most essential assistance in our disputed and difficult progress from Lospard's Bay.

The duties of the Quarter-master General's department were very ably and judiciously discharged by Lieutenant-Colonel Brownrigg ; and although the army had the greatest cause to lament the absence from severe illness of Major Tucker, Deputy Adjutant-General, yet the zeal and activity manifested by Major Trotter of the 83rd Regiment, and the Assistant-Adjutant General, Captain Munro, happily precluded all deficiency in that department. The absence of Captain Smyth, of the Royal Engineers, with the Saldanha detachment, was also a matter of great regret to me, for his knowledge of the country would have relieved me from much embarrassment.

To the several officers commanding corps, I am under considerable obligations for their gallant, spirited, zealous, and judicious conduct and example, in leading their men up to the enemy. British troops, headed by such men, must ever, under Providence, command success ; and every man in this army has, I trust it will be considered, preserved the character of the British soldier, and faithfully discharged his duty to his king and country.

This dispatch will be delivered to your Lordship by Lieutenant-Colonel Baird, and to whom I beg leave to refer for any additional information your Lordship may wish to obtain, respecting our proceedings ; and I beg leave to recommend the zealous and meritorious officer to your Lordship's protection.

I take the liberty of mentioning to your Lordship, that not having been joined by the *Narcissus* frigate prior to our disembarkation, and subsequent operations in the field, I was unfortunately deprived of the services of Captain Sorell, Assistant-Adjutant General, who was charged with my despatches from Madeira to Governor Patton, and with the execution of my wishes to procure intelligence relative to the strength and condition of this Colony ; and from whose extensive local knowledge and professional talents, I expected to derive great assistance.

Herewith I have the honour to enclose for your Lordship's information, a return of the ordinance found in the citadel and other defences of this settlement, but it is perhaps inaccurate, for the reason assigned by the commanding officer of artillery.

I have the honour to be, &c.,

(Signed) D. BAIRD, Major-General,  
Commanding in Chief.

To Viscount CASTLEREAGH, &c., &c., &c.

*Return of the killed, wounded, and missing of the forces under the command of Major-General Sir David Baird, in landing at Lospard's Bay, on the 6th of January, 1806.*

First Brigade.—None.

*Second, or Highland Brigade.*

71st Reg.—1 rank and file, killed; 1 field officer, 3 rank and file, wounded.

N. B. 1 drummer and 35 rank and file, of the 93rd Regiment, drowned in landing.

OFFICERS WOUNDED.

Brevet-Major Weir, Brigade Major, slightly.

Lieutenant-Colonel Pack, of the 71st Regiment, slightly.

W. H. TROTTER, Major, 83rd Reg.

Acting Deputy Adj.-Gen.

*Return of the killed, wounded, and missing of the forces under the command of Major-General Sir David Baird, in the action of the 8th of January, 1806, at Blaauwberg.*

*First Brigade.*

24th Reg.—1 captain, 3 rank and file, killed; 1 drummer, 15 rank and file wounded; 2 rank and file missing.

59th Reg.—1 rank and file, killed; 1 captain, 5 rank and file, wounded; 1 rank and file, missing.

83rd Reg.—2 serjeants, 2 rank and file, wounded; 3 rank and file, missing.

*Second, or Highland Brigade.*

71st Reg.—5 rank and file, killed; 1 field officer, 2 serjeants, 64 rank and file, wounded; 1 rank and file, missing.

72nd Reg.—2 rank and file, killed; 1 field officer, 1 subaltern, 2 serjeants, 1 drummer, 33 rank and file, wounded; 1 rank and file, missing.

93rd Reg.—2 rank and file, killed; 1 field officer, 4 subalterns, 1 serjeant, 1 drummer, 51 rank and file, wounded.

Marine Battalion.—1 rank and file, killed.

Total.—1 captain, 14 rank and file, killed; 3 field-officers, 1 captain, 5 subalterns, 7 serjeants, 3 drummers, 170 rank and file, wounded; 8 rank and file, missing.

OFFICER KILLED.

24th Reg.—Captain Andrew Foster.

OFFICERS WOUNDED.

59th Reg.—Alexander M'Pherson, badly.

71st. Reg.—Brevet Lieutenant-Colonel Campbell.

72nd Reg.—Lieutenant-Colonel Grant; Lieutenant Chisholm.

93rd Reg.—Brevet Lieutenant-Colonel Honeyman.

78th Reg.—Lieutenants Scobie and Strachan, attached to 93rd Regiment.

86th Reg.—Ensigns Heddrick and Craigh.

W. H. TROTTER, Major, 83rd Reg.,

Acting Deputy Adj.-Gen.

*Articles of Capitulation, proposed by Lieutenant-Colonel Hyeronimus Casimirus Van Prophalow, Commandant of the town, castle, and circumjacent fortifications of the Cape of Good Hope, to the Major-General in the service of His Britannic Majesty, Sir David Baird, K.C., Commander-in-Chief of His Majesty's forces, and Commodore Sir Home Popham, Commander-in-Chief of His Britannic Majesty's naval forces in Table Bay :*

Art. I. The capitulation being signed, the Cape Town castle, and circumjacent fortifications, shall be immediately surrendered to the troops of His Britannic Majesty, viz. : The fortifications of the King's block-house, Craig's Tower, and all the batteries within that circuit, and one on the other side of the Camp's Bay.

Art. II. The garrison shall, at the surrender, march out with all the honours of war, and shall then lay down their arms and become prisoners of war; but such officers as are natives of the colony, or married with natives or in possession of sufficient landed property to become regularly and *bonâ fide* domiciliated, shall be at liberty to continue here so long as they behave themselves as becometh good subjects and citizens, or proceed to Great Britain with regular passports, and having previously passed their parole not to serve until regularly exchanged.

Art. III. All officers who, according to the previous article, must go to Europe, shall be provided with passages at the expense of His Britannic Majesty, and have leave to realize their property previous to their departure, and receive the same pay as they did in their own service till the day of their embarkation.

Art. IV. The French subjects who, belonging to the stranded frigate *L'Atalante*, another stranded privateer, *Le Napoleon*, were casually here and are comprehended in the present capitulation, shall be treated on the same footing as the garrison; but they must all be embarked for Europe, as well as every other French subject in the colony.

Art. V. The inhabitants of the town who have borne arms to be considered as belonging to the town, and may immediately return to their former occupations; but the distinction between the burghers and other inhabitants is to remain the same, and subject to the same restrictions as under the Dutch laws.

Art. VI. All *bonâ fide* private property, whether belonging to the civil and military servants of the Government, to the burghers and inhabitants, to churches, orphans, and other public institutions of that kind, shall remain free and untouched.

Art. VII. Public property of every description, whether consisting of treasure, or naval or military stores, buildings, estates, or merchandise belonging to the Batavian Republic, or the Government of France, shall be faithfully delivered up, and proper inventories given of them as soon as possible.

Art. VIII. The burghers and inhabitants shall preserve all their rights and privileges which they have hitherto enjoyed. Public worship, as at present in use, shall also be maintained without alteration.

Art. IX. The paper money actually in circulation shall continue current as heretofore, until the pleasure of His Britannic Majesty is known.

Art. X. The lands and houses, the property of the Batavian Republic, which must be delivered up, shall remain as a security for that part of



the paper money which is not already secured by mortgages upon the estates of individuals, by its having been lent to them. This is, however, to be without prejudice to the free use to be made of the said lands and houses for public purposes.

Art. XI. Prisoners of war comprehended in the present capitulation shall not be pressed into His Britannic Majesty's service, or engaged against their own free will and consent. With respect to other persons, they are provided for in article the fifth of this capitulation.

Art. XII. The inhabitants of Cape Town shall be exempted from having troops quartered on them.

Art. XIII. Two ships having been sunk in Table Bay, to the great detriment of the roadstead, either after the Batavian Republic had sent out a flag of truce, or whilst it was in contemplation so to do, they are to be raised again and delivered over in an entire state of repair: This having been done without the sanction of the commandant, the raising of the said ships shall be incumbent on those who sunk them.

Art. XIV. This capitulation shall be signed at four o'clock this afternoon, when the castle of the Cape Town, and all the adjacent forts previously mentioned, shall be surrendered to His Britannic Majesty's troops.

Given under our hands and seals this 10th day of January, in the year of our Lord 1806, at Papendorp, near Fort Knokke.

(Signed) H. C. PROPHALOW.  
D. BAIRD, Major-General,  
Commanding in Chief,  
H. POPHAM.

Executed in the presence of

J. S. Truiter,  
J. Palmer.

*General Return of ordnance of the several batteries of Cape Town, Cape of Good Hope, and its dependencies, 12th January, 1806, viz.:*

Brass guns.—2 twenty-four-pounders, 12 eighteen-pounders, 6 twelve-pounders, 4 eight-pounders, 19 six-pounders, 18 four-pounders, 24 one-pounders.

Iron guns.—32 thirty-six-pounders, 51 twenty-four-pounders, 67 eighteen-pounders, 76 twelve-pounders, 4 nine-pounders, 17 eight-pounders, 35 six-pounders, 16 four-pounders, 2 one-pounders.

Brass mortars.—7 thirteen-inch, 8 twelve-inch.

Cohorn mortars.—2 three-and-half-inch.

Brass howitzers.—5 twenty-four-pounders, 1 eight-inch, 1 six-inch.

Iron Carronades.—14 thirty-two-pounders, 2 twelve-pounders.

Brass swivels.—4 one-pounders.

Iron swivels.—8 one pound and half, 19 one-pounders.

Total.—113 brass and 343 iron pieces of ordnance—456.

W. SPICER, Major commanding Royal Artillery.

W. H. TROTTER, Major, Acting Deputy Adj.-Gen.

N.B.—There not being sufficient time to send in a return of the whole of the ordnance, ammunition, and stores, a correct return will be sent as soon as possible.



*Extract of a despatch from Major-General Sir David Baird to Lord Viscount Castlereagh, dated Cape Town, January 13th, 1806.*

General Jansens has retired to Hottentot's Holland Kloof, and advises this instant received state him to have sent his forces over the Kloof, estimating them at twelve hundred men, with twenty-eight pieces of artillery, and two hundred wagons. He has discharged the farmers from the service, and dismissed fifty wagons, which are said to be coming towards the town, and consequently will be soon in my possession.

This account of his force is probably exaggerated, and particularly with regard to his artillery.

The General himself is still on this side the Kloof, but his intentions seem matter of conjecture, and probably he meditates a movement towards Zwartkops River.

His resources with respect to subsistence are of a kind not very susceptible of interruption from the disposition of the farmers or the means I can immediately oppose to him, unless he should experience a deficiency of ammunition by our possession of some of his dépôts. The farmers are by no means likely to assist him heartily for any length of time, for the devastation of their property must be the inevitable consequence of a prosecution of the contest in the interior.

To augment, or even preserve his actual (and I trust but temporary) superiority in that particular, it will be necessary for General Jansens to move in a northerly direction into the district of Stellenbosch ; but as the measure is of a most desperate tendency, and requires that his heart should be steeled to those sensations which are said to govern his actions, I indulge a sanguine expectation that consequences so dreadful may be averted.

With this view, and from the posture of our relative affairs, I have deemed it both honourable and expedient for His Majesty's Government to make an overture to General Jansens, a copy of which is enclosed, deprecating the destructive results of his further opposition to His Majesty's arms, and treating him with the generosity and distinction due to his character.

But in order to give weight to the anxious desire I entertain of inviting General Jansens to a pacification, I have, at an early hour this day, detached Brigader-General Beresford, with the 59th and 72nd Regiments, two howitzers, and four six-pounders to possess himself of the village of Stellenbosch, and thence to forward my letter to the General, accompanied by such additional arguments as the Brigader may consider expedient to submit to him, and with full powers to conclude whatever treaty existing circumstances may exact.

Cape Town, January 11th, 1806.

SIR,—You have discharged your duty to your country as became a brave man at the head of a gallant, though feeble, army. I know how to respect the high qualities of such a man ; and do not doubt that that humanity which ever characterizes an intrepid soldier will now operate in your breast to check the fatal consequences of a fruitless contest.

The naval and military forces of His Britannic Majesty, which have possessed themselves of the seat of your recent government, are of a magnitude to leave no question respecting the issue of further hostilities ;

and therefore a temporary and disastrous resistance is all you can possibly oppose to superior numbers.

Under these circumstances, nothing can result but the devastation of the country you casually occupy ; and such a consequence can never be contemplated without anguish by a generous mind ; or be gratifying to the man who feels for the prosperity and tranquility of the colony lately subject to his administration. But if, unhappily, your resolution is formed to oppose an enemy of such superior force, by protracting a contest which must entail misery and ruin on the industrious and peaceably disposed settlers of this colony, I shall be exonerated from the reproach of my own conscience by this frank overture ; and you may justify to yourself, and to your countrymen, the further effusion of blood, and the desolation of the country.

You are necessarily so well acquainted with the extent of the calamities in which the interior of the country may be involved, that I shall not enlarge upon your power of causing mischief to be done to all its inhabitants ; but I persuade myself that considerations of a more laudable nature will influence your decision on this occasion, and that you will manifest an immediate disposition to promote general tranquillity.

I have the honour to subscribe, with sentiments of the highest respect and consideration, Sir, yours, &c.

(Signed) D. BAIRD,

Maj.-Gen. Commanding-in-Chief.

To Lieutenant-General Jansens, &c.

Admiralty Office, February 27th, 1806.

*Copy of a letter received this day, by Captain Downman, from Sir Home Popham, Knt. Captain of His Majesty's ship the "Diadem," to William Marsden, Esq.; dated on board the said ship, in Table Bay, the 13th January, 1806.*

SIR,—When I addressed you, for the information of the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty, on an occasion of such public interest and importance as the capture of the Cape of Good Hope (which is now in possession of His Majesty's troops under that renowned General Sir David Baird), I consider it unnecessary to trouble their Lordships with a detailed account of the proceedings of the fleet from St. Salvador, which, however, will be conveyed in another despatch.

On the 3rd instant we made Table Land, and on the 4th, in the evening, we reached our preconcerted anchorage to the westward of Robben Island, though too late to do anything but take a superficial view of Blue Berg Bay, where it was proposed to land the main body of the army, making, however, a demonstration off Green Point, with the *Leda* frigate, and the transports containing the 24th Regiment, which was certainly well executed by Captain Honyman.

On the 5th, at three o'clock in the morning, the troops were put in the boats and assembled alongside the *Espoir*, but the surf ran so high, that a landing was deemed totally impracticable, and consequently the troops

returned to their ships ; and I immediately accompanied the General on board the *Espoir* for the purpose of making a close examination of the whole coast from Craig's Tower to Lospard's Bay ; on no part of which did it appear possible to land a single boat without extreme danger.

To the evil consequences of delay in commencing operations on the enemy's coast, was to be added the very alarming possibility that some reinforcement might arrive by one of the various squadrons in motion when we left Europe ; and therefore the General and myself were induced to consider that however difficult the task might be of advancing from Saldanha Bay, yet it was an object of very great moment to accomplish a safe and speedy landing for the troops ; and the instant the decision was made, the *Diomedé*, with the transports of the 38th Regiment, the cavalry ships, and a portion of artillery, under the orders of Brigadier-General Beresford sailed for Saldanha, preceded by Captain King in the *Espoir*, having on board Captain Smyth of the Engineers (an officer well acquainted with the country) with a view of seizing the post-master, and as many cattle as possible, antecedent to the arrival of the advanced division of the fleet.

Soon after the *Diomedé* weighed, the westerly wind began to abate ; and on the 6th in the morning, the officers examining the beach reported that the surf had considerably subsided during the night ; which, indeed, was so evident from the *Diadem* when she stood in shore, that I requested Sir David Baird to permit General Ferguson, and Colonel Brownrigg, the Quarter-Master-General, to attend the officer on his second examination, that their feelings might in some measure be balanced against those of professional men, and to satisfy the army that no measure, in which its safety was so intimately connected, should be determined on without due and proper deliberation.

In the meantime the *Diadem*, *Leda*, and *Encounter* were placed in a situation to render the most effectual assistance ; and the 71st and 72nd Regiments, with two field pieces and a howitzer ready mounted, in the boats of the *Raisable* and *Belliqueux*, rendezvoused alongside the two former ships, manifesting the most ardent desire for the signal from General Ferguson ; at this moment the *Protector* joined the squadron, and Captain Rowly, who was well acquainted with the anchorage, volunteered his services to place her to the northward, so as to cross the fire of the *Encounter*, and more effectually cover the landing of the troops.

Captain Downman at the same time went on shore with a light transport brig drawing only six feet, to run her on the beach as a break-water, if it would in any degree facilitate the debarkation of the troops.

At half-past twelve the *Encounter* conveyed by signal General Ferguson's opinion, that a landing might be effected, and the joy that was manifest in the countenance of every officer, heightened the characteristic ardour of the troops, and under an anxiety probably to be first on shore, induced them to urge the boats to extend their line of beach further than was prudent, and occasioned the loss of one boat, with a party of the 93rd Regiment.

I report this event to their Lordships with the most unfeigned regret ; and it is doubly painful to me, because from all the efforts of an enemy posted on an advantageous height, the army had only two men wounded in landing. This circumstance must fully prove how well the covering vessels were placed, and how ably our guns were served ; and I trust my

country will acquit me of having applied every expedient that could be devised to prevent the occurrence of an accident which I so sincerely deplore.

The surf increased considerably towards the close of the evening, and about eight o'clock the landing of any more troops was stopped, but recommenced in the morning, when all the men, and prisoners which the General judged necessary to take, were disembarked without a moment's loss of time.

Conceiving that a detachment of the squadron might be of service at the head of the bay, I preceded there with the *Leda*, *Encounter*, and *Protector* and a division of transports, and I understand, from firing occasionally that evening over the bank towards the Salt Pan, that the enemy was obliged to move from an eligible situation which he had before occupied.

On the following morning we discovered the British army advancing, with an unparalleled rapidity, over a heavy country, defended by a numerous train of well served artillery ; and as I conceived a few fresh troops might be applied to advantage, I desired Captain Downman to land with the marines of the squadron, and two field pieces, to await the arrival of Sir David Baird at Reit Valley, whom I very soon after had the pleasure of personally congratulating on the victory he had obtained over a General of such high military fame as General Jansens.

When the army was in motion to take up its position at Craig's Tower, and while I was proceeding up the bay to anchor in the most convenient place for landing the battering train, a flag of truce was discovered coming towards the *Diadem*, by which I received the letter No. 1 from the Commandant of the town and castle ; and the next day, in conjunction with Sir David Baird, the capitulation No. 2 was accepted, and at six a royal salute was fired from the squadron, on His Majesty's colours being once more hoisted on the castle.

Although their Lordships will perceive by the detailed account of our transactions here, and the accompanying plan of the different dispositions which were made, that no brilliant service fell to the lot of the squadron I have the honour to command, yet it is what I owe every officer and seaman to state, that under the most laborious duty I ever experienced, their zeal never abated. To Captain Rowley I feel personally indebted for his readiness on every occasion ; and I have no doubt but the highest satisfaction will be expressed of the conduct of Captain Byng, who commanded the Marine Battalion, by an authority far exceeding mine ; and I inclose for their Lordships' information, a copy of the Report he made me on the conduct of the officers serving in that battalion ; to which, exclusive of those belonging to the squadron, are added Captain Hardinge of the *Salsette*, and several other officers, now on their passage to India to join their ships.

Captain Butterfield and Lieutenant Cochrane of the transports, were on all occasions ready to forward the service, and we are particularly indebted to Captains Cameron, Christopher, and Moring, of the Honourable Company's ships, *Duchess of Gordon*, *Sir William Pultney*, and *Comet*, who particularly exerted themselves in assisting the troops through the surf.

It is impossible for me to transmit any returns of the stores taken, by this opportunity, or of the state of the Bato of sixty-eight guns in Sea-



men's Bay ; but it is, however, so strongly reported that the enemy has not completely succeeded in his attempt to burn her, that I have sent Captain Percy to take possession of her, and, if possible, to move her into safety, as the enemy has totally abandoned her.

Captain Downman of the *Diadem*, will have the honour of delivering this despatch to their Lordships, and from the intelligent manner in which I am satisfied, he will explain every movement, and the causes by which I have been actuated, I trust he will require no further recommendation to their Lordships' protection.

I cannot, however, conclude this letter without assuring their Lordships that I know no instance where a stronger degree of confidence and unanimity has been exemplified between the two professions than on the present occasion ; and I humbly hope this circumstance, coupled with the meritorious and successful issue of Sir David Baird's military dispositions will recommend this armament to His Majesty's most gracious favour and protection.

I have the honour to be, Sir,  
Your most obedient humble Servant,

HOME POPHAM.

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His Majesty's ship *Bellicieux*,  
Table Bay, January 11, 1806.

SIR,—After the public orders issued by General Sir David Baird, I feel it unnecessary to trouble you with any further report on the conduct of the Marine Brigade than to send you a copy of it. I never witnessed more zeal and determined spirit than was universally prevalent ; and I take the liberty of annexing the names of all the volunteer officers\* ; and I return my thanks to them, as well as those officers from the Indiamen, so ably led by Captain Edmeads, of the *William Pitt*, to whom I am particularly indebted for his exertions.

I have the honour to be, &c.,  
(Signed) GEO. BYNG.

To Sir Home Popham, K.B., Commodore,  
&c., &c., &c.

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Downing-street, April 7, 1806.

A despatch from Major-General Sir David Baird, commanding His Majesty's troops at the Cape of Good Hope, dated 26th January last, addressed to Lord Viscount Castlereagh, has been received at the office of Mr. Secretary Windham, of which the following is an extract :

I had the honour to address your Lordships on the 13th instant, relative to the situation of affairs in this colony ; and I now proceed to submit to your Lordships my subsequent operations against the Batavian forces, commanded by Lieutenant-General Jansens, and which terminated in the subjection of the colony.

According to my orders, Brigadier-General Beresford advanced with a

\* Captain Harding, Lieutenants Pigot, Graham, Sutherland, Mingay, Crew and Pearce.



detachment of the army, on the 13th instant, to occupy the village of Stellenbosch, and secure the strong pass of Roode Sand, with a view to exclude the Batavian forces from that productive portion of the district, and to preserve to ourselves an undisturbed intercourse with the farmers below the Kloof. Lieutenant-General Jansens made no effort to dispute these objects, but contented himself with moving his forces to the summit of Hottentot Holland's Kloof, and there took post, waiting, apparently, to receive some overtures of pacification. Brigadier-General Beresford availed himself of this aspect of affairs to transmit to Lieutenant-General Jansens a letter from me, and took that occasion of announcing that he was vested with powers to come to an accommodation with the Lieutenant-General.

This proposition produced a truce for the purpose of carrying on a negotiation; but it were superfluous to occupy your Lordship's time by detailing the various pretensions and arguments urged by Lieutenant-General Jansens in objection to the terms I offered to his army; but the result thereof afforded so little prospect of accommodation, that I deemed it proper to move the 59th and 72nd Regiments to the Roode Sand Kloof, and the 93rd Regiment towards Hottentot Holland, with a view to a combined operation with the 83rd Regiment, which had sailed on the 14th instant for Mossel Bay, in order to throw itself into the enemy's rear, possess the Attaquos Pass, and, from that position, cut off his retreat through the district of Swellendam.

Brigadier-General Beresford had acquiesced in the prolongation of the truce with General Jansens for a few hours, in the hope that further deliberation might dispose him to listen to the very honourable and advantageous terms I had offered him; and at the moment when every expectation of his renewing the negotiation had ceased, his military Secretary, Captain Debittz, waited upon me, and presented a modified draft of the terms originally proposed by me. On my declining to vary the conditions, Captain Debittz solicited permission to refer my ultimatum to General Jansens; and was at length authorized to notify his acceptance of them.

In consequence of this notification, I dispatched Brigadier-General Beresford with directions to execute a treaty on the conditions first offered to General Jansens, and whereof I have now the honour to transmit your Lordship an authenticated copy.

*Articles of Capitulation proposed by Lieutenant-General Jansens, Governor and Commander-in-Chief of the Batavian forces at the Cape of Good Hope, to Brigadier-General Beresford, duly authorized by Major-General Sir David Baird, K.C., and Commodore Sir Home Popham, K.M., commanding the Military and Naval forces of His Britannic Majesty.*

Art. I. As soon as this capitulation is signed, the whole of the settlement of the Cape of Good Hope, with all its Dependencies, and the rights and the privileges held and exercised by the Batavian Government, will be considered as surrendered by the Governor, Lieutenant-General Jansens, to His Britannic Majesty.

Answer.—Agreed to.

Art. II. The Batavian troops are to march with all their baggage, arms, &c., to a place hereafter to be agreed upon, and retain everything as well what belongs to the state, as to individuals, and be at liberty, either freely to dispose of the same, or if they prefer, take everything away with them.

Answer.—The Batavian troops shall march from their present camp within three days, or sooner if convenient, with their guns, arms, and baggage, and with all the honours of war, to Simon's Town. They shall retain all private property, and officers their swords and horses.

But their arms, treasure, and all public property of every description, together with the cavalry and artillery horses, must be delivered up. In consideration however of their gallant conduct, the troops will be embarked and sent straight to Holland at the expense of the British Government, and shall not be considered as prisoners of war, they engaging not to serve against His Britannic Majesty or his allies until they have been landed in Holland.

Art. III. The battalion of Hottentot Light Infantry shall, with the rest of the troops, march to the place to be agreed upon, and there being disbanded by General Jansens, shall be at liberty to return to their own country.

Answer.—The Hottentot soldiers are to march to Simon's Town with the other troops, after which, they will be either allowed to return to their own country, or be engaged in the British service, as they may think proper.

Art. IV. Under this capitulation shall be comprehended all military men, who being wounded, have not been able to follow the army, and have fallen into hands of the British.

Answer.—These persons being already prisoners of war, any decision respecting them belongs only to the British Commander-in-Chief.

Art. V. The officers and men belonging to the Batavian army are to be subsisted at the expense of the British Government until they are embarked.

Answer.—Agreed to.

Art. VI. The troops shall be transported to such ports of the Batavian Republic as shall be selected by Lieutenant-General Jansens.

Answer.—The troops as in answer to the second article, shall be sent to some port in Holland.

Art. VII. The sick who cannot be removed with the other soldiers, are to be attended at the expense of His Britannic Majesty, and when recovered sent to Holland.

Answer.—Agreed to.

Art. VIII. The inhabitants of the colony who are comprehended in this capitulation are to enjoy the same rights and privileges as have been granted to those in Cape Town, according to the Capitulation of the 10th instant.

Answer.—Agreed to ; with the exception of not quartering troops, the country not having the same resources as the town, and this right having been always an appendage to the Batavian Government.

Art. IX. The troops whilst on board ship are to be accommodated and fed according either to the Dutch or English method, as is most beneficial to them.

Answer.—The troops when embarked, will be treated in respect as British troops when on board transports.

Art. X. Lieutenant-General Jansens shall be at liberty to send home a despatch to Holland, and will receive assistance from the British Commanders in forwarding the same.

Answer.—Agreed to.

Art. XI. The Baron of Hogendorp having expended a great deal of money for the execution of agricultural plans, he shall be supported by the British Government in carrying his plans into execution; and the British Government shall grant unto him all such rights and privileges as, from the public records, it shall appear the Batavian Government meant to have given him.

Answer.—This article must be left entirely to the discretion of the future British governor or commanders.

Art. XII. If in this capitulation anything doubtful may occur, it shall be *bonâ fide* construed to the benefit of the Batavian Government.

Answer.—If any doubt should arise as to any article contained in this capitulation, it shall be decided according to what shall appear to be just and honourable, without any preference to either party.

Given under our hands and seals this 18th day of January, 1806,  
at Hottentots Holland.

(Signed)

J. W. JANSSENS,  
W. C. BERESFORD,  
Brigadier-General.

Executed in the presence of

(Signed) J. A. TRUTER,  
J. C. SMYTH.

Ratified and confirmed in the Castle of Good Hope, this 19th day of January, 1806.

(Signed) D. BAIRD,  
Maj.-Gen. Commander-in-Chief.

HOME POPHAM,  
Commodore, Commanding His Majesty's  
Naval Forces,

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## **Darwinism; its value as a Cosmological Theory.\***

BY THE REV. J. TURNBULL, GREY TOWN, NATAL.—PART I.

DARWINISM is a cosmological theory. It speaks of a creator and of a creation, and it evidently proceeds upon the facts or truths which geology and paleontology are supposed to have established,—namely, that the world has existed for many cycles of ages, and *that* under the conditions and laws at present in force. In our inquiry we are not directly required to entertain the question whether or not all things have remained as they now are from the beginning. We

\* We publish with pleasure this paper which has been forwarded to us by the author. It will be found to be able, thoughtful, suggestive, and therefore interesting—although we express no opinion as to the conclusiveness or otherwise of the argument.—We regret that from want of space the greater portion of it must be held over until the next number of the *Magazine*.—ED.

only remark that many scientists deny *in toto* all the postulates of this theory regarding living organisms, whether plants or animals.

Darwinism is a very modern hypothesis. It was, in fact, enunciated within the present generation. Its author or projector first came into notice about thirty years ago. But views very analogous to his were held by some naturalists before him (he is said to be indebted to his father), and with common consent the great fore-runner of this school of naturalists was Lamarck, a Frenchman (born 1744, died 1829). And a perfect galaxy of names, great in science and philosophy, may be mentioned, as having had something to do with the working out of these opinions of Lamarck, which have at last been brought to maturity by Darwin. Indeed, it may be confessed that the ideas of Lamarck and the theories of Darwin have had a floating existence among the thinkers of the race from a very early period. Democritus, of Abdera, who lived 460 years B.C., maintained something very like Darwinism, and those theories into which it dovetails. He had not a few followers among the old Grecian sages. Dr. Hitchcock thus summarizes his teachings:—"All existence was the result of two necessary and self-existent principles, namely, *space*, infinite in extent, and *atoms*, infinite in number. The latter have been eternally in motion, in directions varying from right lines; and their necessary collisions have produced the various forms of organic and inorganic nature. To produce animals and plants it was only necessary that the atoms should be suitably arranged. The animating principle was rapid agitation of atoms" ("Religion and Geology," p. 234). His teaching has been termed a "remarkable perversion" of the modern atomic theory, and of the rise of organic beings from cells or ovules, or from monads, or from protoplasm. These Democritus called atoms, animated by rapid motion, that is, suitably arranged.

It is matter for inquiry whether or not modern thought has advanced much beyond that of the sage of Abdera. The moderns are his superiors doubtless in scientific attainments, and they say that his notions were mere guesses, and were not founded on scientific observation. Lamarck and his school supposed that life was produced by electricity, of which Democritus knew absolutely nothing. But Benjamin Franklin, who died in 1790, had made Lamarck acquainted with that element, and it was to be expected that naturalists should entertain many erroneous views about it; and they in fact attributed to it a life-giving power. Assuredly the rapid agitation among the atoms of Democritus is as near the truth as the electricity of Lamarck!

Lamarck was also of opinion that nature had a power of producing monads. These were called "rough draughts of animals and plants," and they acquired gradually organs, as feet, legs, arms, eyes, and ears. These were developed "by the force of external circumstances." It was rightly objected to this theory that such an expression was not philosophical; that by such an unknown



power all the phenomena of nature could be accounted for. This force had no personal origin, and external circumstances appeared to be uncontrolled. In fact, the finest organisms, the highest faculties found in man, were produced by a blind and aimless force, incapable of design, but coupled to external circumstances as blind and changeable as the force itself. For example, man got his reason, the camel his hump, the whale his blubber, by or "from the force of external circumstances." Now, as it appears to me, and certainly in one aspect at least, Darwinism is an attempt to explain Lamarck's "force of external circumstances." This expression is now removed, as it well deserves to be, from philosophical dictionaries, and it is replaced by the Darwinian one "natural selection." A modern scientist,—indeed, the adjective may be withheld, for there were no scientists a few years ago—will tell you that man, the camel, and the whale got their organs by "natural selection." In other words, a selection was made from them by nature. Nature did not choose and then bestow, nor had the animals anything to do with this selection; but they took what nature bestowed, but did not choose for themselves. Nature gave. It could not be said that nature designed or intended to give these respective organs to these animals; but, however it was, it was a "*natural selection*." It will be shortly apparent that the term "natural selection" leaves us just about as much in the dark "as the force of external circumstances." Darwinism is an advance, and, it may be admitted, an improvement on Lamarckism. It is, however, so infinitesimal that the progress may be ascribed to natural selection.

From what has been advanced it will be seen that Darwinism bears a direct and positive relation to the science of the present day. Some geologists suppose that they have established the fact that the world has existed for countless cycles of millions of years; indeed, no wrong is done to many of them when it is stated that they hold the eternity of the present constitution of the world. Before man walked on the earth, endless races of beings enlivened it. The earliest stratified rocks are held to be as much the work of living organisms as the coral. And yet it must be admitted that geology has not reached conclusions that all its votaries accept. It is more than possible that the great authorities in this department of science may announce that the theories now fondly cherished must be given up. The coral—long supposed to be the "secretions of zoophytes, produced within the tissues of polyps," is now stated to be something quite other. The oldest stratified rock, named Laurentian after the chain of mountains lying to the north of the St. Laurence, was supposed to be the work of the Eozoon; and now we are told by experts that there is reason to doubt if the Eozoon is an organism at all. It may, indeed, be held that there is revealed by the geologic museums a continual advance in life—from the lowest to the highest organisms. But it cannot be said that there is no break, or that it can be shown that the present order and constitution of the world has remained



what it is since the lowest organisms appeared on it. The very positions of our rocks testify that they have been subject to violent action ; and the great naturalist, Agassiz, recently lost to science, declares that the sharks—the highest order of fishes—having even ball and socket joints, existed in the Silurian seas ; while the remains of the lower class of fishes, as the *Amphioxus* or *Lancelet*, of which more anon, are not to be found. Now this is fatal to the theory of Darwin : he cannot prove that the world has always existed under its present constitution,—he cannot show that there is a regular rise in the scale of life. But he can do this much : if this world has always existed subject to laws now in force, and if the lower races have gradually slid into the higher, then he can point to a probable use for all this time and scale of being. Hence the favour it has met with in some quarters. Darwinism is perfectly consistent, too, with much of the mental philosophy taught in our schools by our popular writers. The God of which they speak is often confounded with nature ; and they consider him to be a being too good and benevolent either to condemn or to punish the guilty. In fact, in their estimation, *bad* or *evil* is hardly punishable ; it is but a want of good. Darwinism makes it quite unnecessary that God should do more than give the animals a start, which he does by animating and giving several powers to primordial forms for the animal kingdom, or to as many for the vegetable kingdom ; indeed, the theorist holds that his work, judging from analogy, is reduced to animating one form, and then natural selection does the rest ; Providence is unknown in the world, and whatever God may be, or has done, he does not reign and rule over all. Hence the support that this material theory has obtained, although it has not attempted to solve the great questions which concern man—it has not revealed the secret of life, it has not told us why we are, and whither we are going—it has *only given* us brute progenitors, who have passed away millions and millions of years before us—but it has *not proved* that we are their descendants.

Darwinism is a form of human thought and belief well worthy of the student of the higher branches of the knowable. It will not be laughed out of the schools, nor out of society, because Darwin is of opinion that man is descended from a monkey. He may be wrong in that opinion, a greater Darwinian may arise and controvert him. Darwinism does not stand or fall with the claims of the monkey to be man's ancestor. It is a cosmological theory ; it demands that the world should exist for so long, and in the way it now does ; it demands a God, whom it calls the Creator—though one entirely different from the God revealed in Scripture. It demands an atom at least, proceeds to a cell, an ovule, goes on to an organism no higher than the lowest form of animal life, and then advances through all forms of organized beings till it comes to man, whom it endows with speech and intellect and moral faculties in the same way as it gave feet and eyes to the crawling reptile. Such is Darwinism ; born more

than 2,000 years ago among the heathen philosophers of Greece, the outcome, the highest development of the 19th century.

From what has been said, Darwinism is a theory which acknowledges creation by a creator in some sense, and it accounts for the filling of the earth with living organisms from one, or at most from six or eight primordial forms. It may be then convenient to regard the theory as being composed of two parts.

1. Of the Darwinian idea of the creator and the creation, or the origin of organic beings.

The theory does not seem to require any revelation of the Creator. The theorist speaks, indeed, of the Monotheist as being in advance of the Polytheist. He mentions a creator, and calls him God ; but he does not make us acquainted with either his character or attributes. He neither imputes to him wisdom nor design. It is not clear from the theory that he made the world and gave it laws. It seems to exist, and to be continued in being, happening to be, but not fitted to be, the theatre of those endless evolutions which the theorist tells us it is. The relation of the world to God is not taught. Viewed as a cosmological theory, depending on a creator and a creation, the theory is crude and imperfect. The following well-known paragraph, from the *Origin of Species*, p. 577, gives a sort of bird's-eye view of it, and goes far to establish these remarks :—

“ It is interesting to contemplate an entangled bank clothed with many plants of many kinds, with birds singing on the branches, with various insects flitting about, and with worms crawling through the damp earth, and to reflect that these elaborately constructed forms, so different from each other, in so complex a manner, have all been produced by laws acting around us.\* These laws, taken in the largest sense, being growth with reproduction ; inheritance, which is almost simplified by reproduction ; variability, from the indirect and direct actions of the external conditions of life, and from use and disuse ; a ratio of increase so high as to lead to a struggle for life, and as a consequence to natural selection, entailing divergence of character and the extinction of less improved forms. Thus from the war of nature, from famine and death, the most exalted object that we are capable of conceiving, namely, the production of the higher animals† directly follows. There is a grandeur in this view of life, with its several powers having been breathed by the Creator into new forms or into one ; and that while this planet has gone cycling on, according to the fixed laws of gravity, from so simple a beginning, endless forms most beautiful and wonderful, have been and are evolved.”

\* He thus demands what has been called the doctrine of continuity. Any break of considerable modification on the constitution of earth would destroy the continent. Geology seems to point to such breaks or modifications.

† Mark, there is no image of the Divine Creator—and no work of His leading us to conceive of an object higher than the animals.

## The University Examinations.

THE Cape University is sufficiently well established, we trust, to bear a little criticism ; and if such criticism be opportune, it should have no effect but to satisfy the public that jealous eyes are watching its growth, and thoughtful well-wishers scanning its administration with no unkindly, if with anxious, sympathy. Its worst enemy would be indifference ; and if it is ever to attain a position commensurate with its objects and pretensions, it must be ready to meet the severest criticism that can be applied to it.

It will not be denied that the result of the recent Matriculation Examinations produced no little surprise and consternation among both teachers and scholars. Nearly half the candidates failed, and many of the failures were due, we are told, to imperfect acquaintance with one subject. The rule requiring a minimum of marks in each subject seems to have been carried out with unsparing vigour, and hence the boy who scored 800 marks, and he of 200 all told, were swamped in a common deluge. One, it is rumoured, whose marks would have gained him a scholarship, lost his prize and his place in the honour list through the same defect. Now we are not so much inclined to protest against the rule, the principle of which is good and established by precedent, but we do decidedly object to placing the fate of the whole body of candidates at the mercy of a single examiner. And that is the effect of our present system, under which one examiner sets the questions, and reviews the papers in each subject. We are by no means disposed to accept every man who has proved himself a good classic or a good mathematician as a born examiner, and with our present limited resources it is quite possible an examiner may be appointed who is wholly wanting in some important qualifications for the office. Such a man may set a paper that is so far above the capabilities of the examiners that the smartest boy will have no chance of doing himself justice, while the weaker vessel will simply go to pieces under the strain. If this be the case—and we have fairly stated it—the risk both to teachers and taught is a serious one ; and we cannot help thinking it has been illustrated in the recent examinations. Most of the failures, it is said, were in mathematics, and this will hardly be ascribed to any unpopularity in the studies. The arithmetic and algebra papers, though scarcely to be called difficult, were such as required very careful and accurate work, and proved correspondingly disastrous.

In one or other of these the majority seemed to have failed, and hence the question arises whether it should be left as it practically is, to the discretion of each examiner, not only to demand a pass-port, but also to frame the terms thereof and sit in judgment on his own production. If a check could be provided in the shape of a second examiner to each paper, we should modify our objection to the rigorous application of the rule as to minimum. But if our resources

do not admit of this, some attempt should be made, we think, to counteract the danger pointed out,—a danger, the realization of which in one or two instances would prove a heavy blow and discouragement to all but the most self-assured and audacious candidates. This would tell with doubly pernicious effect on the sensitive and delicately-organized lad, whose strength lay in one particular direction, and whose consciousness of weakness in others would convert uneasiness into panic, and weakness into absolute incompetency. Now, this arrangement whereby each individual examiner has full right to “pluck” any and all, is, as far as we know, unprecedented; and even if there were precedent for it elsewhere, the rule would press severely in a country where scholastic organization is still very incomplete, and no steps have yet been taken to secure a steady and constant supply of high-class teachers. In the recent list the Graaff-Reinet College did not put in an appearance, while the Gill College, Somerset East, and the Grey Institute, were each represented by one. Surely these important centres ought to give a better account of themselves, if teaching appliances were efficient and complete; and if these more pretentious institutions cannot furnish a fair quota of candidates, what must be the condition of the first-class schools? We are not proposing to lower the University to the standard of the schools; but seeing that we have not and can hardly expect to have for some time to come a complete and competent staff of teachers in every educational centre, we submit that a rule that exacts thorough preparation in each one of some eight subjects, under the condition animadverted on above—of single-handed papers and single-minded reviewal—introduces too large an element of risk and inequality into the examination, and requires some modification. If the minimum for particular subjects were removed, that for the whole range in each department might be retained, and a chance would be given to the candidate of making up—say in geometry, for what he may have lost, possibly through momentary indisposition or the actual difficulties of the paper, or some inadvertence on his own part or that of his teacher—in arithmetic. If the object proposed is to ensure a certain amount of mathematical and literary training, we cannot see that this would be frustrated by allowing excellence in algebra or geometry to balance weakness in arithmetic.

Another suggestion we should like to offer in behalf of the victims of the rule in question. A boy who has been approved in all subjects but one is condemned under present regulations—if he be not altogether disheartened and give up the fight—to grub on another year in a class which he has, in all but the one subject, outgrown. Independently of the loss he may sustain—serious enough, if he has any appointment waiting for him,—it may be questioned whether another year spent in the same old round of work may not prove actually detrimental to the budding intellect, by deadening its energies and checking its natural expansiveness. At any rate, the object aimed at in the matriculation drill has been fulfilled in all but



the one subject,—failure in which may be, to a certain extent, accidental. Why not let the boy who has honourably failed—passed well in all, we mean, but one subject—try his luck again in the October examinations, taking his chance in the B.A. paper, corresponding to the one that floored him? The minimum might be reduced by way of tempering the wind to the shorn lamb, and many would rejoice, we think, at the opportunity thus afforded them of honourably and promptly redeeming themselves.

But the most puzzling feature to our minds in connection with these examinations is the distribution of marks. The English paper is rated at 250, the Greek at 200, the French at 150. What do these different figures represent? The market value of the respective languages, or their educational worth as instruments of mental discipline? There must be some good reason for valuing satisfactory answers to the questions in English above such knowledge of Greek as will enable a boy to translate fairly a book of Homer and answer nice questions about Greek accents, and far above the ability to render a piece of idiomatic English into idiomatic French. For the benefit of the uninitiated we will give one or two specimens of the English paper of this year. Give the present tense of the verbs “come,” “swelled,” “ate,” “shaved,” “sold.” Point out the errors in the following sentences, “Neither brother nor sister were aware of the mistake.” “It was her that I saw.” There were one or two questions of a more recondite nature, but not one that could not have been answered out of the two cram-books in vogue, “Chambers’s Etymology” and “Craik’s English Literature.” What comparison is there between the effort to pack the memory with the contents of these two books, and the long uphill toiling after such knowledge of Greek and French as will give the student a fair chance with either paper? Now it takes a boy of some linguistic aptitude, after considerable time spent on the study and very careful teaching, to render a piece of continuous English into tolerable French; and he must have a very special aptitude indeed, and give much more attention to the work than is usual in schools, to enable him to gain anything like full marks for this part of the paper. Neither the French nor the English paper was in our opinion a fair one. The one was absurdly easy, the other too difficult. There was nothing in the former paper that might not have been answered by a boy of twelve, duly saturated with Morell and Craik. Very few lads of sixteen or seventeen could be expected to do the latter paper well. Yet the marks for the former are to those for the latter as five to three. Again we ask, what does this ratio represent? A proportionate difference in work, power, mental discipline? or merely the relative value of the two languages in the streets, and in the counting-house? If the latter, it is surely a novel view of the functions of a University, that it should take its intellectual standards from the desk and counter. If the former, we must simply avow our utter inability to conceive by what process of reasoning such conclusion is arrived at. The



matter is an important one, for nothing can be more disheartening to a studious boy, conscious of superior parts, than to find a low value assigned to real attainment, the result of ability and industry combined, while the parrot-like rehearsal of text-books is allowed to turn the scale against them.

To encourage high and genuine intellectual effort, and promote the "culture" resulting therefrom, is, we humbly submit, the proper aim of University Examinations, while it should studiously avoid the danger of setting its seal on what is spurious in work and profitless in result.

### *Railway from Port Nolloth to O'okiep.*

IN a late and rather hurried article written by me on a visit paid by me to Namaqualand, I fear in my description of the railway several inaccuracies occur, which I now hasten to correct from notes sent me by the railway engineer, H. Thwaites, Esq.

1. The railway is a single line, 2 ft. 6 in. gauge, permanent way laid with bridge rails weighing from 18 to 28 lbs, per lineal yard, attached to longitudinal sleepers 7 ft. by 3 ft. to 9 ft. by 4 ft., by  $\frac{3}{8}$  in. fang bolts, 18 in. apart, the gauge being kept by  $\frac{3}{4}$  to 1 ft. tie rods, about 5 ft. apart.

2. The length of the railway is  $92\frac{1}{2}$  miles. From Port Nolloth to Annenous ( $48\frac{1}{2}$  miles) a sandy plain is traversed, having at 22 miles a station named Abev-laack, where the copper ore from Spektakel is received. From Annenous the line ascends 1,344 feet to Klip Fontein, in a distance of 7.14 miles, being an elevation of 3,103 feet above the sea, and thence descends to Steinkoff Mission Station, distant  $62\frac{1}{2}$  miles from Port Nolloth. O'oboop and O'nemas are the next stations, respectively distant 64 and 75 miles, an elevation of 3,021 feet being attained a mile and-a-half beyond the latter place. Ratel Poort is passed through 3 miles further on, and is only 2,570 feet above the sea. Steyer Kraal Station, to which the line is now complete, is 2,240 feet, and  $82\frac{1}{2}$  miles from Port Nolloth. Ten miles further on the line reaches O'okiep through the Gamakoop Valley, attaining at the mine an elevation of 3,050 feet.

The heaviest gradient is 1 in 20, and the sharpest curve 150 feet radius.

Thirty-five miles of the railway are worked by locomotives and mule power, and the remainder by mules alone.

Extensive works are required for supply of water.

A jetty and extensive workshops and repairing sheds exist at Port Nolloth.

# THE CAPE MONTHLY MAGAZINE

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## To Bombay in a Trooper.

THE attention of English speaking people all over the world has been of late directed to the approaching visit of the Heir of England to the great Indian Empire, over which at no distant period he may be called to rule. According to the official programme, His Royal Highness is to leave England in October, and to be conveyed in the first instance to Bombay in H.M.S. *Serapis*, one of the splendid transports which the English Government have employed during the last few years in the conveyance of troops to and from India. About four years ago it happened to the writer to make a voyage to Bombay in the *Euphrates*, one of the same line of troopers, and as he travelled also at the same season of the year as the Prince's visit is to take place, a brief account of the scenery and incidents met with during the voyage may not at the present moment prove uninteresting.

Early on the 27th October, 1871, the *Euphrates* left the jetty to which she was moored in the dockyard at Portsmouth, and proceeded on her first outward voyage for the season. She had on board a number of officers of different regiments; a few drafts proceeding to join their corps in India; a fair proportion of soldiers' wives and children; and the writer, who was attached to the vessel in a military capacity. She was further to embark a regiment at Queens-town. To the aquatic population of Portsmouth, as represented on The Hard, the departure of the great white ship, as she moved slowly through the historic harbour, seemed to form an object of great attraction. Many were their cheers and long their adieus. Before the waving of the white handkerchiefs ceased I noticed drops of unwonted moisture in the eyes of more than one spooney young tar; but nautical grief is evanescent, and before we had been many days at sea the supply had run very short among our crew.

Our course lay through the Needles. The air was calm, and the mellow autumnal sunshine lingered on the fertile shores of the Isle of Wight, as we steamed past into the open sea. Past the Needles a little sea is usually to be looked for, but in this instance we found the water calm as a mill-pond. Early on the 18th, Land's End was

passed, and at daybreak on the following morning the low line of the Irish coast rose out of the mist. Our passage across St. George's Channel was fortunately made at night, for there was a nasty chopping sea,—a drizzling rain at times, and that general aspect of dreary coldness characteristic of this part of the "melancholy main," all which are best experienced through the comfortable medium of a few blankets. About eleven a.m. on the 19th we entered the splendid harbour of Queenstown.

Here we remained until the morning of the 21st, when, having embarked the last of our troops, we finally proceeded on our voyage. It had blown hard during the night; and as we passed out through the two forts which defend this land-locked harbour, all eyes were strained to note the mood of the capricious Atlantic. With the exception of a gentle swell, the ocean appeared calm. So it continued during the day; and those who had indulged in the most dismal forebodings of sea-sickness began to pluck up courage as they found themselves able to sit down to dinner with appetite. On the forecastle in the evening, despite the chill breeze, there was "a sound of revelry" which was not destined to be heard again for some days. While the sailors danced to the music of a fiddle, within the soldiers' ropes a few carolled hoarse ditties of love and war, while an accomplished recruit tootled so sweetly on a flute, of which he was the envied possessor, that Neptune himself might have been mollified. Nothing could be more cheerful than the decks of the *Euphrates* as night fell on the grey expanse of water.

But in a few hours how changed was the scene! After nightfall the wind began to freshen, and before midnight it had become very fresh indeed, raising a sea which, coming nearly broadside on to us, seemed more perceptible in the ship's motion every hour. It is a moot point whether pitching or rolling is the more disagreeable fault in a ship. In other words, whether it is more disagreeable to have your viscera displaced perpendicularly or horizontally. Some ships are good at pitching, some at rolling, some at both. The forte of the *Euphrates*, as of the *Serapis* and sister ships, is rolling; and in this respect, I can say from experience, she can always hold her own. As the night advanced her rolls began to increase in frequency and depth.

But it was not until midnight that the sleep of the thousand or so souls on board was disturbed. Then, as the vessel seemed to ascend to the summit of a mountainous wave, and to tumble over on her way down, her decks became alive in a moment with an excited crowd whose cries ran from stem to stern. Happening to be on the troop-deck at the time, I found myself in the midst of a scene which would not have discredited Pandemonium. Dozens of soldiers, shot from their hammocks, were sprawling on the deck, and in the most sociable manner rolling from one side to another in the midst of a mass of their dishes, pots, pans, and loose gear of all kinds, the clatter of which, added to the shouts and laughter of the men, the

shrieks of the women, and the crash of broken glass and crockery all over the ship, formed a hideous din. A ship's corporal going his rounds, and whose lanthorn had joined the dance, cheerfully observed that, in his opinion, "she would do a *Captain* before morning,"—an observation which, with the fate of that unfortunate ship fresh in our recollection, did not tend to cheer us much.

There was little more sleep that night on board the *Euphrates*, but there was in its stead, in all its horrors, the inevitable sea-sickness. From the colonel to the drummer; from the finest of the officers' ladies to the most vulgar of the soldiers' wives; from the veteran to the babe—all felt the miseries of this most impartial of the "ills that flesh is heir to." For two days general illness, as the soldiers observed, took command of the troops. Military duties were not, indeed, intermitted. Guards were mounted and sentries posted as they were at Pompeii, when the fiery ashes were falling on it; but the guards and sentries might generally have been noticed performing their duties in a horizontal position, varied by occasional rushes to the tubs placed at intervals on the deck, and into which a group might now and then be seen precipitated as the ship lurched heavily. Perhaps there is no other spot in the ocean world more generally anathematised than the Bay of Biscay. It certainly maintained its character on this occasion. Some days previously the Atlantic had been swept by a fierce westerly gale, and though the weather was now comparatively fine, there was a long rolling swell which gave to the ocean the appearance of an endless prairie of undulating hills and valleys, up and down which the *Euphrates* rolled in a manner never to be forgotten. The bare recollection of it would be sufficient to induce the writer—if ever ordered to India again, and in possession of the requisite "coin"—to imitate Royalty, and go *via* Brindisi.

Once past Cape Finisterre, however, and running under the land, matters began to look brighter. The sun appeared, the sea subsided, the air became sensibly warmer, and on every side among our fellow *voyageurs* symptoms of convalescence began to appear. Early on the 25th we passed Cape St. Vincent, and shortly after midnight on the 26th the *Euphrates* steamed through the Straits of Gibraltar into the Mediterranean. In fine weather the run down the Portuguese coast is not devoid of interest. Signs of land occasionally diversify the monotony of the sea—here the green hills and white houses of Peniche: there the flat projection of St. Vincent; here the turbid waters marking the mouth of the Tagus; there the light-house which casts its beneficent rays across the erst blood-stained Bay of Trafalgar. Then, if it is daylight, as you enter the Straits of Gibraltar, can be seen on one hand the wild-looking coast of Morocco, and on the other the olive-hued Spanish hills, stretching in a succession of rolling undulations from Tarifa to Algieras, here and there diversified by pretty *quintas* in the midst of vineyards and cultivated farms. Gibraltar itself, if an opportunity occurs, should



not be passed without a visit. It is one of the most interesting spots in the world, not only for its old historic associations, but for the wonderful extent of its fortifications and the strange motley life of its streets. The miles of ramparts and batteries, the hundreds of heavy guns mounted in every commanding position, and the piles of shot and shell ready for use at a moment's notice, never fail to impress the visitor with a sense of the fearful amount of the destructive forces prepared for the defence of the fortress. In the microcosmal life of its crowded streets all the nationalities of the Mediterranean are represented. Jostling the aristocratic yachtsman from Cowes and the imperious English soldier, are keen traders from Genoa and Malta; Jews from Constantinople and the Levant; Moors from Tangier and Oran; Arabs from the far interior of Morocco; and looking down upon them all, as themselves the rightful owners of the soil, the vain, cigar-smoking Spaniard scowls upon the passing crowd, and dreams of the time when the flag of Castile will again wave over the Rock of Tarik. On the present occasion, as we passed the fortress in the middle of the night, few, except the watch on duty, caught a glimpse of the grey old rock as it lay shrouded in the gloom, the light flashing from Europa Point alone indicating the presence of human life and activity.

The first arrivals on deck on the morning of the 26th saw before them a very cold-looking sun rising over an equally bleak-looking expanse of green water, and felt a bitter easterly wind blowing right into their teeth sharp enough to penetrate bone and marrow. Perhaps, as the poets have pictured it, they expected to see a lovely sunlit sea, over whose blue pellucid waters the tiniest bark might float in safety. But the Mediterranean of fact is often far different from the Mediterranean of fiction. Calm and blue and sunlit at times it is, but occasionally you find as piercing blasts and as angry a sea there as in any part of the ocean.

From Gibraltar to Cape de Gata, which we passed on the night of 26th, our course lay along the south coast of Spain, but glimpses of the land were few, and confined to distant views of the sterile hills forming spurs of the Sierra Nevada. Loosing sight of the European coast at Cape de Gata, the more fertile looking shores of northern Africa rose above the horizon. Few scenes in our voyage presented a more inviting aspect than the low rounded hills of Algeria, green from base to summit. On the 28th the noble looking town of Algiers, with its snow-white houses, gardens, and charming environs, delighted the eyes of the fortunate possessors of good glasses. Passing the barren island of Galita and the headland of Cape Bon, in Tunis, we found ourselves abreast of Sicily, and at dawn on the 30th the man at the masthead reported Mount Etna in view. To us below, however, it remained invisible, but we accepted its proximity as an indication that we were nearing Malta, a conclusion supported by the clearing of decks, squaring yards, and general polishing and brightening which the ship now underwent. It was a morning of almost



tropical heat, the sky above like brass and the sea of an indigo blue, when above our horizon arose the arid treeless sun-stricken island of Gozo. Shortly afterwards the larger island of Malta came into view, characterized by the same sterile scorched aspect as the smaller one. Intersected with stone walls, covered with loose stones, with here and there stone houses, and the stoniest looking villages, Malta is a very *Insula Petræa*. The Maltese bear an ill-name in the Mediterranean, but if not over scrupulous in driving bargains and "taking in" the stranger, it is certainly to their credit that they have so extensively cultivated their stony island, and drawn crops of corn and vegetables from ground which might exhaust the patience of even the "heathen Chinee."

Shortly after one o'clock the *Euphrates* was moored in the grand harbour, and seeing the coal-lighters coming alongside at once, I fled from the scene of dust and dirt which invariably ensues. Placing myself in a Maltese boat of antique build, fancifully painted, and with peaked prow, I was rowed ashore, a semi-nude little brown boy amusing us by diving for coins in the transparent water, before we landed.

The stranger landing at Valetta has an opportunity, before reaching Strada Reale and the larger streets, where, as in other European cities, the "chimney-pot of civilization" is in the ascendant, to observe some of its more striking national characteristics. As he mounts through the steep narrow streets bordered by small dingy shops, his ears become accustomed to the curious patois, half Italian, half Arabic, in which the Maltese express themselves, while the prevailing odour of oil, garlic, and tobacco, becomes familiar to his nostrils. The streets do not present such a variety of costume as those of Gibraltar. Except the black mantillas of the women, and the plaid scarf worn over the shoulders by the poorer class of men, there is not much in this respect distinctive. The monks, however, must not be forgotten. In their brown garments, shovel hats, sandals, and rosaries, you meet them everywhere. Their faces coarse and sensual, or lean and æsthetic, are such as one sees in the pictures of the old masters: it is to be hoped that their bigotry and intolerance are not of an equally old-fashioned caste. Ecclesiastical influence seems paramount in Malta. The ceaseless clanging of the chapel bells, the frequent tawdry images of the Virgin and of saints one sees in the streets, the pompous processions, and the number of female devotees constantly hurrying to or from Matins or Vespers, carrying prayer-books and rosaries, all indicate the strength of the grip which the old mediæval faith holds still on the Maltese. Another speciality which strikes the casual visitor to Valetta is linked with stirring associations. Everywhere you meet with vestiges of the knights. Their palaces, houses, churches, and tombs, the places where they lived, fought, and died, are still pointed out. Of all the buildings associated with the residence of this warlike brotherhood, the church of St. John, with its frescoed roof and marble floor, is the most im-

posing. Having seen this and Strada Reale and the Palace, and been driven to the Governor's Gardens, where the orange trees were bending under their golden fruit and the air was perfumed with roses and violets, and having wound up by hearing "Don Pasquale" at the Opera House (now burnt down), we bade adieu to Valetta, and having regained our floating house, threw ourselves into our berths with a deep sense of the blessedness of "ambrosial sleep." Our stay at the "military hothouse of the Mediterranean" was short. At noon on the 31st we again went to sea, and as the crowded yellow buildings of Valetta and the treeless, sun-scorched island receded from view, we bade adieu to the only land we were destined to see for some days.

The run from Malta to Port Said was made in five days. Only once during this time we experienced anything like bad weather. While passing the mouth of the Adriatic—when a swell set the *Euphrates* to her old gambols in the rolling line—the sky suddenly became clouded, the breeze freshened, lightning flashed, and so ominous were the meteorological appearances deemed, that sail was taken in, ports closed, and all preparations made for a squall: but it passed over, and during the remainder of our run the weather continued of the most delightful description, warm sunny days, bright starry nights, and a sea smooth as oil, rendered it a luxury to lie on deck with a novel or a pipe, lazily watching the tall spars as they swayed gently, and listening to the dreamy rumble of the engines or the more lively music of the regimental band. The sunsets in this part of the Mediterranean are exceptionally fine, and often before the glorious hues of the western sky fade out, the moon can be seen rising from the dark water, red and almost as luminous as the sun himself. Occasionally ships crossed our path, Levantine traders, mail steamers, French canal runners, built expressly for this new route, and like our own vessel, painted white, or the graceful little yachts of our countrymen flying the red cross, a flag now as well known in the Mediterranean as the piratical death's head in days of old. Shoals of porpoises, those most sociable of sea monsters, now and then came to have a look at us; and here skimming along the glassy surface of the deep with gleaming wings, we made our first acquaintance with the beautiful flying fish, whom we met with constantly afterwards.

Nearing the Egyptian shore on the evening of November 4th, all eyes were turned wistfully in the direction of that mystic land, but so low is the coast line that night sank before it became visible. The proximity of land was proved however by the number of birds we met, many of which, settling in the rigging, became a prey to the sailors after dusk. Before daybreak on the 5th, Port Said light came into view, and soon after sunrise a French pilot came on board and steered us into the harbour of the new Alexandria.

Port Said is built at the embouchure of the Suez Canal, and in its rapid growth resembles those mushroom cities of the new world,

which, like Aladdin's palace, seem to spring up in a night. From being a mere agglomeration of huts and sheds, erected of various materials and in diverse styles, it has shot up in an amazingly short time to the dimensions of a town, with hotels, churches, large shops, and consulates of every nationality. These are erected on a strip of sand situated between Lake Menzaleh and the Mediterranean; and so utterly barren is the desert around, that the presence of two or three gardens with a few flowering shrubs seems a wonderful triumph over nature. Despite its dreary situation, the place, at our visit, which was on a Sunday, looked cheerful enough, the many coloured flags of all nations waving above the consular offices, the church bells pealing, and animated groups moving through the streets. The harbour is protected on either side by breakwaters of conglomerate. On the right of the Mediterranean entrance is a splendid lighthouse of the same material. From the landing-place a jetty runs out, along which lay a crowd of steamers, Turkish, Egyptian, and European, while the harbour was alive with smaller crafts. Already Port Said has attracted much of the vagabondage of Suez and Alexandria; and in its cosmopolitan population the mercantile nomads of the Mediterranean, the Greeks, Jews, Maltese, and Genoese are represented. But the French are evidently the predominant race, and everywhere such inscriptions as "Grand Hotel de France," "Hotel Fontaine," "Magazin du Modes," &c., indicate the presence of Gallic enterprise. Amidst this exotic population glimpses of the true native life are to be found in its streets—here a camel pacing along guided by a mummified brown-skinned Arab, there an Egyptian woman in the invariable blue dress and the Tashmak, concealing her beauty or her ugliness, and everywhere, lounging about with hands in pocket, the Egyptian police, in their smart costume of red-figured tunic (of our pattern), baggy grey trowsers, white gaiters and shoes.

In order that we might have as much of the day as possible in the canal, we remained at Port Said only long enough to take in coal. The grimy figures of the black coal-porters, who to the accompaniment of a wild dissonant chaunt filled our bunkers, afforded infinite amusement to the soldiers' wives. It was their first study of the nude or semi-nude figure which was soon to become so familiar to them in India. *†*

At 11.30 a.m. we were taken in tow by two steam tugs, and a French pilot having taken charge of the ship, we commenced our passage through the canal. It is not within the scope of this article to give a detailed account of the great engineering enterprise by which the waters of the Mediterranean and Red Sea were connected. Although the design is not original—canals having been made here by the ancients—and although the engineering difficulties were lessened by the small difference of level between the two seas, and the occurrence of a string of lakes in the course of the present canal, the world must ever acknowledge the skill and energy of M.

de Lesseps in bringing his stupendous task to a successful termination. Whether his great work has in it the conditions of permanence is a question which experience must answer. The facility with which the canal could be closed by a hostile force is, however, an important *a priori* element in the consideration of this question. And even in our time, in case of that great European struggle which Mr. Froude has with his historical prescience foretold, the Cape may be again destined to regain her supremacy as protectress of the route to India.

The length of the canal from Port Said to Suez is about eighty-six miles. Its width is such that two ships of ordinary size cannot pass each other. At intervals there are sidings or places where one ship can draw up while another passes. By means of a simple and well regulated system of telegraphic communication along the banks, delays of this kind are as far as possible diminished. The water of the canal is of a bright green colour, and so clear that the fish with which it swarms can be plainly seen. At intervals along the banks are thick stakes to which ships are moored. At nightfall each vessel moors at whatever part of the canal she may happen to be.

At six p.m. we pulled up for the night at twenty miles from Port Said, having been detained a couple of hours by a steamer ahead of us running aground. The scenery throughout this part of our course did not vary. The canal ran in a direct line through a level sandy desert—its banks on either side formed of the sand excavated from its bed. Eastward stretched the desert, silent as the grave, and grand in its utter desolation. Here and there the sand was blown into mounds and hillocks by the storms which frequently agitate its surface, and cause such clouds of fine dust to be blown across the canal as almost to obscure the light of day. No trace of vegetation could be discovered. But occasionally we seemed to behold a spacious lake shining in the sterile waste, surrounded by trees, and with clouds of smoke ascending from what appeared to be human habitations. But almost with kaleidoscopic swiftness the mirage would disappear. Water and trees would fade away, and nothing remain but the desert, from whose surface a distant sand-storm whirled the fine particles into the semblance of a pillar. Westward our course was flanked by lagoons and the waters of Lake Menzaleh glancing under the setting sun. The fresh sea breeze we had left behind in the Mediterranean would have been a boon as we worked our way slowly along our shadeless path, the sun all the time beating fiercely on us through the pure transparent air. But the delicious coolness of the night made amends. A night passed in the midst of the desert in which we were moored is an experience not to be forgotten. The splendour of the glittering heavens, the weird solemnity of the sands stretching on either side to places hallowed by the most sacred associations—to Jerusalem and the Pyramids,—the perfect stillness of the air and the profound hush of the desert, combine to make an indelible impression on the memory.



Before dawn on the 5th the shrill notes of the boatswain's whistle, and the hoarse cry of "Hands, fall in," aroused the sleeping crew, and shortly afterwards we were again on our way at the same easy rate as on the preceding day. Except that it was now bordered on both sides by the desert, the scenery of the canal remained the same. Scattered at intervals along the banks, we passed the stations at which French *employés* of the Company reside, generally lonely cottages where traces of human occupancy showed themselves in children, savage-looking dogs, and a few flowering plants making the enclosures gay with their blossoms. At some of these we met fleets of the dredging machines which are constantly at work in the canal. Not unfrequently the low black tents of a Bedouin encampment, the gaunt figure of an Arab stalking along the sands with the air of one to whom the desert belonged, or a caravan with camels passing solemnly along, bearing down to Syria the riches of the Nile, gave a local colouring to the scene.

Ismailia, situated at the point where the canal enters Lake Timsah is already a thriving town. To this place the water of the Nile is carried by the Sweet-water Canal. The want of drinking-water for his horde of labourers was one of the greatest difficulties experienced by De Lesseps at the commencement of his work. It was this canal which enabled him to carry it to a successful termination, and which now supplies the necessities of the canal population as far as Port Said.

After leaving Ismailia we found for a considerable distance a ready made highway in the Lower and Upper Bitter Lakes—extensive sheets of water which were doubtless at one time united, and which, long antecedent to the era of canals, are conjectured to have formed part of a great natural strait connecting the Mediterranean with the Red Sea. These lakes abound in fish and aquatic birds of various kinds. Conspicuous among the latter are the crimson-hued flamingoes and cranes of most graceful appearance. Steaming fast across the lakes, we again entered the canal at two p.m. Parallel to our course ran a line of tall waving reeds, marking the course of the Sweet-water Canal, while a long line of railway carriages speeding across the desert in the same direction indicated the track of the railway which connects Cairo and Suez in the overland route.

As we approached Suez a low range of rocky hills appeared closing in the desert to the east, while the higher and darker range of Jebel Atakah shut in our view to the south-west. Situated on low ground, at the base of this range, Suez is not conspicuous at any great distance, and the peaks of the overhanging mountains were becoming purple in the sunset when we got our first view of the town.

It was our commander's intention to push on to the roadstead there before nightfall; but just as darkness began to enclose us the *Euphrates* struck on the sand at one side of the canal, and in a few minutes afterwards bumped on the other, so that, to avoid damaging the banks and perhaps going aground altogether, it was



thought more advisable to moor where we were until morning. A deliciously cool night succeeded the heat of the day, which had been so intense that two cases of sun-stroke occurred among the troops.

At 5.30 a.m. on the following morning we were again under way, and in about an hour were moored in the harbour of Suez. At the spot where the canal debouches into the roadstead a pretty landing place has been erected, and on the bank is placed a bust of Lieut. Waghorn, the ill-requited pioneer of the overland route.

Suez is a poor-looking place, owing all its importance to its situation on the highway to India, and uniting in a most characteristic manner in its external aspect the characters of eastern and western towns. The cupolas and minarets of a mosque look down on the arched roof of a railway station; and around a tall smoking chimney, which would be in place at Birmingham, are grouped the flat-roofed houses of an oriental town. It is no more the busy place it was some years back. With the abolition of the overland route the glories of Suez have departed, and already a large proportion of its population has flitted to Port Said. Suez does not strike the casual visitor as being at any time a desirable place of abode. It is very hot, and not at all lively. But were it as desolate as Tadmor, the associations connected with its vicinity would render it an interesting spot. Somewhere in its neighbourhood the Israelites are conjectured to have passed through the sea; and at a short distance from the town, amidst a cluster of date-palms, tradition to this day points out in the Well of Moses one of the halting places of the Hebrew horde in their heaven-guided march to Sinai.

Having taken in supplies, we left Suez at eight a.m. on the 7th. The scenery of the gulf through which we steamed all day is most interesting. On both sides rise high and continuous ranges of mountains, whose sharp peaks, desolate slopes, and the patches of white sand intervening between them and the sea were distinctly visible in the pellucid air. On the Egyptian side Mount Akrab rises to a height of 10,000 feet. But it is the range on the Arabian shore which attracts the eyes of all passers. Somewhere amidst this confused mass of peaks heaped up in wild disorder, Mount Sinai is hidden. It is invisible from the sea, but from the general appearance of the range a pretty correct idea can be formed of the "Mountain of the Lord."

Early on the following morning we found ourselves in the Red Sea, running along before a northerly breeze just fresh enough to curl the green water. After sunset, however, the wind fell, the white surges disappeared from the surface of the sea, and we began to experience a foretaste of the sultry heat which renders the Red Sea so formidable. The fearful heat of next day is not to be readily forgotten. Awnings were rigged on our upper decks, white clothing was taken into general wear, and all means of securing coolness were adopted, but for a king's ransom coolness could not be had. Except now and then a feeble puff of hot wind from the deserts on

either side, not a breath ruffled the oily-looking surface of the dark blue waters. And all day on our devoted heads the sun beat down with a fierce, intolerable glare. Sunset brought no relief. The glowing red disk sank below the horizon, and darkness enveloped us at a stride, but still there came no freshening breeze; no gentle zephyr swept over the motionless water. Heat, deep, all-pervading, all-penetrating, enveloped us in its oppressive embrace. The next day and the next we sweltered in the same suffocating heat. The miseries of these days—the constant perspirations, the deadly languor, the insatiable thirst, not to be quenched by sparkling wines or cool effervescing drinks or foaming “Bass”—those who experienced it will not soon forget. Following the general example, I usually spent a good part of the night on deck, and though even then coolness was not procurable, there was always something to interest in the magnificent play of lightning which nightly illuminated the eastern horizon, and the brilliant phosphorescent corruscations of the sea around. To arouse us from the lassitude caused by the heat of the day, the regimental band performed on the poop every evening, and quadrilles and waltzes were executed with an energy which nobody could have suspected to be latent in the languid creatures of the morning. When we awoke on the morning of the 12th, an agreeable feeling of coolness and a gentle motion of the ship announced a change, and, hastening on deck, an exquisite view presented itself. The sea had become green around us, and all over its surface, under a cool southern breeze, the beautiful white horses were tossing their snowy crests. Never did I experience anything so indescribably delicious as the coolness of this heaven-born wind. Under its exhilarating influence animation and energy returned to all on board. Not that it was not still hot and did not continue so during the remainder of our voyage, but the suffocating heat of the Red Sea is, I think, unique in the production of languor and prostration. The character of the land occasionally seen in traversing the Red Sea is wild and desolate in the extreme. About 360 miles from Suez is the dangerous Dædalus Shoal. A lighthouse is erected here; and as the *Euphrates* steamed past, the keeper saluted her by thrice dipping the Egyptian flag. That any human being could occupy such a post, alone in a torrid sea surrounded by deserts and 360 miles from civilization, seems to demand courage of no ordinary stamp. Campbell’s “Last Man,” as he stood amidst the ruins of the globe, could scarcely be more lonely. Groups of islets bearing plain marks of volcanic action are frequently met with, adding in their utter desolation to the characteristic gloom of this desert-environed sea.

Approaching the southern extremity of the Red Sea, land, both on the Arabian and Abyssinian coasts, became visible, but rocky and barren as usual. On the afternoon of the 13th the outline of a white town under the Arabian hills began to appear above the watery horizon. At first it resembled a line of breakers, but gradually the

white fringe developed into an Oriental town, with tall minarets, narrow streets, and flat-roofed houses. It was Mocha. A few hours afterwards we reached the long, low Island of Perim, on which some signs of life and vegetation appeared. There is a fort here manned by a detachment of English artillerymen from Aden, which protects the entrance to the Red Sea. Passing through the Strait of Babel-Mandeb, which was not to us, as its name poetically denotes, "gate of tears," but a "gate of rejoicing," we found ourselves on the morning of the 14th in the Arabian Sea. With a cool breeze, a sparkling sea, and an atmosphere resembling that of a lovely English summer day, we soon forgot our purgatorial experiences in the Red Sea. At one p.m. the barren rock of Aden appeared; and seen in the distance over a glistening expanse of sunlit sea, its appearance was not repulsive. But the closer view obtained through our glasses confirmed the accounts we had heard of its extreme aridity, and caused us to less regret that we had not an opportunity of paying it a nearer visit.

Our run during the next nine days was uneventful. Favoured by splendid weather, our voyage was all that could be desired: Land appeared no more, but "water, water everywhere." Few ships passed, and the only creatures outside the vessel that connected us with the animated world were the flying fish skimming along the water, or the gaily-hued nautili sunning themselves on its calm surface. Early on the morning of the 23rd land was signalled from the masthead, and by degrees the shores of India came into view. Shortly after noon we moored in the harbour of Bombay and had leisure to admire the splendid panorama around—the palm-crowned hills, the islands clothed with vegetation, the blue mountains in the distance, and before us in the foreground Bombay itself, with its docks, long lines of warehouses, and the palatial bungalows of its merchant princes. The harbour was crowded with ships from all parts of the world. Native boats clustered around us, dhows laden with cotton or passengers passed and repassed continually—altogether forming a scene of animation, of business-like activity, and natural fertility such as we had not seen since our departure from England.

On the morrow our passengers and troops disembarked; and as farewells were exchanged, and the old familiar notes of "Auld Lang Syne" vibrated through the still morning air, one could not repress the involuntary foreboding that many who were now going on shore in happy forgetfulness of cholera and fever and the deadly sun of India, would never again touch the deck of an English trooper.

JOHN PRINGLE.

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## Æolian Whispers.

As musing I sat in the twilight,  
 Wafted a breeze in mine ears,  
 And bore on its viewless pinions  
 Sweet voices of bygone years.

Oh! low and softly it whispered  
 Of many a sunny scene  
 All bright with youth and affection,  
 And shadows of dark between.

And slowly the twilight faded,  
 Ever alas! too soon,  
 And calm and silent and lovely  
 Arose the silvery moon.

But the change I ne'er had heeded,  
 Far, far in the hazy past  
 My heart was dreamily gazing,  
 In its reveries rapt and fast.

And still that bright little zephyr  
 Fluttered around mine ears,  
 But my heart no longer was merry,  
 And mine eyes were filled with tears.

Breath of the evening! tell me,  
 Ye gay little breezes! say,  
 What is it ye ever whisper  
 That bear my senses away?



## The Far North.

### PART I.

ON the Continent of North America, where the ever-flowing waves of colonization roll across the prairie, subduing the wilderness, and turning the inherent resources of the country to the support of man, that border or frontier is called the Far West. Backward, before the inexorable march of civilization, recede the coloured race. And so it is in Africa on that portion which may with propriety be called the Far North. But how different in degree! One would think there was a spell in the very name of Africa which terrifies all hearts, or some inexplicable cause which deters the advance of the white man, and preserves the vast country unknown a home for countless savages. It is but little the progress which has been made in geographical and in general knowledge of this land by Europeans through the long ages from Herodotus to Livingstone; certainly it has not been much when we consider it in relation with other portions of the earth's surface, and the advance of colonization in a like comparison is even yet less. True, we have a footing on the very extremity and verge of the great continent; but what of the ancient kingdom of Monomotapa? and who shall say what civilization has once flourished and died away from that inaccessible but splendid region? Here old mines and crumbling ruins arrest the traveller's attention: they speak of a cultivated race long since passed away; but now the abomination of desolation is upon the land; the rhinoceros, the eland, and the elephant roam through its forests; countless herds of bucks graze upon its rich pastures—and man is only represented by the savage offspring of the Zulu. How different is it in America, where the iron horse tears across the prairies in one unbroken race from ocean to ocean, taking even school-children an excursion from the sea-beach of the Atlantic to play among the seals at the Golden Gate, on the calm shores of the Pacific.

It appears to me that there is very much misapprehension in the minds of men in Europe regarding this part of Africa; it has always been looked upon as an irreclaimable wilderness, whereas every little light which is gradually thrown upon the interior proves more and more conclusively that there is a vast region compared with which any country in Europe would be insignificant in extent, and which is so far from being a desert that it even now supports an immense population in a wild state.

It is well known that any land which in its primitive condition abounds in game, and gives sustenance to an extensive fauna, will, when brought under the ameliorating influence of cultivation, become an agricultural and pastoral country, affording wealth and plenty to civilized inhabitants. But when such a country, being within and bordering on the temperate zone, has an aboriginal popu-

lation of considerable density, who increase and multiply notwithstanding their indolent mode of life, their ignorance, and neglect of almost all natural resources ; when such people flourish, although unacquainted with the commonest arts and sciences ;—then we may set down that country as being in itself of extraordinary richness, and a fit and promising field for the advancing armies of colonization. Now these borders of which I write, occupied by this aboriginal population, are in part claimed by the Transvaal people as being within the boundaries of that Republic. I am not aware upon what grounds the people of the Transvaal base their claim, nor do I know, nor do I believe they themselves know, where the limit to their claim is supposed to be. Some say the Limpopo, others the Zambezi ; but as they possess about as much power as the King of Fiji does on either of these rivers, I would suggest Timbuctoo as a boundary,—it would do quite as well. For if, indeed, there is any power here at all, it is that of the independent native tribes, whom, for convenience sake, we will call Kafirs. Some of the Basutos live under petty chiefs ; others, sprung from the Zulu stock migrated here early in the present century, under the renowned Mozelikatzi, exterminating or incorporating many of the surrounding tribes. Holding undisputed sway, they live in savage luxury, owning numerous herds of cattle, and their women cultivating patches of corn in their rude and primitive manner.

Of course they do not utilize the one hundredth part of this superb country, and here I wish to make some remarks upon colonization. Far be it from me to underrate the rights and privileges of savage nations generally (or of Kafirs in particular) to the land they occupy. I have lived among the natives of this border which I write about, and no one more than myself can appreciate the noble qualities of this fine and manly people. But they are barbarians ; and the whole principle of colonization is involved in the question —“Are they for ever to neglect natural resources ?”—and in the reply, “Nations who cannot or will not obey the Divine admonition to subdue the earth, must give place to those who will and do.” It is useless to entertain visionary views and sentiments of philanthropy with regard to such people. Barbarians must become civilized or disappear from the surface of this planet. It is not a matter for discussion, it is a fact, and we must acknowledge the logic of facts. There is no adequate human force to prevent the disappearance of savages as such before the white man, and this alone should be sufficient to tell us that the only other force, the all-potent and Divine force, has willed it that this shall be so.

It is needless to illustrate this truth by reference to other countries : the history of the world is its proof. Whether individuals or nations may disapprove of colonization or not is of no avail ; the organization of civilization is to spread upon the earth, and it is wiser far for the philanthropist, the missionary, and Christian to accept this as unavoidable, and make such arrangements as shall co-operate rather

than attempt a vain opposition. Whether it is the will of the British people or not is no matter ; a few years will see this frontier of which I write overrun with strangers, gold-seekers, adventurers, colonizers, from every quarter of the globe ; they will be our neighbours, and soon a nation.

In thus referring to these borders, where the social system of the white man is lost in the vastness of primeval nature, it is because I shall by and by endeavour to show, or at any rate suggest, a means whereby these growing communities may be held in the control of the present settlements, which should possess a commanding power in spreading over these regions that organization which experience has shown to be beneficial to the human race, and the surest, if not only, way of disseminating the truths of Christianity. With a wise forethought, the Government of the United States have ever kept a vigilant eye upon the Far West, and a powerful grasp has always been maintained upon it. How is it in this country with the British Empire ? True, the Briton has not lost his prestige in this Far North, for where, indeed, in the world has he lost it ? The name of Englishman is the name for respect among many millions of Kafirs ; but where is the power and political influence of the English on these borders ?

Within this very frontier are two petty Republics which are not British, and which do not redound to the credit or enterprise of the British people. The United States are well repaid for the care with which they have preserved the integrity of their country. And is Africa so worthless that it is not worth looking after ? I think not. The coalition of states for mutual protection and advancement where the natural boundaries of ocean have defined the proper limits, is recognized in these days of inter-communication as being in every way advantageous.

The Anglo-Saxon race is a colonizing race, and its dominant influence has been felt all over the globe ; it has spread its language upon many of the fairer portions of the earth's surface, and is destined (if I may be allowed to prophecy) to spread it upon many more.

How is it that we are baffled by Africa ? Shall British enterprise sink back exhausted as the Portuguese have done, or shall our genius for colonization carry us through ? If so, would it not be well to keep our eyes upon this frontier ? Here we have a country which, instead of being a desert, is so rich, so fertile, and so magnificent, that in the course of natural sequence a powerful and cultivated people must spring up upon it. Shall they do so with a divided national feeling, and without those kindred ties and that growth out of a common origin which alone can be a healthy development for a great nation in South Africa ? Certainly it is not wise. South Africa should be one nation subject to one law. If the Republics are to be absorbed, now is the time to plant a colony on the other side of them. Hundreds of British subjects will soon be there seek

ing for gold, and I apprehend that where hundreds of British subjects are, there also has the British Government a right to administrate.

In a commercial point of view alone, how important is it that the trade connection of the new region should first be inaugurated with the older settlements. The experience of the world shows that commerce once flowing in a particular channel will persistently adhere to it through after years, though other channels, perhaps even more advantageous in some respects, may be tried in vain with the object of diverting it. Here we have in the Far North a land of gold, of tin, of copper, lead, silver, coal, iron, minerals of every kind in abundance, and treasures as great as in the Far West of America.

What sort of influence should predominate here? British, or Boer? Kafir, or riff-raff? It behoves the people of the Cape Colony to regard their interests in connection with this country, to see British influence preserved, and at any rate that all the more temperate regions of South Africa be embraced in one body politic.

Having adverted to the fact that the Far North must inevitably come into prominent notice shortly, and endeavoured to show the desirability of early steps being taken to incorporate the new districts with our own organization, I shall in the next part proceed to describe, as far as my personal knowledge goes, the beauties and capabilities of this lovely and most valuable country.

## PART II.

Suppose we stand upon the heights of Zoutpansberg, in the north-eastern corner of the Transvaal, and turn our face to the south, what is the country before us, bounded by the Atlantic and Indian Ocean, and spreading right away to Cape L'Agulhas? It is as fair and grand as any realm which basks beneath the sun! It possesses everything: all the rich stores of nature are unfolded on its lap. It has a climate compared with which no portion of the earth can boast a better. It has plains and mountains, forests and rivers, minerals of every sort, and a flora and fauna which equal, if they do not surpass, those of any other country. It is the Fatherland of the Africander, and he should be proud of it. Then let us turn our face to the north, and what have we here? On our left hand the inhospitable Kalahari Desert, bordering almost to the Atlantic, and reaching far into the tropics; on our right, the unhealthy coast-lands of the Indian Ocean; but what between? As far, at any rate, as the Zambezi on the north, the desert on the west, and all but the very edge of the coast on the east, a rich and fertile country equal if not superior to that behind us: with a climate, owing to the elevation of the land, causing it to be quite fit for occupation by Europeans. A vast expanse of habitable country—at least 200,000 square miles—and under the dominion of Lo-Benguela, Paramount Chief of the Matabili.

But what is the country immediately around us, say within a



radius of 500 miles from where we now stand upon the topmost peak of Zoutpansberg? It is the borderland between emigrant Boers and Kafirs. It is a land literally flowing with milk and honey—rich in every sense of the word but in that one important sense—a population either industrious or civilized.

Its mountains teem with ores of all the precious metals, its forests abound in magnificent timber, its plains and uplands are covered with splendid pasturage, all the crops grown by its rude inhabitants show the wonderful fertility of the soil, cotton grows wild, sugar-cane and the coffee shrub exhibit the utmost luxuriance, the vine flourishes, and wheat yields returns from the virgin soil which are exceeded in no part of the world.

As a general rule the country is well watered—as well say as Natal—and infinitely better than the best parts of the Cape Colony. The climate is exquisite, if we except some of the deeper river bottoms; and if a characteristic name could be given it on this account, it should be called New Spain. The veldt of this region (bearing in mind always the radius of 500 miles more or less) is of several descriptions, all having much resemblance to that of this Colony; plains and rolling prairies covered with grass, to look at very like the *zuurveld* of the Colony, but richer in every way; crops growing upon it require no manure, and the native stock is invariably in excellent condition. Then there is bush veld, but with bushes on a larger scale and of greater variety than here, and having beneath them a thick and luxuriant pasturage. In some parts this veld reminds one of the oak openings of America; and in the *Mimosa* veld, where the camel-thorn makes the scenery park-like and beautiful, you can traverse the country at full gallop in all directions. Here beneath a clump of trees you will find the eland, the hartebeest and koodoo; there the blue wildebeest and quagga; and you might almost fancy yourself in an English park, were it not that, perhaps, in a moment a troop of giraffes or a rhinoceros will appear in view.

The mountain range of the *Spelunken*, reaching from Marabastadt to where we now stand, with its western foothills, comprises some of the most fertile lands of this eminently fertile region. To the eastward of this range the country is broken bush-veld, occupied only by Kafirs, and healthy to within a few miles of the coast, always with the exception of the great river valleys where the unhealthy country stretches farther inland, and is subject to the miasmatic fever common to tropical Africa. Gold is to be found everywhere. I myself have prospected here, and for a distance of 300 miles in a straight line found "colour" in almost every spruit and river crossed. The hills are beyond doubt full of "payable" quartz ledges, and it is highly probable that alluvial gold exists in paying quantities more or less all over this land. There are several old copper mines here, some showing indications of having been worked upon a considerable scale; galena is plentiful; and I discovered stream tin in more than

one place. On the whole, it is a mountainous country; the great chain of the Drakensberg, starting from Basutoland at the "*Mont aux Sources*," and stretching away to the north-east, divides the Transvaal from Natal, and after passing Zululand, where it is still a watershed, continues on the right through this country although broken to such a degree that the long encampment so characteristic of the berg in Natal is wanting after passing Leydenberg.

At this point the escarpment, suddenly turning westward, passes Origstadt at the gorge of the Oliphant's River, and dies away into the Transvaal table-land near Marabastadt.

Nevertheless, taking the line of the Drakensberg, although this name can hardly be still applied to it, the country continues to be a watershed, gradually diverging from the coast as it proceeds northward. Now this is an important thing to remember, because although it is difficult to define a distinct range here, yet from the fact of its continuing to be a watershed it is proved continuous, and all the country to the westward is elevated, for the western slope is scarcely perceptible although the highest peaks are undoubtedly 6,000 or 7,000 feet above the sea.

Elevation is everything in this latitude, and it is owing to this elevation that we find the land healthy and fit for Europeans. But even to the eastward of this high ridge there is a vast expanse of healthy country, foothills of the berg, extending from 120 to 200 miles from the most elevated line, which is fertile to a degree, and in conformation similar to the uplands of Natal, or more resembling, indeed, the verdant rolling hills of Amazwasiland. Being for the most part formed of decomposing granite and the more ancient sedimentary formations, the soil is rich, as is usually the case in the neighbourhood of the plutonic rocks where denudation has been extensive. I am no geologist, and can make no attempt to describe the mode of occurrence of the rocks of this country. I can only state what I have observed, leaving others to make such deductions as my description may suggest to them. From the watershed which I have described, westward the land is more or less a table land; what hills and mountains spring from it spring from a level nearly equal to the highest summits of the ridge, from whence eastward to the sea the country gradually slopes, the angle with the horizon becoming less and less as the coast is approached. The table lands are for the most part covered with horizontal tertiary strata, while the hills which occur in it on the contrary have their strata on edge, and are chiefly the older sedimentary rocks.

It is this formation which occurs at Marabastadt, where the hills of Erstelling, containing Button's rich gold reef, jut out to an elevation of a few hundred feet above the surrounding country, in much distinction both in geological formation and in physical conformation to the ridge which I have described as the escarpment of the Drakensberg (or continuation of those mountains) which turns westward above Leydenberg, and here dies into the level of the table

land. The Marabastadt hills being chloritic and talcose schist or edge have the pointed and fantastic profile so peculiar to slate mountains ; the escarpment being sandstone and quartzite in horizontal stratified beds. The summits of the watershed, where not granite or gneis, are usually this quartzite, which is similar to that of the Cape Colony, and, I presume, contemporaneous ; it appears to overlie the schistose rocks, which are gold producing ; and it is in the deeper valleys to the eastward of the berg, where these rocks traversed by igneous dykes are denuded, that gold is found.

Thus, in prospecting, I have passed along parallel with the summit ridge, crossing spurs and valleys, and I have found without exception the spurs to be of sandstone or quartzite, while the deeper kloofs are invariably bottomed by rocks of the gold formation. But the northern part of the territory I am now describing comprises the Tatin and Matabili Gold-fields of Thomas Baines, F.R.G.S.

The death of this brave and distinguished man, whose name must for ever be associated with the history of the Far North, has been a greater loss to South Africa than is generally supposed. Toiling for years in the cause of civilization and human progress ; in the cause of the honour and prestige of Englishmen in a barbarous country ; enduring hardships and difficulties such as explorers only know ; toiling hourly and diligently in the careful elaboration of plans, and the acquisition of scientific knowledge of this splendid wilderness ;—this fearless and accomplished man has impressed the native mind with a conviction of English courage and superiority, and he has now gone to his rest unrecognized and unrewarded. But not unlamented ! If his value was unappreciated by the many, his friendship was prized by a few ; and had not his death deprived Africa of a fund of information with regard to these regions, it would be needless for me to write these lines. As it is, I shall say but little of the Matabili country proper where the northern gold-field is, but refer the reader to the last work of Mr. Baines on this subject, wherein will be found full descriptions of the old mines and the native races who now occupy the land.

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## *Darwinism : its value as a Cosmological Theory.*

BY THE REV. J. TURNBULL, GREY TOWN, NATAL.—PART II.

DARWINISM denies that new species are created, and we must not suppose that the Creator creates complex forms. The theorist says he “breathes several powers into new forms or one.” His office would appear to be the giving of life to the lowest possible organism ; and natural selection secured the evolution of the highest forms. The theory is not that the complex matured form was first made,

and that the lower forms of life were these higher forms degraded ; but that the lower or the lowest of all forms rose to the higher and highest. The work of the Creator is, therefore, very limited according to this theory. He says, in another place, "I believe that animals have descended from at most only four or five progenitors, and plants from an equal or lesser number." Again, he says, "Analogy would lead me one step further, namely, to the belief that all plants and animals have descended from the same prototype. But analogy may be a deceitful guide." And again, "I should infer from analogy, that probably all the organic beings which have ever lived on this earth have descended from some one primordial form, into which life was first breathed by the Creator."—O.S. 483—4.

The work of creation, therefore, is very different from that display of wisdom, foresight, and benevolence with which monotheists regard it. It may be interesting to hear what the theorist says in reference to creating power, wisdom, and benevolence :—"We thus learn that man is descended from a hairy quadruped, furnished with a tail and pointed ears, probably arboreal in its habits, and an inhabitant of the old world. This creature, if its whole structure had been examined by a naturalist, would have been classed amongst the quadrumana as surely as would the common and still more ancient progenitor of the old and new world monkeys. The quadrumana, and all the higher mammals, are probably derived from an ancient marsupial animal ; and thus through a long line of diversified forms, either from some reptile-like or some amphibian-like creature ; this, again, from some fish-like animal. In the dim obscurity of the past, we can see that the early progenitor of all the vertebrate must have been an aquatic animal provided with branchiæ, with the two sexes united in the same individual, and with the most important organs of the body (such as brain and heart) imperfectly developed. This animal seems to have been more like the larvæ of our existing marine ascidians than any other known form."—"Descent of Man," II. 389—91.

That a just conception of the theory respecting the Creator and His work may be obtained, we quote another pretty long extract from the "Descent of Man," I. p. 204. "Lastly, one single member of the immense and diversified class of fishes, namely, the lancelet, or amphioxus, is so different from all other fishes, that Hæckel maintains that it ought to form a distinct class in the vertebrate kingdom. This fish is remarkable for its negative characters ; it can hardly be said to possess a brain, vertebral column, or heart ; so that it was classed by the older naturalists amongst the worms. It has some affinities with the ascidians, which are invertebrate, hermaphrodite, marine creatures permanently attached to a support. They hardly appear like animals, and consist of a simple tough, leathery sac, with two small projecting orifices. They belong to the molluscoida, a lower division of the mollusca. . . . The discovery (at the time of writing it was very recent) is that the larvæ of the ascidians



related to the vertebrata,—their larvæ resemble tadpoles in shape. . . . It thus appears, if we may rely on embryology, which has always been the safest guide in classification, that we have at last gained a clue to the source whence the vertebrata have been derived. We should thus be justified in believing that at an extreme remote period a group of animals existed resembling in many respects the larvæ of our present ascidians, which diverged into two great branches,—the one retrograding in development and producing the present class of ascidians, the other rising to the crown and summit of the animal kingdom by giving birth to the vertebrata.”—“Descent of Man,” I. p. 206.

It is worth while to go for a moment out of our course to listen to one of the greatest naturalists of our age, viz., Agassiz, respecting this discovery thus vaunted by Darwin. A writer in the January number (1875) of the *Foreign and Evangelical Review* says:—“Agassiz has shown the blunders of the present solution of the problem. He points out that the naturalist, who proposed to see in the longitudinally arranged cells of the ascidian the homologue of the vertebrate back bone, forgot that they do not run along the back, but the belly of the animal, and are so placed, that if our ancestors were derived from this lowly origin they must have walked on their heads.”—P. 63. It will be afterwards found that this passage from the “Descent of Man” condemns his own theory in a most vital part.

Now, it is quite clear that the God spoken of by the theorist performs the smallest possible amount of creating work. He does what, Lamarck says, electricity does; or what, Democritus says, rapid motion does. In fact, this creator and creation has always appeared to me to be an excrescence on the theory, and an encumbrance to its projector. It is the glory of the Bible that it reveals the Creator; and, according to it, it is the glory of Creation that it reveals the Deity’s power and Godhead. But Darwinism conceals God, and literally groans under the God it is necessitated to confess, in order to get a beginning for organized beings. In truth, there is no room for the working of God in the cycles of evolution. He is not needed; He is not wanted. Natural selection supplies His place. Thus the theorist teaches us to cast aside our reverence for Providence:—“We must suppose that there is a power of natural selection always watching each slight *accidental*”—mark the word—“accidental variation in the transparent layers, and carefully selecting each alteration which under varied circumstances may in any way or in any degree tend to produce a distinctive image.” The eye has been often referred to as proving the wisdom and goodness of God. But natural selection robs God of His glory. Speaking of the elaboration of the eye, he says, “We must suppose,” doubtless because of some Darwinian law of necessity not yet explained, “each new state of the instrument (*i.e.*, the eye in the lower forms of life) to be multiplied by the million, and each to be preserved till a better be produced, and then

the old ones to be destroyed. In living bodies, *variations* would cause the *slight alterations*.\* Generation will multiply them almost indefinitely ; and natural selection will pick out with unerring skill each improvement. Let this process go on for millions on millions of years ; and during each year, on millions of individuals of many kinds, and may we not believe (with the credulity peculiar to the Scientist) that a living optical instrument might thus be formed as superior to one of glass as the works of the Creator to those of man." Only fancy sight unknown and unthought of for millions and millions of years—with the glorious sun overhead all the while ! And only fancy the lowest, or at least the lower animals having perfect organs of sight, as perfect as the higher classes, when all else about them is imperfect ! O blind Science,—or rather, blind Scientists, leaders of the blind ! Is it to such a God, or to such a belief, that natural science introduces us ? And is it for such a God and for such a creed that we are to get rid of our belief in the personal and living Providence, which God exercises over the works of His hands ? This system reduces God's work of creation to the breathing of life and the giving of several powers to one or more primordial forms ; and it speaks of the work of creation as being "an element of unknown power," when it contrasts the origin of species by creation and by natural selection. But natural selection is the unknown power. We know God. It was reserved for the philosophers of Athens and their descendants to worship the unknown God. And certainly the theory which reduces God's work to a mere breathing of several powers into some primordial forms, which gets rid of a superintending and directing Providence, and which substitutes for it "accidental variation," is favourable to all those views of the God-head which sink the Divine Being into one with whom we have little or nothing to do. The Scripture which says "the God in whom we live and move and have our being" may in some restricted sense be true according to this theory, but no holder of it can logically or consistently speak of God as being "HIM" with whom we have to do, and into whose hands it is an awful thing to fall.

It may be said that the theorist did not mean to teach theology. *That is emphatically true.* But since he enunciates a cosmological system, and bases it upon a creator, we do him no wrong, nor do we intrude on his privacy, when we ask him what is the power and character of him, from whom all being springs, and what relation does he maintain to the work of his hands ?

The theorist has evidently felt the force of such remarks, for he has given out a supplementary theory, which he calls a provisional one, to account for the origin of organised existences. He calls it the theory of PANGENESIS. According to it "the whole organisa-

\* "Variations would cause the slight alterations." We ask, is that all ? or would slight alterations cause variations ? How often are cause and effect confused in this theory ! May we not suspect that it must be so, so long as the Great Final Cause is not regarded as being distinct from His works.

tion" (*i.e.*, organised being) "in the sense of separate atom or unit reproduces itself." Or, as Dr. Kirk explains it, "the ovule or seed under this notion consists of multitudinous gemmules thrown off from each separate atom of the organisation." The theorist thus exemplifies his hypothesis: "If one of the simplest Protozoa be formed, as it appears under the microscope, of a small mass of homogeneous gelatinous matter, a minute atom thrown off from any part and nourished under favourable circumstances, would naturally reproduce the whole; but if the upper and lower surfaces were to differ in texture from the central portion, then all these parts would have to throw off atoms or gemmules, which when aggregated, by natural affinity would form either buds or the sexual elements."

Now, note first, if the form was first "*simple*," how could it ever according to "Pangenesis" become compound? The simple form could never furnish an atom which it did not possess. The simple form can only give one form, and the form with "*three textures*" might give two, but not more than three. Theory does not account for the simple becoming the multiplex or compound form.

Note again, if "Pangenesis" be true, then the first form or forms could not be simple, they must be multiplex; and, indeed, the theorist has invented a supplementary hypothesis inconsistent with the great doctrine of evolution evolved in his works. The theory of "Pangenesis" actually regards the egg or ovule as receiving its character from the matured creature or organisor, as the egg gets its character from the bird which laid it. But Darwinism traces life up to the ovule, or to the simple primordeal form or forms into which the creator breathed the several powers.

Nor is this inconsistent with much of his teaching. There are many remarks spread through his works, all tending to show that the difference in species arises from certain characteristics resident in the mature being. These determine the character of the creature that issues out of the egg; but "Pangenesis" teaches that the simple is the progenitor of the complex.

The theory of Darwin concedes that there is a creator. It denies that "rapid motion" or "electricity" could convey life to atoms or make them ovules. But although he confines this admission to the gift of life to the lowest forms, yet there is a clear departure from the "laws acting around us." He admits the necessity of the existence of a God, and of the Supernatural. And he admits, too, that this God exercised a power which is miraculous, and that unless he had done so there were no living organisms or beings upon the earth. Darwinism affirms or demands that the laws acting around us have never been broken; that there is a continuity and uniformity from the beginning. That cannot be proved; and experts in science assure us that "the Testimony of the Rocks" deny it, as, indeed, his acknowledgment of a creator admits that it is both possible and probable.

II. Of the way in which the creatures living on this earth multi-

plied and filled it, and how they came to possess so many and so various forms.

This is really the main part of the theory. Its author enters upon its consideration without once casting a glance at creation and origin. The investigation is pursued with much diligence and boldness, and it is interesting to notice that he traces being, animal and vegetable, up to God. For the sake of perspicuity, we considered his theory regarding the cause or originator of life. We now proceed to watch its development or evolution.

As already stated the elements of Darwin's hypothesis are,—  
 “1° Growth with reproduction. 2° Inheritance which is almost implied by reproduction. 3° Variability from the indirect and direct action of the external conditions of life, and from use and disuse. 4° A ratio of increase so high as to lead to a struggle for life. The result being natural selection entailing divergence of character and the extinction of less improved forms.”

Darwin asserts that these four elements or principles sufficiently account for the existence of all orders and species and varieties of animals and vegetables now upon the globe. If it be but granted to him that the creator made but one primordial form, or at most four, for the animal, and as many for the vegetable kingdom, and if it be also granted that the present constitution of the world has existed through endless millions of years, wherein the first form or forms may perform their evolutions, he can by aid of this theory account for the existing races of all organised existences. His postulates we will not discuss. His God is not at all like the God of the Monotheist, and the time he asks for we will grant for the sake of argument, though we might well fear to do so since “time,” in his hands, at least, “works wonders.”

Concerning these wonder working elements, notice the first pair are almost identical. They are “*growth with reproduction and inheritance*, which is almost implied by reproduction.” The first provides for the arrival of the young to maturity, and the reproduction of an animal like itself. The second merely asserts that the young inherits the characteristics of the parent. The theorist then may well say that “inheritance is almost implied by reproduction.” It is manifest that these two elements, or one element, is the great law of being and succession of being. All organised beings which exist upon the face of the earth, grow and produce an offspring inheriting the characteristics and gifts of the parents. Experience and observation during the period that man has lived confirm this law, and all progress must run in accordance with and not against it ; and whatever Darwin may say to the contrary his whole theory denies the first two of the elements upon which he professes to build it. This law is so invariable in its operation, that even when animals of different but allied species propagate, as in the case of the horse and the ass, a creature is the result, like neither the one nor the other, yet like both. It is true, indeed, that the offspring is



never a fac-simile of the parent,—in truth, where there are parents, male and female, a fac-simile is an impossibility ; but there is a likeness, and that likeness can be seen, even in those monstrosities which are occasionally met with. And in this case it may be truly said, that “*exceptio probat regulam.*” The theorist is therefore right in putting this law forth as a *first*, and there lest it should be forgotten as a *second* element. It is, in fact, a “double-first.” Neither he nor any theorist can afford to disregard it. But Darwin has forgotten it, and he attributes to the operation of his third law the variations, which are allowed on all hands to occur, and which are fully consistent with growth, reproduction, and inheritance. He, in fact, magnifies the differences or variations which the two first laws allow, and fancies he has made out his case.

The 3<sup>o</sup> element is “variability from the indirect and direct action of the external conditions of life, and from use and disuse.”

Notice, in other places as in a passage already quoted, this variability, &c., is called “accidental variation.” This variability, therefore, being accidental, is the exception ; and it can only be accounted accidental when we consider that it arises “*from the external conditions of life and from use and disuse.*” And it is upon this exception, this accident, that Darwin builds his theory !

Again, this 3<sup>o</sup> element is contradictory of the first and second elements as he states it ; for it is to be distinctly noted that this variability is not included in the first and second elements, growth and reproduction, involving inheritance, that is, likeness. The variability upon which Darwin builds, arises from the indirect and direct action of external conditions of life, and from use and disuse ; *i.e.*, from accident, and he is perfectly consistent with fact, when he says, that domestic plants and animals are more variable than the individuals of any one species or variety in a state of nature. But then, how little must the origin of species be due to the operation of this 3<sup>o</sup> element ? We find domestic plants,—*e.g.*, apples, gooseberries, and potatoes, and domestic animals, oxen, sheep, and geese, with all the inhabitants of the farmyard, under the care of man for thousands of years, and they are altered in some respects ; in short, more fitted for the requirements of man. But they remain still apples, gooseberries, and potatoes, and oxen and sheep, and for that matter, geese too. There is not an instance of an ox, or a sheep, or a goose ever becoming anything else. The theorist musters a perfect army descended from the rock-pigeon in support of his views. He calls them tumblers, pouters, jacobins, nuns, but after all is said and done, they are but a “feeble folk ;” for they are but pigeons and no more. Could he produce an animal that had changed its genus or species, or the descendant of a jay turned to a peacock, or of a pigeon becoming a hawk, then it is a possibility that it might be proved that the third element had something like the power given to it. In popular language the theorist has not made out his case, because pigeons under the care

of man have become heavier, or have changed their colour, or become tumblers or croppers or such like. Let him bring forth a monkey, whose ancestors were in truth kangaroos, or sheep, or hawks, or molluscs, and then we will admit it is time for us to discuss with him this third element. It seems to me that this interchange of the words genera, species, and variety, bamboozles many persons, and perhaps even Darwin himself to some extent. He, indeed, admits that man has not lived long enough upon the earth to be able to record that he has seen oxen, horses, pigeons, or monkeys rise to higher states of being or enter into a higher genus. But even if Darwin could produce testimony to such a rise in the scale of life, it by no means follows that this third element of his theory, or any part of it is true; for the fact might be true while the explanation might be false. Therefore, it follows that if man cannot produce one instance of an animal that has changed its genus for a higher one, Darwin's theory becomes a mere guess and unworthy in itself of further investigation.

If so poor a naturalist as I am might give an opinion in the presence of Mr. Darwin, the first of scientists, and an exact observer, I am inclined to believe that all the varieties of pigeons and other animals which he believes to have been produced by *man's intervention*, would speedily disappear or return to the state in which they were in before man subdued them, *providing man, the disturbing element, were withdrawn from the world.*

The 4<sup>o</sup> element is, "a ratio of increase so high as to lead to a struggle for life. The result being natural selection entailing divergence of character and the extinction of less improved form."

The increase must have been very high, since the earth at one time had only one, or at most eight forms upon it, and that, too, of microscopic size. Ages must have elapsed ere the struggle for bare life began. But the theory demands millions and millions of years, and it is therefore unreasonable to refuse them; they are so easy in imagination to give! Granting the time, it may be admitted, too, that there has been some such struggle, for there *is now* some such struggle.

At present animals of one kind predominate in one district, and animals of another kind in another; plants, too, of one kind love one habitat, and another kind some other habitat. Darwin teaches that this state of matters is due to the struggle for life. Granting that the term, struggle for life, correctly enough describes what takes place, it by no means follows that it entails divergence of character, and the extinction of less improved forms. The theorist's reference to the lancelet and the ascidians is still fresh in our memories. The latter he taught, "DIVERGES into two great branches—the one retrograding in development and producing the present class of ascidians, the other rising to the crown and summit of the animal kingdom, by giving birth to the vertebrata." "Descent of Man," I. 206. Here, then, we have the authority of Darwin for saying, that the

struggle for life does not cut off the less improved species ; the present ascidians and vertebrata establish the fact. Indeed, I have observed many less improved species revelling upon the carcasses of the vertebrata of the land and the sea, and I have seen the vertebrata rejoicing on the lowest of species. Man and his *nearest kin* when dead are the prey not merely of the worm, but of parasites when alive, and birds devour insects, and the whale feeds upon the molluscous animalculæ of the sea. The lower races appear to be necessary to the higher and the higher to the lower. The law then, is not consistent with fact.

But, again, all farmers know that "their land runs out," and becomes incapable of bearing crop, but perfectly capable of producing weeds ; and it is not till the land is brought into "heart," *i.e.*, fitted for crop bearing, that the weeds cease to grow. The struggle for life does not then destroy the less improved forms ; in fact, if it did so, we would have nothing but improved races upon the earth, and horse-breeders and seedsmen might shut up shop ; their occupation would be gone, or rather would never have had an existence.

But the question resolves itself into this,—What is an improved race ? I do not know ; I cannot fancy what Darwin's test of improvement in a race is. Generally speaking the race is fitted for the sphere it occupies. A reindeer would not flourish on the plains of Africa ; a whale could not inhabit the pool of the tadpole ; nor could a bird occupy the position of the cuttle-fish against the submerged rock even though it had a hooked bill. It comes, then, to this, that the less improved forms are not cut off in the struggle for life, and that there is no test of improvement ; but just this, what is right ; what has stood the test, and therefore belongs to the more improved class, and that begs the whole question.

This is no place to enter into a detailed account of the application of these four elements, which may be called Darwinism proper, to the working out of the great questions respecting the increase and the improvement of races. No one can form an idea of the patient investigation, the steady thought, the immense learning and the real boldness that Mr. Darwin has expended on this theory without mastering these four elements in their application in some of their details at least ; nor without doing so can he fully understand the weakness of the theory.

There is one branch of the theory which we will glance at before closing our essay. It is well worthy of our attention ; indeed, we have a personal interest in it—*viz.*, the theorist's account of the way in which our monkey-ancestor, rising to manhood, having obtained foot and hand, acquired speaking powers and intellectual and moral faculties. These are acquired in the same manner as all the organisms obtain their body organs ; the will, the conscience, the intellect, the imagination are won by natural selection, just in the same way as eyes, or feet, or hair, or wool are obtained !

Let me endeavour to illustrate, and I take an example which *my*

own imagination has drawn, and no one can prove that what I narrate is NOT consonant with fact.

It does not matter how an adder-like creature got accidentally two little tuberosities on the bone corresponding to the *os innominata* (i.e. just where the tail begins.) These small tuberosities were naturally rested on in progression, and thus even in their first possessor they attained to a considerable size. These tuberosities were inherited by the next generation, use increased their development, generation followed generation for millions and millions of years ; the tuberosities went on increasing with every generation, till at last the tuberosities could be called legs. Darwinians term them nascent, not rudimentary legs, for they are on the way to become fully developed legs ; for it may be said of them that they carry the body now and then at least.

It must, however, be rather awkward for this adder-like creature to have two legs about half road to the point of her tail. The greater the legs grow, the more difficult must it be to use them, and keep her "balance true." Still gifted with perseverance she tried to use them in her *sliding* or *walking*, and now and again she stood upon them, and, kangaroo-like, propped herself up with her tail. This exercise strengthened both her tail and her legs ; but still she and her descendants for many millions of years got many heavy falls. They all did their best to save themselves from tumbling ; and we can easily imagine that at last on that part of the body to which withers and fore-legs are attached, slight elevations should appear. Natural selection, ever on the watch, fostered this "accidental variation" and improved it, and destroyed the less improved races or breeds ; and after endless cycles of years nascent fore-legs were evolved.

The hind legs having got the start of the fore ones, were by this time well developed, while the latter remained weak and puny. But on looking at the once adder-like creature, we discover it has become something like our present marsupials ; and we can easily imagine that the young should no longer run into the mouth of the mother, belonging now to the graminivora, but into her "pouch."\*

Now, notice that the ape-like creature, which became man, got his intellect and his moral faculties just in the same way as the kangaroo-like animal obtained his hind and fore-legs. The adder and the kangaroo have both memory to some extent, and the latter being the improved race is more gifted than the former. We have only to imagine that the primeval kangaroo branched into two or more races—the one retrograding and producing the marsupials of Australia, whose isolation from the rest of the world accounts for the preservation of the retrograde race ; the others rising to the baboon and the monkey, and finally to man. The steps in this rise are most easy to imagine. Kangaroos are not deficient in memory,

\* It is interesting to notice that Darwinian research can sometimes explain and strengthen the myth. We see that it may not be a fable that the young of the viper when alarmed take refuge in the mouth of the mother.



and memory implies intellectual gifts ; thus a kangaroo remembers a creature that has hurt him or given him chase ; and even the retrograde representatives of the race in Australia recollect their enemy the dog, and avoid him if they can. It is not needful, after they have been chased, to tell them, "beware of the dog." They have a certain amount of mother wit, and use it as well as their legs. And it is easy to conceive how the battle for life, going on for untold ages, should improve the reasoning faculties,—the less intelligent would always be destroyed, and the more improved races would be preserved ; it is easy to conceive how this process, going on for millions of years, should at last end in the creature attaining to the intelligence, memory, and conscience of an arboreal monkey. Nor is it difficult to imagine how the stupid kangaroo became the gifted monkey, and the monkey the more gifted man.

And with regard to the moral faculties, we find the foundation of them in the brutes. It is a well constituted fact that sharks care for their eggs, and there are few brutes who have not some affection for their young. The kangaroo makes an early approach to maternal love. She carries her young in her pouch—why may we not say bosom ? This maternal affection is an ancestral gift in her case. The adder-like creature from which she rose possessed it. We can easily imagine how the motherly love should strengthen and improve the young, and that the latter thereby should be better fitted for mingling in the battle of life. And it is not difficult to imagine that the advantages of parental care and motherly love would soon become apparent to the rising and intelligent descendants of the kangaroos. And they would not be long discovering that filial obedience and love—moderation, truth, justice, and mercy,—not merely improved the races, but added to the happiness of the individual, the family, and society ; and a conception of the individual, the family, and society bespeaks the arrival of man on the globe ; and here for the present we will end our illustration of the theory. Let us endeavour to gather up what we have been taught.

The views of the theorist concerning the Creator and the creation are crude and imperfect ; in fact, they are an excrescence on his hypothesis. It is, however, a part of his system ; it belongs to it as an integral part,—that man attains his mental and moral faculties by the same processes as the kangaroo his legs. If man does not gain his mind and heart just in the same way as the organism its eye, foot or tooth, the theory falls to the ground. But the Darwinian must hold that the intervention of the Creator was necessary to give the lowest primordial form—a mere atom, a cell, an ovule—*life* ; but he denies that the intervention of the Creator is necessary for the production of the one really great thing in the world—the head and the heart of man, *i.e.*, MAN possessed of mental and moral faculties.

It is not always safe to throw upon a man the consequences of his creed ; but the teaching of Darwin must be placed in the school of Huxley, Tindall, Mill, Strauss, &c. The views of this school

regarding life are thus ably summed up by Professor Nicolson of Toronto:—

“These doctrines may be said to comprise three principal propositions. Firstly, it is believed that force and matter are absolutely inseparable, that ‘*one cannot exist without the other*,’ and that they are merely ‘*two aspects of something one and indivisible*.’ Secondly, it is believed that there is no such thing as ‘*vital force*,’ and that what we call *life* is merely a form of one of the physical forces, namely, a mode of motion. Thirdly, it is held that the spiritual life of man is the same in kind as his physical life; and this also is nothing more than a modification of some physical force, ‘that sensation and thought are the products, and molecular changes taking place in nerve organs;’ and the spiritual phenomena of man are inseparable from the matter by which they are manifested. In fact, since matter and force are ‘absolutely inseparable,’ we are to believe ‘that what we have been accustomed to regard as our soul is merely some subtle form of ordinary matter.’”—*British and Foreign Evangelical Review*, October, 1874.

It is well known that some lovers of the God revealed in the Bible have accepted this theory as being consistent with Christianity; and amongst others, the late and much lamented Canon Kingsley. In his “*At Last*,” wherein he describes, in Darwinian language, those wondrous organisms which the West Indies lavishly bring forth—with the delight and buoyancy of a well-cultured scientific mind that had long waited to behold with his own eyes the animal and vegetable productions of the tropics,—he throws the halo, if not of religion, yet of poetry round this theory. But the theory was less fully developed then than it is now, and not so well understood; but whether it was or not, it may now be fairly said that, according to this theory, man has no soul more than the brutes have; and that there is no hereafter for any one of us. It teaches an advance of the species throughout weary circles of years; but the individual becomes extinct; there is no revivification, no resurrection of the body, and there is no soul with an endless life,—a man dies, and there is an end of him. This soul—this *ego*, this being I call myself, which thinks, acts, suffers and rejoices,—disappears, merges into the abyss of the unknown infinite of a material pantheism. The German Strauss, who did more for infidelity than all who preceded him, accepted Darwinism in his last years. It evidently went far to console him to his own soulless conclusions. For this theory can speak of an immortality, but it is an immortality in which neither I nor any who have ever lived can have any share. It is an immortality not spent in heaven among the holy, the pure, and the perfect; it is an immortality spent on earth “amid the war of nature and of famine and death;” it is an immortality not involving endless progress to the individual, but to the race; it is but an endless evolution and dissolution, produced by laws acting around us, and ever going on, without hope of a new heaven and a

new earth ; and in vain and in sadness the inquirer asks the apostles of this creed, to what end is this endless chain of war, famine, and extinction ?

Though this theory admits, to some limited extent, the dualism of a creator and of a creation, still it annihilates all clear and broad distinction between virtue and vice. "Sin is the transgression of the law." Forgetting that creation is termed by the theorist "an unknown element," and that the Creator has no recognised relation to the organisms evolved from the primordial forms or form,—when can it be said that the creature rising to manhood is first capable of transgressing the law ? Man being descended from the brutes, is an inheritor of their appetites and passions. These are, indeed, sublimated or elevated by natural selection. Cannibalism, murder, fratricide, and man's worst acts are daily perpetrated by the brutes without fear and without repentance. If a man commits any of these deeds, the very worst that can be said of him is, that he has returned to the practice of his progenitors,—that he has not yet thrown off the taint of his descent. And a moralist with a deep insight into nature may say, We must not look upon such acts as being positively sinful, deserving of punishment. They are merely defective in good ; they are only not such good actions as the actions of a man who does not kill and eat his father, &c. And a man who is punished for his vices may logically enough turn round on his fellows and say, Go to the lions and tigers and brutes generally, and learn that such acts as mine are not followed with judicial penalties and banishment from society ! They excel you in forbearance and love ! But, thanks to this theory, it brings us at last, through many a weary investigation, up to God. THE FIAT of the great theorist is, *that there were no beginning of an organized life if there were no God.* Would it not have been well for him, when he came to this conclusion, to have travelled once more, but backwards, over his well-trodden field, as reverently as in the presence of that God who had revealed Himself to him ? Might he not have learned that he was a Personal Being ; that, though a spirit, yet capable of forming a plan and of carrying it out, though the plan was one no wiser than the one which the theorist had evolved ? And might he not have detected some evidence of a connection still maintained between the Creator and His creatures ? Might he not, perchance, have discovered indications that his God, who originated all life, still watched over and protected the forms to whom He gave several powers, and into whom He breathed the breath of life ; and is it out of the range of possibility that he might have learned, with the Grecian poet of old, that "we are all his offspring," and not the legitimate development of the brute but a carefully formed image of the Creator, appointed to rule over and to use the lower animals, with which the Deity had filled the seas and covered the dry land ? And had the theorist thus reviewed his work, starting from the unknown Creator, to whose footstool he had been brought by that Creator's works, he had certainly

come to know them in part ; and man could no longer, in his judgment, grovel among the brutal forms, but have taken his place amongst the sons and intelligent servants of the Most High. And it would have appeared to him most wondrous that man should be possessed of a mind and heart, like unto the All-wise, Benevolent God, and yet have a body marvellously wrought, and related in many ways by texture, form, and organ, by sensations pleasant and painful, to the animals among whom he lived and over whom he ruled ; and he would have learned, too, that the war of life, its famine and death, from whose endless contention he extracted hope for the *Race*, though none for the individual, was placed *there* by the decree of the Almighty Ruler because of "man's disobedience," and that He Himself did interfere on man's behalf to redeem him from this present evil world and to effect a new creation, whereby not the race, but an innumerable company, would have an immortality and life conferred upon them which would ensure their advance in being, knowledge, and happiness throughout endless ages. Then, when this glorious life was begun, should this our poor body—so like to that of the lower animals, that the great theorist was led to suppose man to be no more than a highly organized brute—rise from the grave, delivered from its earth and weakness, a spiritual body, possessing powers and attributes which would fit it for the Tabernacle of the Spirit made perfect. What dream of the past millions and millions of years, concerning the atom that filled the world with vegetables and brutes, is to be compared with the simple hope that gladdens the heart of the unlettered believer in Christ? The scientists of this and past generations are like a man diligently endeavouring to discuss the mechanism of some useful but cunning invention. He takes it to pieces,—screw, bolt, axle, chain, and belt are all undone. At last he comes to the motive power, and he exclaims, Here it is, it lies concealed in this box ; but see, it is this shaft, it is this pinion, it is this tooth which does the work ; and the motive power is forgotten, and the glory is given to the shaft or the pinion it drives ! Such is Darwinism ! and such are all human systems ! The great source of life and light is forgotten. The creature is honoured before the Creator ! "Thus saith the Lord : let not the wise man glory in his wisdom, neither let the mighty man glory in his riches. But let him that glorieth glory in this : that he understandeth and knoweth Me, that I am the Lord which exercise loving kindness, judgment, and righteousness in the earth ; for in these things I delight, saith the Lord."



## To South Africa.

They told me when I left my home,  
 That summer skies and purer air  
 Would make this southern land a place,  
 That I should love and think most fair.

'Tis true the sky more cloudless is,  
 And warmer blows the fragrant breeze,—  
 Alas ! I miss the bracing cold  
 And cannot love your southern ease.

While yet the past is much to me,  
 No glorious legends here are found,  
 Or glimmer of old famous deeds ;  
 There's nought but one romanceless round.

The southern stars seem strangers still,  
 I know them not, they know me not ;  
 They twinkle with a colder smile  
 Than my old loves not yet forgot.

I miss the daisy 'neath my feet,  
 No other flow'ret takes its place ;  
 No skylark lifts my thoughts on high  
 When Heavenward turns my longing face.

But though the stars, the flowers, the past,  
 Do but remind me of my loss,  
 Thank God, His Heaven is just as near,  
 Under and through the Southern Cross.

L.

## To England.

It cannot be, 'tis but a dream  
 Of joy, while yet I roam—  
 Shall I again the old land see,  
 And once more know my home ?

Shall I again those voices hear  
 Which oft I seem to find  
 Within the murmurs of the wave,  
 Or sighing of the wind ?

Will those dear forms seem still the same,  
 Their souls as true as yore?  
 Or shall I find those hearts grown cold  
 Upon my mother shore?

“No distance breaks the tie of blood”—  
 (So says a poet true).  
 God grant no time may part me from  
 Those loved ones grown so few.

So few! ah, this makes home a fear—  
 Can it be home again?  
 The land is there, while souls are fled,  
 Strangers alone remain.

But though on earth our home<sup>1</sup> be gone,  
 A true home waits above,  
 For where *they* dwell that land is<sup>2</sup> home,  
 A home of endless love.

L.

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### Our Relations with England.

ONE of the best arguments that could be furnished to the Cape colonists for not having anything to do with Lord Carnarvon's proposals, has just been supplied by a leading article in the *London Times*, where, commenting upon the alarmist letter of its vigorous and well-informed correspondent in Natal, the editor remarks, that “the policy of introducing white magistrates and English rules of civilization among 350,000 Kafirs, cannot safely be carried out unless the military and colonial forces distributed among 17,000 whites should be largely supplemented and aided by some exterior power.” Undoubtedly such a policy cannot be much longer delayed, if Natal is to be kept open for European settlers: but England has no intention of paying the cost out of her own full exchequer. Just as the Home Government allowed Sir Garnet Wolseley to proceed upon the Ashantee expedition without proper support, and expected him to conquer the most warlike and courageous tribes by a mixed rabble of Hussars, Fantis, and cowardly Akims, until he had to confess that he was “placed in the most humiliating position” of finding himself to be a general without regular troops, so they propose to deal with his projected subjection of the Zulu “locations” to English law and discipline, by decreeing from Downing-street that it must be done by local means and the help of friendly neighbours. Coomassie never would have been destroyed, and Iking Koffee deposed, if good English

troops had not been sent out, as Sir Garnet urged from the very day that he landed on the Gold Coast. With abundance of soldiers on the spot, the Zulus will give in without a struggle; but they will laugh the Natal volunteers to scorn, and lead them a pretty dance over the mountains, should a guerilla warfare be entered upon by them, and breeches and shirts be forced upon a lot of naked and greasy savages, against their traditions and customs. "To establish an united military organization and to adopt an united policy towards the natives," is the advice of the *Times*. From an Imperial point of view this advice would be very good, and could be easily carried out, by Dame England sending out half a dozen regiments and encouraging the growth of free institutions among her colonial children, whatever their colour might be. This she did with the Cape, and thanks to the genius of Sir George Grey we have kept on very good terms with our dusky neighbours, and taught them to imitate us in the management of farms and the transaction of general business. The happy change was not effected in a day. Even now there are some sceptics as to the industrious and orderly habits of the Fingoes, and who find it very hard to believe that they buy their own land and encourage the spread of schools.

To the sagacity and firmness of a Governor like Sir George Grey we owe most of our present prosperity and wealth. He laid his plans very deeply, and founded his policy on justice and study of native character, and not on the despatches of empirical statesmen. Such men may not know how to write history, but they know how to read the lessons of the past, and make a country's history out of pitfalls and snares to the unwary. Their views of life may be limited, and their horizon less extensive, than the horizon of those who stand on the topmost rounds of the political ladder, or straddle the giddy pinnacles of fame, but they are more likely to see the due relations of parts and the fair proportions of men from their lower and closer point of view, than are they who find everything stunted and diminished in their field of vision. A man in a balloon finds objects and people getting smaller and more contracted the higher he ascends, until heroes become mites and cities are dwarfed into a network of lines and angles. It is only when he again puts his foot on the firm earth that he regains his sense of the practical aspect of everyday life, and perceives that a wide and lofty view is not always compatible with justice and generosity to those who are debarred from that giddy elevation, and have to cope with their fellows on a narrower and more equitable basis. To us, the refore, the Zulus are but men like ourselves. They have the passions, the vices, and the wants due to their social polity and peculiar tribal relations, but they are neither bloodthirsty nor irreclaimable savages, nor are they always intent upon plunder and rebellion. Their chiefs, no doubt, are ambitious and fond of native power. They love to crowd their "locations" with cattle, warriors, and wives; and see no reason why their subjects should not increase and multiply—so long as it does not hurt them.

The time has now arrived when it must be pointed out to them that they are very responsible executive officers, and have a direct interest in distributing their subjects among the real owners of the land ; that they themselves are only squatters, living on sufferance ; and that, in return for a good salary from the Queen, they must distribute justice and promote order and industry, in harmonious collusion with a white magistrate, who will act as a chief councillor and advise them how to acquire the arts of peace. In the construction of roads, the rights of wives to lifelong maintenance, and the apprenticeship of children to trades, there would be enough to neutralize their social exclusiveness, polygamous households, and savage disregard for all but the rudest forms of labour. The creation of highways would lead to markets, traders would introduce new wants, and the circulation of coin would form a motive power which even chiefs could not long withstand or ignore. As it has been with the Fingoes so it will be with the Zulus. Their love of peace and plenty is a powerful factor in the task of civilizing them, and as their wealth increases they will fence and build and plough and trade until land becomes a valuable possession to them, and they will eagerly *buy* where now they only *squat*. Is this a visionary dream ? By no means ! We see what is going on under Captain Blyth ; where native political refugees are making roads and bridges at their own cost, building stone houses, riding transport wagons, and starting special schools in every direction, and in a very short time, if they demand political privileges, it will not be denied to them. Against these facts, what have the sceptics to say ? Our natives are happy and contented ; we repress thieving in all classes without distinction, by our army of 800 Frontier Mounted Police ; and we are making railways in every direction with a mixture of native and English labour and capital. But this army of police grew up very gradually, and as by degrees England withdrew her troops, our shoulders grew more accustomed to the burden ; and an expenditure, which might have crushed us at the outset had we to bear the whole of it at once, is now borne by us with the greatest ease and in the most natural manner possible.

Why, therefore, cannot England proceed by the same paths and by the same stages of progress with the development of Natal ? Instead of which (having unwittingly prepared the way for an outbreak, by the high-handed though courteous proceedings of an administrator like Sir Garnet Wolseley, in tying the hands of the whites in the Council Chamber, and alarming the chieftains with the promise of white magistrates to sap their tribal power) the Imperial Government stops at the very point where her natural weight and influence in the money market would tell most heavily in favour of Sir Garnet's policy, viz., by backing up the authority of the law with armed forces, and objects to furnish the troops asked for, but desires to shift the whole burden of native embarrassment in Natal upon the Cape Colony, which alone is rich enough to possess a little army of efficient police wherewith to protect its borders and stop



thieving. To this, of course, the Cape objects ; and in reply to the lure of a Conference, and the talk about an United South Africa, very naturally wishes to be excused until each Province in the projected Dominion can furnish its quota of police, raised on its own credit, confined to its own borders, and paid for out of its own treasury, and unless a common danger demands their junction in resistance to a common enemy. It is for this reason, among others, that the *Argus* and *Daily News* support the Ministry in their interpretation of all that is implied by Lord Carnarvon's subtle despatches, and the yet more subtle speeches of his *fidus Achates*, Mr. Froude. Our Premier has not a smooth tongue nor a ready pen ; but he is uncommonly cute, and can see as quickly through a millstone as anybody. This sudden interest in South African affairs will not be an unmixed good by any means, if all our unpleasant antecedents in the days when we were young and struggling and practically abandoned by our foster parents are going to be ripped up ; and the story of "nationalities," Kafir wars, "separation debates," and trekking of the Boers from English injustice, is to be thrown into our teeth, when we claim to be an united family, capable of managing our own affairs, or of promoting our own family alliances where we see the need of them. Our independence ought not to be mistaken for insolence or pride. We have our faults, and are not, perhaps, very smooth in our ways of doing business ; but because we do not stand cap in hand before the servants of the Queen, it is a mistake to suppose that we do not know what respect is due to her wishes and necessities, and are bent upon dragging her name into the dust.

The assimilation of native policy, if carried out cautiously, will be a tardy compliment to the foresight of Sir George Grey, who initiated our mode of sapping the strength and influence for evil of the Kafir chiefs, but it scarcely demands a special Conference to discuss the preliminaries of a measure that depends for success so much upon local surroundings and the physical support of well trained troops. In the absence of troops, the natives will not combine in rebellion, but they will be sulky and disobedient to our call.

If the Conference meets at all, it cannot fail to discuss the following points :—

1. How can the black man be made to do work for the whites without hurting us and himself too?
2. How can land obtained by conquest, by cession, or by treaty be conveyed away or transferred to *bona fide* purchasers, if the right of our Queen to that land be denied in the way of title *ab initio*?
3. When England guarantees the independence of "communities with a Government," who may have thought it worth their while to squat on her Crown lands, does she renounce her inherent sovereignty over these lands until she formally makes them a present to the power actually in possession of them?

4. When England resumes her sovereign rights over territory which practically she has abandoned for many years, is she not bound in principle to make an allowance for "improvements," and give compensation to the tenants in possession?
5. Can any British subject throw off his allegiance; or forfeit his rights and duties as a British subject by living under a foreign flag?
6. In what proportion ought the expenses of a colonial army to be borne by those who will benefit by its services? Should the quota be calculated by the number of whites or the number of natives in the several provinces?
7. What restriction should be placed on the sale of arms?

Now, we have already indicated how the Cape Colony has managed to get on with the Fingoes and Basutos; but the recent decision of Marshal McMahon about Delagoa Bay, *if accepted and acted upon*, will effectually bar the claims set up by the Free State to the Diamond-fields. One of the chief reasons why we lost our "cause" with Portugal was because the arbitrator held that the Portuguese—though they never utilised the possessions obtained from the native chiefs by war or by cession, except very partially—practically never ceased to urge their right to the Bay and its islands, even though they allowed the English to settle there without protest. He, therefore, would not recognize the claims of England, though enforced by actual possession, and returned the country to Portugal intact as when first she acquired it.

Practically, England has been treated as a "squatter on sufferance," and has to march out with all her baggage, but without compensation for the good she may have done to the land. To apply this principle of arbitration to the ownership of the Diamond-fields—now questioned by President Brand—there is no doubt the Orange River Sovereignty was absolutely the property of England when the Boers trekked back into it and made it what it is; and, in fact, no title is valid unless the prior rights of the English Crown to convey a title be recognized. If this right extended to the whole of the Sovereignty, it must also have extended to any part of it; and if that part should happen to be the slice of land called Griqualand West, the acquisition of it must have been effected through the agency of the Crown, who had a prior claim to it. It clearly was not obtained by conquest from England, and could not have been obtained by valid cession from native chiefs, except with the knowledge and consent of England, who never ceded the territory over which she had thus acquired rights by any treaty which the Sovereign had thought fit to ratify. Apparently, then, unless this right of the Crown to give away be recognized by the Free State, that nominally independent power has no *locus standi* except on sufferance, and is really in the position of a State who has her independence guaranteed, but not absolutely secured to her, by the dominant power in South Africa.

If England can do this to the Free State, she can do it also to Griqualand West, and has the power to erect the latter into an independent province, under its own laws. Far from giving the "Diamond-fields" back to the Free State, she may believe it to be more prudent to make it thoroughly independent, under any form of provincial government most pleasing to its inhabitants, and refer all land titles in dispute to the Government who first derived the territory direct from the English Crown. In this way it would be possible to compensate the Free State for what it has lost, and heal the wounds inflicted on its self-importance by something more tangible than kind speeches from an Imperial envoy.

As regards the proportionate share of payment for keeping up a standing army, a good deal might be said; but as Natal has the fewest whites, and will give the most trouble by her teeming thousands of Zulus, it would be only fair if she should be called on to furnish or pay for two-fifths of the forces requisite to keep the projected South African Dominion together, the two Republics paying one-fifth between them and Griqualand West, while the Eastern Province and the Western contribute share and share alike to the remaining two-fifths of the expense. As this would be the price that England would probably request them to pay up in exchange for the so-called glorious advantages of federation, we shall now be better able to judge what a very kind and attentive old mother-in-law we have lately found in Lord Carnarvon, whose praises are in everybody's mouth, and whose sole desire is to make us a happy, an united, and a most prosperous people, in spite of our teeth!

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And so it has come to pass that, to make us an united people, we are first of all to be divided against ourselves, and then asked to combine for the benefit of the Mother-country, who is tired of spending money on colonial troubles; and, having got us into hot water by her fussy interference, wishes us to pay the piper, and get out of the frying-pan into the fire at our own cost and inconvenience. In time, no doubt, the advantages of Federal Union will dawn upon the political horizon, and then we shall gladly welcome the material splendour that will burst upon us; but at present we are still in the shadow of midnight, and groping our way towards a solution of difficulties begotten of dark mystery and inexperience of our own strength. It is not by lurid flashes of lightning that a road once lost can be easily recovered. In the momentary glare we are presented with a phantom picture that blinds us to all the puddles and pitfalls in our immediate path, and gives us a glimpse of everything bright in our range of vision. We see the heights and crags, not the depths and hollows. Distance seems annihilated, and many things are almost in our grasp; but when the play of lightning has ceased, we are only more and more swallowed up by the thick darkness in which the future is so inscrutably hid, and towards which we can only tend by walking steadily along the customary highways of nations.

Our relations with England can never be rudely severed nor quietly ignored. She owes us duties as we owe her fealty and admiration ; and while the blessings attendant upon Federation cannot be denied, they must be blessings of our own seeking, and as the outcome of our own political development. In the present stage of our history, England, by a stroke of her pen, can restore territory and ratify treaties ; and by the presence of her troops alone can do more towards settling the vexed questions of South Africa than poor and struggling colonies can effect in a quarter of a century. Let her do what is right, and we will always follow her leading. When she has done wrong, she is too mighty and generous not to frankly admit her mistakes and accept remonstrances in a proper spirit. It is for this purpose alone that a Conference ought to have been called, so as to hear our grievances and promote our progress.

R.

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### Adoration.

A toi qui toujours vis et qui jamais ne changes,  
 Créateur invisible et présent en tout lieu ;  
 A toi qu'en se voilant adorent les archanges.  
     Gloire à Toi, Seigneur Dieu !  
 A toi qu'à des perdus donne l'amour du Père,  
 Et qui pour les sauver, fus l'Homme de douleur,  
 A toi qui sur la croix portas notre misère,  
     Gloire à Toi Rédempteur !  
 A toi, source d'amour et d'éternelle vie  
 Que Jésus-Christ vainqueur sur les siens répandit,  
 A toi, dont la vertu rend fort et vivifie,  
     Gloire à toi, Saint-Esprit !

P.

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### Adoration.

O Thou whose being knows no change or end,  
 The secret pulse of Nature's mighty frame,  
 Before whose throne the veil'd archangels bend,  
     Great God ! we praise Thy name.  
 O Christ, the herald of God's love to man,  
 Enduring for our ransom shame and loss ;  
 O man of many sorrows, pale and wan !  
     We bow before Thy Cross.  
 Spirit of Love ! great Source of life to human souls,  
 The Pentecostal gift of our victorious Lord,  
 Whose stream in rushing tides of power and blessing flows—  
     Be evermore adored !

C.



## Loose Papers on Sundry Subjects.

BY IAN.

### III. *More about Carlyle.*

CARLYLE is a grand contradiction to his own utterances. The "Eternal Silences" have not been his tutelary deities. From what is learned of his habits and daily life, from gossip and such incidental references as are to be found in the Life and Autobiography of Leigh Hunt, this much we know. He is declared to be on all hands an inveterate and endless talker. What he condemned in Coleridge, and made the subject of scathing and heartless caricature, he is the victim of himself. Nor can we fancy him otherwise than lacking in such calm, contemplative talk as is reported of Coleridge, who ever sought to get to the root of the tree of knowledge; and who, although shrouded as his thoughts were in mysticism, yet strove, in his *objective* and *sumjective* relations of principles, to arrive at the foundations of speculation. Carlyle's conversation, like his writings, turns upon controversy and self-assertion.

I think that meeting at Carlyle's house, where Leigh Hunt, ever joyous, careless, and flippant in regard to the realities of life (how admirably he has been drawn by Dickens in the character of Mr. Skimpole in "Bleak House!") persisted in taking the sunshiny aspect of every sublunary consideration, particularly instructive in this direction. Mr. Skimpole said something bright, and Carlyle *would* as often hit out with a dark counterpart as repartee; and Mr. Skimpole had apparently the best of it. However, as they were parting and at the door, the latter, looking up to a beautiful sky, called out, "There, Carlyle, look at that. What do you say now?" "*Ah! indeed, it is a sawd sight,*" replied the dogged Scotchman.

But it has been with the whole family the same. As I have said in the previous paper, the family circle was every evening like a debating society. Out in the world, too, the spirit of self-assertion with them was ever coming up, and making them odd and striking in their behaviour to their fellow men. I shall not soon forget a scene in which the most pugnacious and diminutive of Carlyle's brothers figured. A company of the leading Annan men went with an English engineer to consider the best site for a bridge across the Solway. This brother of Carlyle's was amongst them. The Englishman was told so; and in the true spirit of hero worship walked up, and began as follows:—

"I believe you are a brother of the great Thomas Carlyle?"

"Never was a penny the better o' the man in my life," came out in answer, *explosively*.

"I beg your pardon; I meant no offence."

"I know the *leeterary* world thinks a wonderful deal of Tammás, but MY opinion is that he writes barefaced impudence and *infeedeelity*."

Some few remarks passed after that ; but, unappeased, the self-sufficient brother finished up by hinting that the Doctor was "worth a baker's dozen of Thomas."

The Doctor in question is the accomplished translator of Dante—to whom Carlyle referred when he was offered the degree of LL.D. by the Edinburgh University, on the occasion of his being elected Lord Rector. He could not take the honour, he said, as it would be likely to produce "confusion in Paradise if there were two doctors in the family."

It is a Scottish frailty, however much has been asserted by outsiders as to Scottish taciturnity, to admire and cultivate the faculty of pithy, incisive talk. Never, it must be said, does conversation flow freely before the instrumental application of the corkscrew, north of the Tweed as elsewhere.

A Scotchman, too, may need more thawing. But I think no gift is more envied in Scotland than that of tongue. It must not be "blathers" nor "havers": the talk is required always to have a fang, sting, bite, or grip in it. A Scotchman may not be amongst the most humorous of men, but if he is a typical representative of his country he will love dearly to "*crack his joke*," although it be a "dry" one.

We can readily suppose, therefore, the apostle of silence and the eloquence of deeds, not words, being a victim to the Carlyle family failing, and to be in this, moreover, a representative Scot. And I think in his panegyric on Burns he betrays his sly liking for conversational display. He does not praise Burns for his poetry and genius so much as the man in what he was to his fellows. He speaks of the perfect marvel of that visit of Burns to Edinburgh. Then he was the "lion," the cynosure of all eyes, a glorified ploughman, and with his conversation actually making duchesses incline to befool themselves, and wielding his talk as a magic wand, throwing over the eyes of high born ladies and learned professors the glamour of a rare intellectual superiority. A rustic without provincialism, a horny handed son of the soil, yet consciously superior to his station, and more than holding his own in the brilliant days of the modern Athens for *a' that*. Burns may well be set forth by Carlyle as the most "noticeable man" in the century ;—if, indeed, it may not be said the most wonderful.

But I can see in Carlyle's admiration of Burns, as I have said, an indication that he loves conversational display and power. It must be original and impressive, however, and that only comes from a man of action and thought ! Twaddle—no ! Coleridge was a dreamer, not a worker ; he had culture, but no fire ; method, fancy, design, and polish, but no madness, none of the daimon ! All this Carlyle was impatient of in Coleridge. What right has a man to talk when he has nothing but reflected thought to advance ? "Moonshine !"

When I read some of Carlyle's onslaught on the improvers of Society,—those who, to use a sporting phrase, “handicap” heroes, and seek to temporize,—such as Parliaments, peace-loving monarchs, John Howards, and the general tribe of *vencerers*—I consider him extreme and impracticable. As when he calls Frederick the Great the last of the kings. As when he gives no quarter to the French, who have done more, notwithstanding their “apery,” for the civilization of Europe than all other nationalities of Christendom! And when, too, he says the one great want of the age is the “drill-sergeant!” In all such writing he is Carlyle and none other. It is the trick of his style of criticism. But he is never at his happiest in this view. Let him have the hero, however, the man as he has stood in the age, outside of his fellows, and how different Carlyle is!

How he lovingly characterizes these heroes! The background of his pictures may be made black enough, but it is as if to set forth in brighter and clearer relief his subject proper. How he will even not fail to bring to the light the frailties of their characters! But he does so only to extenuate, or, as is more often the case, lovingly to throw the blame of their sins on the age, their surroundings, or their destiny. “God gave to Scotland in Burns the greatest gift a nation has ever had, *and she made him a gauger.*”

And I can see in all this the outcome of the father's home. Old Carlyle was shrewd, fond of sarcasm, but in it all there was a rare mellowness of disposition; impatient he ever was of idling and foolery, but ever ready at the proper time for a talk, and it might be also the punch-bowl. Like Scotchmen, as a rule, he admired the flesh-and-blood man—if to be admired as such—above the deed he did or the thing he said.

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## *Mr. Froude on the Dominion of Canada.*

### AN HISTORICAL REVIEW.

THE one question now agitating the Colony throughout its length and breadth is that of the proposed confederation of the South African Colonies and States. The one individual who stands most prominently forward as the champion of this movement is Mr. Froude. Is it possible to discuss a statement as to the confederation of the North American Colonies made by Mr. Froude and used by him as a telling argument in favour of his views in one of his many eloquent speeches, without subjecting ourselves to the suspicion of taking a part in the great struggle now going on between Mr. Froude and popular enthusiasm on the one side, and the Cape Ministry and Parliament on the other? We beg distinctly to state that in the following

remarks we intend speaking of Mr. Froude as an historian of world-wide fame, whose statements of facts will, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, be received without question on account of his great reputation. We do not intend to speak of the further weight these statements must carry when they are uttered by Mr. Froude as the representative of Her Majesty's Government specially selected and appointed to discuss the matter under consideration. Should we succeed in proving that Mr. Froude has not studied the history of the North American Confederation, and that his statements on this point are very incorrect, and should we, in the course of our argument, point out a few other errors into which he has fallen,\* it does not at all follow that the confederation of the States of South Africa is or is not the object to attain which the Colony should direct all its attention and strain every nerve. We intend to preach no sermon. We wish to keep out of the strife of tongues. Certain statements have been made by Mr. Froude which he evidently thinks of great importance; our only object in this paper is not to argue upon these statements, but simply to deny them. To many they will probably be considered of very little importance. Possibly that opinion may be our own, but as an opportunity will be afforded of tracing the origin of the Dominion of Canada, we may be able to extract some useful matter from the narrative.

In the report of the speech delivered by Mr. Froude at Port Elizabeth there is the following passage:—

“The success of Canada had been so very brilliant that it encouraged Lord Carnarvon (for he had himself instituted and created the Dominion there) in his views. The Canadas were for years a few scattered states, almost bankrupt, apparently incapable of progress, until a real statesman joined them together and then there sprang up at once a great nation. In a few years the advancement and progress was such as to astonish even the energetic neighbours of the United States. The commercial marine of Canada was at present the third greatest in the world, railways crossed the country in every direction, bringing the whole of Canada into connection with the great centres of union. These provinces, not long since looked down upon, were ready to take a place in the world as a great nation, and it was among the great states of the world.”

According to Mr. Froude the Dominion of Canada was instituted and created by Lord Carnarvon. When Lord Carnarvon, “the real statesman” who “joined” these colonies together, fortunately appeared on the scene, these colonies were “bankrupt” and were “looked down upon.” In consequence of this action of Lord Carnarvon, we are left to infer the commercial marine of Canada is at present the third greatest in the world. Railways cross

\* For instance, at Natal, Mr. Froude said, “We took the Fish River for a frontier, and then the Orange River. Beyond the Orange River we established the two Free States to be a barrier between us and the interior, and made further advances impossible.” It is unnecessary at the Cape to point out the palpable errors in these few words.



the country in every direction, and these states, before "apparently incapable of progress," immediately began to make immense strides.

Now we are about to prove that Lord Carnarvon no more instituted and created the Dominion than Mr. Disraeli institutes and creates the British Army when he introduces the Mutiny Act every year. That the North American Colonies, so far from being bankrupt were in a most flourishing state. That instead of being incapable of progress their very difficulties arose from the rapid progress they were making. That before the confederation the commercial marine of Canada already ranked the fourth, if not the third, in the world. That railways had already been built, crossing the country in every direction. That so far from the creation of the Dominion being the work of one "real statesman" sitting in Downing-street, it was the result of the voluntary action of a free people, originating with and carried out by the colonists themselves. That the only credit due to Lord Carnarvon, and no slight credit either, is that when the colonists had originated and worked out the scheme in all its detail, he submitted their propositions to the Imperial Parliament and obtained its sanction. And lastly, if any Secretary of State for the Colonies deserves credit for having assisted in the creation of the Dominion, it is Mr. Cardwell (now Viscount Cardwell), Lord Carnarvon's predecessor, and not Lord Carnarvon, whose good fortune it was to come into office just as everything was completed. In short, that Mr. Froude has not been as accurate in his statements as we have a right to expect so distinguished an authority should be. To prove our case we shall content ourselves with giving a simple outline of the events preceding the passing of the Imperial Act of 1867, by which the Dominion of Canada was created. And before doing so we desire that it may be well borne in mind that the Earl of Carnarvon became Colonial Secretary on the 6th July, 1866.

Fully to understand the agencies that were at work it is necessary to take the reader as far back as the years 1834 or 1835. About this time an endeavour was made to construct a railway from St. Andrews, in New Brunswick, in as nearly a direct line as possible, to Quebec. Before the work was commenced the United States laid claim to a portion of the territory through which this railway would have to pass. By the "Ashburton Capitulation," as Lord Palmerston called it, of 1842, without consulting the provinces, the Imperial Government consented to a wedge of foreign territory being thrust up between Canada and New Brunswick. The opportunity of constructing, on British Soil, speedy and direct land communication was thus lost for ever. From this time various efforts were made to construct a line of railway from Halifax to Quebec. In 1851 Lord Grey offered an Imperial guarantee if Canada, New Brunswick, and Nova Scotia would undertake to construct the railway subject to the approval of Her Majesty's Government. Some misunderstanding as to the guarantee prevented any action being taken at the time. In 1852 Canada and New Brunswick agreed upon a line to be built by

their Governments, through the valley of St. John; but to this Nova Scotia objected. The Imperial Government refused the guarantee because they desired that a line should be adopted so far removed from the American frontier as would comply with the military character of the work for which the guarantee was originally offered. Between this period and 1860 there were numerous negotiations between the provinces touching this great work. In 1862-3 so far had these proceeded that an apportionment of the relative expense to be borne by the provinces separately had been agreed upon, and laws passed in the Legislature of New Brunswick and Nova Scotia to confirm the arrangements. From some cause or other, which we have not been able to trace, Canada withdrew. We believe it was from some jealousy between Upper and Lower Canada. During the same period efforts had also been repeatedly made by the several Governments to bring about a union of postal and fiscal regulations, and similarity of tariffs. The public mind was thus rapidly but naturally being prepared for the consideration of the importance of a great political union. The question of confederation had long before this occupied the attention of North American statesmen. In 1854 it was brought forward in the Nova Scotia House of Assembly. In 1858, in the Canadian Parliament, Mr. Galt on his becoming a member of the administration insisted upon its being made a cabinet question. But these efforts produced no results at the time. In 1857, at the instance of the Nova Scotia Parliament, the matter was brought before Her Majesty's Government. Mr. Labouchere, the then Secretary of State for the colonies, intimated that it was a question entirely for the colonists themselves, and that no obstacle to its accomplishment would be thrown in their way. In 1858, in furtherance of the policy of Canada above alluded to, a deputation specially waited upon the Imperial Government requesting authority for a meeting of delegates from each of the colonies, to take the question into consideration. Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton, then Secretary of State for the Colonies, replied that the question was necessarily one of an Imperial character, and declined to authorize the meeting because, with the exception of one, he had received no expression of sentiment from the lower provinces on the subject. In 1862, the Duke of Newcastle, the then Colonial Secretary, in a despatch to the Governor-General, after stating in explicit terms that Her Majesty's Government was not prepared to announce any definite policy on this question for a similar reason, added that if a union, either partial or complete, should hereafter be proposed, with the concurrence of all the provinces to be united, the matter would receive the earnest attention of Her Majesty's Government, the Parliament and the English nation. Shortly after this the "Trent" affair put an end to all vacillation on the part of the Imperial Government. British America was to be made self-reliant; was to be put in a position to require as little from the British Government as was possible, with an allegiance that was voluntary and a connection that

was almost nominal. Though the public mind was thus being agitated on the subject it appeared to the lower provinces that there was no reasonable hope of effecting any arrangement with Canada, either of a fiscal nature, or for the construction of an inter-colonial road. Accordingly the Legislatures of New Brunswick, Nova Scotia, and Prince Edward Island had, at their sessions in the year 1864, passed resolutions authorizing their respective Governments to enter into negotiations, and hold a convention for the purpose of effecting a union of the Maritime Provinces, political, legislative, and fiscal. That convention was appointed to meet at Charlotte Town, in Prince Edward Island, in the month of September following. Let the reader compare the dates: this was in 1864, Lord Carnarvon became Colonial Secretary in July, 1866.

It is now necessary to turn our attention to Canada. This great colony, it is well known, was divided into two provinces—Upper and Lower Canada. Though politically united, their interests had become more and more divergent. The population of Upper Canada at this time exceeded that of Lower Canada, by nearly half a million, but it had received no corresponding increase in representation or influence in the raising or disbursement of the revenues obtained from the taxation of both. The principle of the Canadian constitution was equal territorial representation, and accordingly now the prominent question urged vehemently by the inhabitants of Upper Canada, and as strenuously resisted by the Lower Canadians, was that of representation by population as against that of equal territorial representation. But there was another source of difficulty. A most philosophical and consequently absurd mode of government had been adopted for the purpose of satisfying both provinces, namely the government by double majorities. The Cabinet was always to contain an equal number of representatives from each province, and each section was to retain the confidence of the majority of the members of the province which it represented. Thus although leading ministers and statesmen might be thoroughly united on a question of general importance, and succeed in carrying with them the majority of the Parliament, yet should the minority consist of a majority of one Province the members of the Cabinet representing that province had to resign. No wonder local jealousies were fostered, and Government, in a parliamentary sense, became practically impossible. All the more honour to those colonial statesmen who in spite of these obstacles so successfully developed the marvellous resources of their country. But as we before stated, Parliamentary Government had become impossible. In 1863 the divisions were so nearly equal that the Macdonald Government ceased to command its proper influence. In February, 1865, the Parliament met (a dissolution having taken place in the recess) and no additional strength having been acquired, the Government resigned. In March, 1864, a new administration under Sir E. P. Taché was formed. Up to June the new Government were no better off than their predecessors. On the 14th June,

1864, Mr. Brown, the leader of the Reform opposition, as chairman of a Select Committee to inquire into "the very grave difficulties which now present themselves in conducting the Government of Canada in such a manner as to show due regard to the wishes of its numerous populations," reported that "a strong feeling was found to exist among the members of the Committee in favour of changes in the direction of a Federative system, applied either to Canada alone, or to the whole British North American Colonies." On the same day the Government was defeated by 60 to 58 on a vote of censure. The supplies were hurried through and the House was prorogued. On the 23rd June, previous to the prorogation, the Attorney-General rose to make ministerial explanations regarding certain recent negotiations with Mr. Brown the leader of the opposition. It is needless to go into details, but the result was that on the day of the prorogation a coalition had been formed between the leaders of the Reform and Conservative parties. "They agreed to unite to bring about a measure which they hoped and believed would remove the difficulties then obstructing the successful administration of Constitutional Government in Canada. That measure was the confederation of the Province of British North America on the Atlantic side, with the prospect, at some ultimate day, of bringing in the North West, and Hudson Bay territories, and British Columbia."

This was in 1864, two years before Lord Carnarvon came into office.

Let us now return to the Maritime Provinces. The action of Canada had not been unnoticed, but the Governments of New Brunswick, Nova Scotia, and Prince Edward Island proceeded with their original design. The delegates recommended by the respective Governments were approved by the Lieutenant-Governors, and the convention was opened on the 8th September, 1864. A telegram was received announcing the departure from Quebec of certain members of the Canadian Government deputed by the Governor-General to attend the Convention. It was resolved to postpone the consideration of the union of the maritime provinces, until after the Canadian deputation had been heard. The following morning the deputation arrived, and in due time was introduced to the convention. The Canadian deputation after urging the importance of a broader union of British North America as contra-distinguished to the more limited one of the maritime provinces withdrew. Before doing so, however, they proposed that the convention should suspend its deliberations upon the immediate subject for which they had met, and should adjourn to Quebec at an early day, there further to consider the wider and broader union which had been proposed. This course was adopted.

Before proceeding with the further history of this movement let us glance at the condition of these colonies described by Mr. Froude as a "few scattered states, almost bankrupt, apparently incapable of progress."



At the census taken on the 12th January 1861, the population of the provinces was 3,244,053. Judging from the rate at which the population was increasing, we may fairly consider that at this period, 1864, it must have been upwards of 3,500,000. The reader may prefer to make his own calculations from the following figures :

In 1850 the population was 2,337,862.

In 1861                   ,,                   3,244,053

So that in 1864 there were only about eleven states in Europe superior to the North American Colonies in population. And of this population Canada proper alone numbered 2,507,657 in 1871, and had increased in a greater ratio than the others during the next four years. The number of males between the age of 20 and 60 in 1861 amounted to 693,918. Striking off from this number 150,000 for those above the age of 45, and throwing off 50,000 for the lame, halt, and blind, there would still be left half a million of able bodied men ready to defend their country. Of the total number of males between 20 and 60 above given, 534,565 belonged to Canada. From the same census of 1861 it also appears that the land granted by Government, and held by private parties in the Provinces, was not less than 45,638,854 acres, of which, 13,128,229 were under cultivation, and the balance had yet to be brought into use. From the census returns of the several colonies the united crop in 1850 is valued at nearly one hundred and twenty millions of dollars. The assessed value of farm lands was 550,000,000 dollars. It must be remembered that there were more than 30,000,000 acres not yet cultivated in private hands, and that vast quantities still remained with Government for disposal and that immense progress had been made between 1860 and 1864. It appears that in 1861 the sailors and fishermen of the six colonies summed up no fewer than 69,256 of which 38,578 belonged to Newfoundland and 19,637 to Nova Scotia. The exports of fish\* alone from the united provinces amounted to ten million of dollars. We cannot find exact returns as to the number and tonnage of the ships belonging to the colonies in 1864. But the returns of 1863 show, in that year, the number of ships *built* in all these colonies to be no less than 645, with a tonnage amounting to 219,763. On the 1st July, 1867, the year of the Dominion, there were 3,974 sea going ships, with a tonnage of 604,182 tons, owned by the three colonies then joining together and exclusive of the other maritime states. The exports of timber alone amounted to 15,000,000 dollars ; while rapidly increasing in importance were the coal mines, copper mines, iron works, and petroleum wells. The total annual export trade was about 65,000,000 of dollars, and there

\* Mr. Froude, in one of his speeches on the Cape expressed his surprise at the neglect of our Cape fisheries, and kindly urged upon us to direct our attention to this source of profit. This passage was taken over by the English papers and caused great merriment at our expense. Mr. Froude was evidently not aware that a large portion of our population lives almost entirely on fish, and that the average annual export of fish is about £30,000.

was an import traffic to an equal amount. There were two thousand five hundred miles of railway; telegraph wires extending to every city and town throughout the country; and the annual Government revenue of the proposed confederation, it was estimated, in 1864, would amount to nearly 13,000,000 dollars. In 1866 the revenue of the three colonies then confederating amounted to 15,309,840 dollars. This again is exclusive of the other maritime states. It is certainly true that Canada had incurred a heavy national debt; but it must be remarked that this had been contracted for the construction of canals, railroads, and other public works, and that the Canadians reaped the greatest advantage from these extensive works. That the Canadians themselves did not think that they "were bankrupt and apparently incapable of progress," may be judged by the following extract from a speech by Mr. Brown the leader of the Upper Canada Reform party. He said, "Now, I belong to the party of economy in Canada; the party that has resisted the increase of the public debt and taxation, and has loudly complained of their rapid advance. But, large as our own debt and taxation undoubtedly are, for a young country, the people of Canada are abundantly able to bear it all, and much more, without assistance from any quarter whatever." We would quote further from Mr. Brown but as he was then speaking as a diplomatist we have felt obliged to check his statements by reference to more impartial authorities. We have generally found him correct. But as Mr. Froude, so we are assured, has made colonial history his particular study it is not unlikely that he is perfectly well acquainted with the occasion on which this speech was made, and he might damage the value of Mr. Brown's evidence by quoting from Mr. Freeman the remarkable manner in which diplomatists recklessly make erroneous statements, often not so much from ignorance on their own part, as from presuming upon the ignorance of others. For this reason we shall not rely exclusively upon Mr. Brown, but refer to Mr. Seward, one of the greatest statesmen of the American Republic who speaks in enthusiastic terms of "the vigorous, perennial and ever growing Canada", of the "vigorous, hardy, energetic inhabitants" of the colonies that some day "will be independent, as they are already self-maintaining."

But we think we have sufficiently proved that the creditors of what Mr. Froude calls "the almost bankrupt" States of North America had no serious ground for alarm.

And now to return to our narrative.

In accordance with the recommendation of the Canadian Ministry, the Governor-General had addressed the several Lieutenant-Governors of the maritime provinces, including Newfoundland, to send delegates to a convention to be held at Quebec on the 10th October. The request had been responded to. On Monday, the 19th October, 1864, in the Parliament House of Old Canada, the Conference was held. This important conference consisted of thirty-three delegates. Canada was represented by twelve, Prince Edward Island by seven,

New Brunswick by seven, Nova Scotia by five, and Newfoundland by two. The Imperial Government had no special representative, and took no part in the proceedings. Sir E. P. Taché, Premier of Canada, was unanimously chosen President.\*

The Conference sat for sixteen days, and the result of its labours was embodied in seventy-two resolutions, which were to serve as the basis of the proposed Constitution. These resolutions were to be submitted to the Governor-General for the Secretary of State for the Colonies, and were to be transmitted to the different Colonial Governments in order that they might be presented for adoption to their respective legislatures. These resolutions, agreed to in 1864, two years before Lord Carnarvon became Colonial Secretary, were subsequently adopted, with one or two alterations, at the Conference held at Westminster, they formed the final basis of the articles of Confederation, and were embodied in the British North America Act, 1867.

In Canada the project received the support of a large and influential majority. But the representatives of the maritime provinces received a rough handling on their return. New Brunswick had at first received the proposal favourably. As the Parliament was about to expire, a general election took place. A majority hostile to the Federal union were elected. It was said that American influence had a great deal to do with this opposition. However that might be, it was certain that the Lieutenant-Governor Gordon was himself hostile to the project. The new assembly adopted resolutions condemning the proposed union, and demanded the appointment of delegates to proceed to England to plead the cause of the anti-Federalists. The members of the Government who had taken part in the Conference were driven from place and power; they were condemned by their constituents in a most emphatic manner; and a more thorough defeat in the first instance was never meted out to the advocates of a political change.

Nova Scotia showed an equal aversion to Confederation, and the majority adopted resolutions for the renewal of negotiations in favour of the union of the Maritime Provinces only. The general elections at Newfoundland and Prince Edward Isle showed an equal hostility to a union with the other provinces.

Thus all the maritime provinces declared themselves at the commencement opposed to the Federal project which the leaders of different political parties had approved at the Quebec Convention.

\* The Conference of South African States, proposed by Lord Carnarvon is to consist of  
A President, nominated by the Imperial Government.

A Representative of Griqualand West, nominated by the Imperial Government.

A Representative of Natal, nominated by the Imperial Government.

Mr. Froude, a Representative of, and nominated by, the Imperial Government.

A Representative of the Free State.

A Representative of the Transvaal Republic.

Two Representatives of the Cape Colony, whose names were suggested, but not insisted upon, by the Imperial Government.

The Government of Canada, however, was not discouraged, but proceeded with its work.

As soon as possible after the adjournment, the Governor-General transmitted to Her Majesty's Government the resolutions adopted by the Conference. In December, 1864, a reply was received from Mr. Cardwell, then Secretary of State for the Colonies, expressing in the strongest terms the approval of the Government, and accepting the resolutions "as being, in the deliberate judgment of those best qualified to decide upon the subject, the best framework of a measure, to be passed by the Imperial Parliament, for attaining that most desirable result." For the purpose of carrying this out, the despatch continues: "It will probably be found to be the most convenient course that, in concert with the Lieutenant-Governors, you should select a deputation of the persons best qualified to proceed to this country, that they may be present during the preparation of the Bill, and give to Her Majesty's Government the benefit of their counsel upon any questions which may arise during the passage of the measure through the two Houses of Parliament." The Conference that met at London, and drew up the Bill which Lord Carnarvon presented to the House of Lords, was appointed under the authority of the several Provincial Legislatures in compliance with this suggestion of Mr. Cardwell.

When the Canadian Parliament met in February, 1865, the question was at once taken up. The resolutions were brought up for discussion on the motion of Sir E. Taché, that an address should be presented to Her Majesty praying for the introduction of a measure into the Imperial Parliament based on the resolutions adopted by the convention. The resolution was carried by large majorities in both Houses. Before the close of the session the temporary defeat of confederation in the maritime states was known. A deputation was sent to England to confer with the Imperial Government on this and other matters. The Imperial Government gave the assurance that it would use every legitimate means for securing the early assent of the maritime states to the union, but leaving it entirely to themselves to accept or reject it. Mr. Cardwell gave the Lieutenant-Governors to understand that they were not to oppose the measure. During the summer the Lieutenant-Governor of New Brunswick went to England an Anti-Confederate. In the autumn he returned a ripened Confederate. From Nova Scotia Sir Richard Macdonald, an Anti-Confederate was promoted to Hong Kong, and Sir Fenwick Williams of Kars, was sent out to tell the colonists that confederation was for their good. Soon a re-action took place in public opinion. Little by little the necessity of the federal union was recognized. The Parliament of New Brunswick was summoned at the commencement of 1866. The Legislative Council passed a resolution in favour of Federation. The Ministry resigned. A general election took place, and this time a strong majority was returned in favour of Confederation. The Parliament



of Nova Scotia also passed resolutions in its favour, and nominated their delegates. The Ministry having found the constituencies opposed to Federation, had not dissolved Parliament upon their return from the conference, but had quietly waited for the change in public opinion which they foresaw must come. Newfoundland and Prince Edward's Isle alone persisted in their refusal. The Legislatures, both of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, had authorized their respective Governments to send delegates to London to meet the representatives of the other provinces, and finally settle the terms on which the Confederation was to be carried out. In July, 1866, these deputations proceeded to London, expecting that the Canadian deputation about the same period would do the same. This was the month that Lord Carnarvon entered upon his duties as Secretary of State for the Colonies, and now for the first time he began to take a part in the movement which his predecessor Mr. Cardwell had so warmly supported. But the matter still remained entirely in the hands of the colonists. The conference of the three provinces was duly organized at the Westminster Hotel on the 4th December, important events having delayed the departure of the Canadians. It sat continuously from that day to the 24th, when certain resolutions were formally agreed upon, and transmitted to the Secretary of State for the Colonies. These resolutions were substantially the same as those agreed upon at the Quebec Conference, although there were some material modifications, the maritime provinces having decided, when passing resolutions favourable to confederation, that these modifications should be made. Upon these resolutions so submitted, certain bills were prepared by the conference in conjunction with the legal officers of Her Majesty's Government, and after much discussion, a draft Bill was finally agreed upon, which subsequently became the British North America Act of 1865. The Bill so agreed upon was introduced into the House of Lords by Lord Carnarvon, was carried, and finally enacted on the 29th March, 1867.

We have now traced the history of the movement from its origin. The authorities we have been able to consult do not bear out Mr. Froude's picture of bankrupt colonies, looked down upon by all, incapable of progress, and drifting to destruction, until Lord Carnarvon appears as a heaven-born Secretary of State for the Colonies, sent to deliver these unfortunates from their wretched condition.\* We read Canadian history in a different light. We see, indeed, separate Governments, separate Parliaments, different laws, and hostile tariffs fostered by local prejudices and divergent in-

\* Since the above was written we see that Mr. Froude has again repeated this statement at Graham's Town, proving that he considers it a fact of some importance. He says: "He could inform those present that Lord Carnarvon's thoughts were incessantly occupied with an ardent desire to bring about a scheme of confederation in South Africa similar to that in Canada. *The Canadian Dominion was his own work*, and he hoped to be able to perform the same service for a South African Dominion."

terests. For a series of years, long in the history of a Colony, we find statesmen looking forward to a union, but the public mind not yet feeling the pressing necessity of such a measure, holding back. In the meanwhile, each state grows richer and more important. In each colony statesmen are trained to the important work of government. As the states expand and come into closer contact with one another, the inconveniences of isolated action and occasional conflict of policies become more frequent. Occurrences in the great neighbouring country precipitate events. Canada, with all her great resources, can only reach the sea during one-half of the year, and for the rest must send her produce to the ports of the United States, through a country that may at any moment become an enemy. The maritime states have long been anxious for a means of communication with the great country rapidly growing behind them. The advantages of a grand international railroad became daily more evident. Great Britain, dreading her inability properly to defend the vast dominions under her flag, exposed as they were to the sudden attack of a restless neighbour, was anxious to leave the task in the hands of the people who she rightly considered were both able and willing to undertake it. All these events combined to form the public mind on the subject. In none of the colonies was the feeling in its favour unanimous when the change at last came. The project of the great dominion, which now includes the whole of British North America, met with opposition at first from whole states as well as individuals. Slowly it had to fight its way. The difficulties that had to be met were thus fully discussed and provided for. Originating with the colonists, shaped by the colonists, adopted by the colonists when they were perfectly ripe for independence, and approved of by Great Britain, it is in its present form a remarkable proof of the ability, the moderation, and the patriotism of the statesmen of those "few scattered bankrupt states," which Mr. Froude describes as "incapable of progress," and "looked down upon" by the rest of the world, but who may now proudly point to the fact that England's greatest living historian, sent on a special mission to South Africa to produce a copy of their work, has not hesitated to give weight to the name of Lord Carnarvon, whose delegate he is, by transferring to that statesman the whole credit which is justly due to them, and to them alone. Like all great political reforms, this has had throughout its origin in the practical wants of the country. It won its way slowly with the people. It was well considered. It was their own work. It met positive inconveniences, and consequently it is built upon solid foundations.

One more reference to the history of Canada and we have done. Mr. Froude in a speech at Graham's Town, referring to the Molteno Government Minute, said:—"The reply given last June to Lord Carnarvon by the ruling powers in this country is without precedent," and he proceeded to hint that from a foreign country it would be tantamount to a declaration of war. It strikes us that this minute

has been so often alluded to in similar terms, that upon a reperusal the reader will be rather surprised at finding what really are the expressions it contains. But taken at the worst it certainly was not without precedent. In 1859 the Duke of Newcastle merely threw out a *suggestion* that Her Majesty *might* have been advised to disallow the Customs Tariff Bill which had passed the Canadian Legislature. The Canadian Ministry took fire at the bare hint, and the following was their ministerial minute in reply :—

“ The Provincial Ministry are at all times ready to afford explanations in regard to the Acts of the Legislature to which they are a party ; but subject to their duty and allegiance to Her Majesty, their responsibility in all general questions of policy must be to the Provincial Parliament by whose confidence they administer the affairs of the country \* \* \* Self-Government would be utterly annihilated if the views of the Imperial Government were to be preferred to those of the people of Canada. It is, therefore, the duty of the present Government distinctly to affirm the right of the Canadian Legislature to adjust the taxation of the people in the way they deem best, even if it should unfortunately happen to meet the disapproval of the Imperial Ministry. *Her Majesty cannot be advised to disallow such acts*, unless her advisers are prepared to assume the administration of the Colony, irrespective of the views of its inhabitants. The Imperial Government are not responsible for the debts and engagements of Canada, they do not maintain its judicial, educational, or civil service, they contribute nothing to the internal government of the country, and the Provincial Legislature acting through a ministry directly responsible to it, has to make provision for all these wants. They must necessarily claim and exercise the widest latitude as to the nature and extent of the burdens to be placed upon the industry of the people. The Provincial Government believes that His Grace must share their own convictions on this important subject, *but as serious evils would have resulted had His Grace taken a different course it is wiser to prevent future complication by distinctly stating the position that must be maintained by every Canadian Administration.*”

We look upon this reply as being worded in language quite as strong as that of the Molteno Government, if it is not in a degree more defiant. But the Imperial Government did not declare war. Probably, because Canada was at the time “looked down upon,” as Mr. Froude has it. From that time this Minute is looked upon as having authoritatively settled the Constitutional question as to the right of taxation in the colonies as far as Canada is concerned.

Mr. Froude, at Natal, said : “ The leading Cape Town politicians must learn to extend their horizon.” May not the Cape Town politicians request Mr. Froude to extend his reading. Thank Heaven the writer of this article is no politician ; if he were, most likely he would not study the materials of which history is made, but would confine himself to those romances called “ history,” and would consequently know nothing accurately. Mr. Froude in happier days was also no politician, and with unbiased judgment could examine the statements of former historians, and sift the evidence and point out how political feeling and party strife had

clouded their intellects and perverted their judgment. But, alas ! now he has drifted into the stormy sea of politics, and we who used to look upon him as a guide, philosopher, and friend, find that like other historians he is but human.

It is with a sense of relief that we turn from the ungrateful task of criticizing Mr. Froude's statements of fact to the glowing pictures he paints of the future progress of South Africa, should we follow his advice and adopt the Carnarvon Confederation proposal. At Graham's Town Mr. Froude said, "In Canada the colonists had confederated into one Dominion, and that was what he contended was wanted here. A confederation would cause South Africa to advance with such rapid strides that it would soon equal in prosperity that great dominion, and perhaps even eclipse in the race her sister in America who had gone before her." We sincerely trust that this prophecy may be fulfilled, and to assist our fellow colonists in realizing the position we are so soon to occupy, we reprint the following extract from a Report of the Committee on Commerce of the House of Representatives, in the Congress of the United States presented in February, 1862.

The report written four years before the Confederation was as follows :—

"The great and practical value of the British North American Provinces and possessions is seldom appreciated. Stretching from the Atlantic to the Pacific Ocean, they contain an area of at least 3,478,380 square miles, more than is owned by the United States, and not much less than the whole of Europe, with its family of nations.

"The 'Maritime Provinces,' on the Atlantic Coast, include New Brunswick, Nova Scotia, Prince Edward Island, and Newfoundland. Geographically, they may be regarded as a north-easterly prolongation of the New England system. Unitedly, they include an area of at least 86,000 square miles, and are capable of supporting a larger population than that at present existing in the United States or Great Britain. They are equal in extent to the united territory of Holland, Greece, Belgium, Portugal, and Switzerland.

"Canada" (*i.e.*, the old separate colony), "rather a nation than a province in any common acceptance of the term, includes not less than 346,863 square miles of territory, independently of its north-western possessions, not yet open for settlement. It is three times as large as Great Britain and Ireland, and more than three times as large as Prussia. It intervenes between the great North-West and the Maritime Provinces.

"The habitable but undeveloped area of the British possessions westerly, from Lake Superior and Hudson's Bay, comprises sufficient territory to make twenty-five states equal in size to Illinois.

"The climate and soil of these provinces and possessions, seemingly less indulgent than those of the tropical regions, are precisely those by which the skill, energy, and virtues of the human race are best developed.

"It is computed that *Canada alone*, if her past and present rate of



increase is continued, will have *twenty millions* of inhabitants at the end of this present century, numerically exceeding the population of Great Britain when the century began."

A writer on the resources of Canada considers that he is far within the mark when he calculates that the Dominion is capable of sustaining a population of one hundred and forty millions. And this is the country Mr. Froude prophesies will *soon* be equalled and perhaps eclipsed by South Africa !

"Statesman that are wise

"Take truth herself for model, what say you ?

It is Bagenhall who in "Queen Mary" responds :

— "We talk and talk."

SOUTH AFRICA N

### Jan Jurgens.

Jan Jurgens was een burgerman  
Van aanzien en van rocm,  
Een vrede-regter was hy ook  
Op die fontein van Bloem.

En Jan zyn vrouw zeg aan haar man  
Ons twee is nou getrou  
Al twintig jaar, en ons het nog  
Geen "hollidey" gehou.

Nou morge is ons bruilofs dag  
Zoo laat ons dan toch ry  
Na Uithock, daar op Modderspruit,  
Waar onze tanta bly.

Myn zuster en myn zuster's kind  
En ik en Griet en Jan  
Die maak en vrag, zoo kom jy maar  
Te paert ons agter an.

Hy antwoord toe, daar is maar een  
Ou vrouw die ik bemin  
En jy is det, myn liefste hart,  
Zoo doet maar na jou zin.

Ik is een eerlyk winkelier  
Det weet toch iedereen,  
En myn ou vrint die timmerman  
Zal myn zyn paert wel leen.

Zeg Juffer Jurgens det is goed,  
Maar "serri-wyn" is duur,  
Zoo neem ons maar een fles pontak  
Die is toch nie zoo zuur,

Jan Jurgens zoen zyn lieve vrouw  
Verblyd was hy vervas,  
Te zien al hou zy van plesier,  
Det zy toch spaarzaam was.

Die dag was daar, die kar gereed,  
En alles in die hak  
Met al die kinders binne in—  
Was 'et maar zwaar gepak.

Bly was zul' toe die paerde trek,  
En toe die wiele draai,  
Det gaat ook det die stof zoo staat  
En det die klippers waai.

Jan Jurgens staat daar by zyn paert,  
En gryp hem aan zyn maan,  
Hy spring flux op, maar klim weer af,  
Om in die huis te gaan.

Want skaars was hy mooi in die zaal  
En wou zyn reis begin,  
Of daar kom boere na hem toe  
En wil die winkel in.

Zoo klim hy af, want tyd verzuim,  
Hoe hem det ook mag spyt,  
Is daarom nie zoo'n groot verlies  
Als schade van profyt.

Det het ook taamlyk lank geduur,  
Voor det zal' klaar kon kry,  
En toe det oo'r was skree die meid,  
"Die wyn het t'huis gebly."

Magtig zeg hy—daar het jy det,  
Det's nou en lieve las,  
Maar wag, bring hier myn bandelier,  
Hy hang daar in die kas.

Nou Juffer Jurgens (zorgzaam ziel)  
Had daags te voren mooi  
Twee aerde kanne uitgewas,  
En wyn daarin gegooi.

Elk bottel het en kromme oor,  
Die bind hy met zyn band  
Vas om zyn lyf, en voor balans  
Hang een aan ieder kant.

En over det, dat hy mog zyn  
Gekleet van top tot toon  
Trek hy zyn nieuwe overjas  
Zoo netjes en zoo schoon.

Nou zit hy weder op zyn paert,  
 Een triplaar van belang,  
 Hy ry voorzigtig deur die straat,  
 Op echte ðurgher gang.

Maar toe die pad gelyker word  
 Trek hy op een galop,  
 Toe snork die paert en loop zoo hart,  
 Det Jan hem nie kon stop.

“Ho ha !” zeg Jan, “ho-ha” nou paert  
 Maar nou was det te laat,  
 Want al hoe verder det hy loop  
 Hoe harder det hy gaat.

Een man die tog geen ruiter is  
 Moet aan die maanhaar hou,  
 Zoo gooi ou Jan die lyzels weg,  
 Om aan die paert te klaau.

Die paert die was det ongewoond  
 Det hul’ zoo aan hom vat,  
 En wis nie wat ver ding det was  
 Det bove op hom zat.

Hy neem die loop met Jurgens zaam,  
 Zyn hoed is na die maan,  
 Hy ’t nooit gedoch toe hy vertrok,  
 Det det toch zoo zou gaan.

Zyn jas die wapper net’s en vlag,  
 Daar skeur die laaste knoop,  
 Die wind die warl det van zyn rug,  
 En gooi det op een hoop.

Toe kan die mense algaar zien  
 Die bottels aan zyn band,  
 Twee aerde kruikies om zyn lyf  
 Een hang aan ieder kant.

Die honde blaf, die kinders huil,  
 Hul’ skuif die vensters op,  
 En algaar skreef hom agterna  
 Zoo ja—nou druk maar op.

Daar gaat ou Jan, det is mos hy,  
 Zeg iedereen terstont,  
 Hy draag gewig—hy ry en rees,  
 D’es voor een duizend pond.

Die tolman gooi die tolhek oop  
 Geluk voor Jan zyn nek,  
 Die kerel gaat die dokter haal,  
 Of anders is hy gek.

Nou het die bottels al verskuif,  
Tot agter op zyn rug,  
Toe slaat hul al twee teun makkaar  
En waai daar in die luch.

Die wyn die loop toe in die pad  
Tot det die paert zoo rook,  
Die wasem slaat zoo uit zyn blad,  
Als of hy was gekook.

En hoe Jan Jurgens ook mag rem  
Zyn paert die gaat maar vort,  
Daar hang die bottel-nekke nog,  
Vas om zyn lyf gegord.

Hy gaat by Uithoek oo'r die werf  
Zyn vrou staat op die stoep,  
En Zoo's zy haar Jan Jurgens ziet  
Begon zy uit te roep.

Stop Jan ! Stop Jan, hier is die huis,  
Hier is die huis zeg zy,  
Des opgeskep—en tyd voor ons:  
Zeg Jan de's tyd voor my.

Jan doch det was al ver genoeg:  
Zyn paert die het nog haas,  
Want nog en half uur verder leg  
Die woonhuis van zyn baas.

Dus net zoo skerp als ooit een koe'l  
Maar uit en roer kan fluit,  
Zoo loop die paert en nou is ook  
Myn storie net half uit.

Daar gaat Jan Jurgens amper flou  
En teu'n zyn wensch en wil  
Tot by zyn vrint die timmerman,  
Daar staat hy eindlyk stil.

Die timmerman was glad verbaas  
Oo'r die toestand van zyn maat,  
Hy zet zyn pyp ook daadlyk neer  
En dus begon hy praat.

Wat nieuws, wat nieuws, zeg myn toch gau,  
En wat zoek jy dan hier,  
En waarom kom jy zonder hoed,  
Magtag hoe zweet die diër.

Jan Jurgens was een vrolyk man,  
Die'n grappie nooit kon laat,  
Dus zeg hy aan die timmerman  
Ik zal jou zeg ou maat.



Ik kom om det jou paerd wou kom,  
 En het ik det nog reg,  
 Dan zal myn hoed ook haas hier wees,  
 Hy is alreeds op weg.

Die timmerman was bly te zien  
 Zyn vrint nog opgeruim,  
 Dus geef hy ook geen antwoord toe,  
 En maak ook geen verzuim.

Maar hy gaat haastig in die huis  
 En haal een ander hoet ;  
 Die was nie al te bestig, maar  
 Hy was nog daarom goet.

Die timmerman het toe getoon  
 Det hy ook grappig was,  
 Hy zeg die hoet is veuls te groot  
 Dus zal hy zeker pas.

Maar krap dan toch die modder af  
 Jy lyk mos zommer vaal,  
 En jy zal zeker honger wees,  
 Zoo moet jy maar afzaal.

Zeg Jan det is myn bruilofsdag—  
 Die mense zal mos praat,  
 As myn ou vrouw by Uithoek eet,  
 En ik hier by myn maat.

Zoo zeg hy aan die paert “ Jy ’s hier  
 Voor *jou* plesier gekom,  
 Zoo gaat jy nou maar nog een slag  
 Voor *myn* plesier weerom.”

Maar skaars het hy die woord gezêh  
 Of hy het hom berouw,  
 Die Ezel hings die skree zoo hart,  
 Zyn paerd det nooit kan hou.

Hy beef en snor’s en gaat te keer  
 Als of hy ’n leeuw hoor,  
 En spring zoo skielyk weg det Jan  
 Slaa amper agter-oor.

Daar gaat Jan Jurgens en daar gaat  
 Zyn hoet weer in die sloot,  
 Det val ook nou veel gauwer af,  
 Om det det was te groot.

Nou Juffer Jurgens toe zy zag,  
 Haar man gaat zoo voorby,  
 Wys zy en half kroon aan en jong,  
 En zeg det zal jy kry,

As jy die ou baas nou gaan haal  
En bring hom veilig hier :  
Ja zeg die jong, des goed ou nooi,  
Det doet ik mot plesier.

En toe hy Jurgens aan ziet kom  
Wou hy ook dan probeer  
Om dwars voor, in die pad te staan,  
En zoo hom nog te keer.

Hy het dan ook zyn bes gedaan  
Die lyzels beet te kry,  
Maar ongelukkig vat hy mis,  
Toe was die paert weer vry.

Daar gaat Jan Jurgens en daar gaat  
Die jong ook agteraan,  
Die paert die loop maar altyd voort  
Zoo hard als hy kon gaan.

En toe die mense langs die pad  
Ziet hoe det Jan hem weert,  
Zeg zulle algaar "wat is det  
Daar's zeker iets verkeerd."

Toe jâa zul' almaal agteraan  
Want daar was een geruch,  
Det Jurgens was een paerde dief,  
En det hy wou ontvlug.

Die tolhek gaat nou nogmaals oop,  
Zul' denk det is een grap,  
Die tolman zeg zul' ry zoo hard  
De's voor en weddenschap

Det was ook zoo, hy won det ook,  
Want hy was eerste t'huis,  
Zyn paert die staat nie eerder stil  
Als vlak voor die kombuis.

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Die Vry-Staat boo ! ik zeg ook zoo,  
En Jurgens lank leef hy !  
Maar mag ik daar wees om te zien  
Als hy ooit weer gaat ry !

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## Mr. Dunn's Geological Map: A Finale.

As far as my opinion is concerned, in the columns of the *Cape Monthly*, and in two of the Cape Town newspapers, I have criticised and pointed out serious errors in the Geological Sketch Map by Mr. Dunn. I am now in a position to give a final and closing authentication to my strictures from Dr. Cohen, of Heidelberg University. So much I feel obliged to do in self justification, and in justice, moreover, to friends interested in the progress of Geological Investigation in the Colony.

Dr. Cohen, in a communication sent by him to me for publication says:—

“The name of S. Allport is well known to me by his publications, but I never heard that he was an ‘eminent petrologist.’ Concerning the ‘Dolerite’ the facts are the following:—Diabase and Dolerite are in general of the same mineralogical composition: they contain Pyroxene, Felspar, and Magnetite: the principal difference is *in the age*, the former being of palaeozoic and mesozoic age, *the latter of tertiary*. This is a difference acknowledged by all petrologists.

“Besides, the Diabase nearly always contains a chloritic mineral, which very seldom or never occurs in the Dolerites, and shows certain kinds of metamorphic bands, which are not observed in Dolerites. Both the chloritic mineral and the metamorphic bands are occurring in South Africa. Now Mr. Allport, and he alone as far as I know, proposes not only to call, but calls both older and younger rocks Dolerites, and then, of course, declares the specimens sent to him by Dunn as Dolerites. I am convinced, as far as Mr. Dunn is concerned, that he does not understand at all the essential point in the question.

“The question is not how rocks of a certain composition are to be called—Allport might as well call them Dunnites—but whether they are of a mesozoic or of a tertiary age. In reality the quarrel would be the same if you would call a lion a cow, and then quarrel with another man, who calls the lion a lion, and says, ‘No, it is a cow, *because I gave to the animal the name of cow!*’”

JOHN SHAW.

[As Mr. Dunn has just returned to the Colony, we have submitted to him the preceding letter so as to receive his comments, if he desired to make any, in reply. He has forwarded to us the following.—ED.]

The above remarks of Mr. Cohen are characteristic. He wishes dogmatically to impress two distinct names on the same rock merely to suit his present case.

According to his views, the same rock—even portions of the same igneous mass—if intruded during tertiary age, are to be called dolerite, and if older, diabase instead of tertiary dolerite, mesozoic dolerite, &c. Such distinctions without differences are unscientific, and have led to that confusion in petrology from which present workers are endeavouring to rescue it.

Mr. C. proceeds: “The question is not, &c.:”—on the contrary, that *is* the question. I obtained the opinions of the best English authorities—Allport and others—as regards the dykes mentioned on my map, and, therefore, call them dolerite. To this Mr. C. objects, admitting, however, in the above remarks, that the rock has the constituents of dolerite.

Now Mr. C. is not my authority: I prefer Mr. Allport's determination and nomenclature. In so doing I have the countenance of the first geologists in England. Meanwhile, Mr. C. is quite at liberty to use such terms as he prefers, but not to enforce them on others.

With regard to the *age* of the dykes, I distinctly stated in my paper to the Geological Society that they were *mesozoic*.

Dr. Shaw's observations I simply decline to notice.

E. J. DUNN.

# THE CAPE MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

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## The Birds of South Africa.\*

MANY of our readers will recollect the old Museum in St. George's-street, a relic of the "South African Institute," and are familiar with its subsequent removal to the present commodious building, under the same roof with the magnificent Cape Town Library, where it has acquired both extended dimensions and increased importance. Yet, perhaps, few are aware how much the rise and progress of the Cape Museum have been due to the zeal and untiring energy of Mr. E. L. Layard. His love for natural history, and especially his delight in ornithological pursuits, led him to seek fuller and more reliable information upon the *Avi-fauna* of South Africa than was to be found in the manifestly incomplete works of Le Vaillant and Dr. Andrew Smith; and whilst collecting a splendid array of specimens from all parts of the country, at the same time by assiduous correspondence he amassed a vast amount of information upon the habits and characteristics of the various species of South African Birds.

These notes, the labour of eleven years, were eventually published in the form of a descriptive catalogue, enumerating about seven hundred species, which sufficiently attest the author's industry and perseverance, and gave for the first time a clear and comprehensive view of the ornithology of South Africa, bringing many species under notice for the first time, and extending our knowledge of most others.

This catalogue at once furnished a stimulus to the study of this department of natural history throughout South Africa, and was adopted as their guide by both naturalists and amateurs. These in their turn have made discoveries of species not named in Mr. Layard's book, and giving extended observation to those about which information was meagre, or altogether wanting, have thus created a new stock of knowledge which now supplies the materials for a second edition.

Mr. Layard's political mission to the Fiji Islands which delayed

\* "The Birds of South Africa," by E. L. LAYARD, F.Z.S., &c., new edition, thoroughly revised and augmented by R. BOWDLER SHARPE, F.L.S., &c., Senior Assistant, Zoological Department, British Museum, published by Bernard Quaritch, London.



the appearance of the new edition has led to his entrusting all his MSS. to Mr. Bowdler Sharpe, one of the most able ornithologists of the day, whose recent "Catalogue of the Accipitres in the British Museum," published by order of the trustees of that Institution, is a monument to his great attainments and scientific research.

Since the first edition so much has been gained for South African ornithology that the revising editor has been compelled to extend the boundaries of the country treated of, thus bringing it more in accordance with Mr. Layard's original idea; and in the new edition Mr. Sharpe includes all the species hitherto found between the Cape Colony and Benguela on the west, and the Zambesi on the east coast, thus forming natural boundaries to his "*Sub-regio Capensis*."

These additions will make the second edition the fullest and most advanced repertory of knowledge on this interesting branch of natural history, to be welcomed by the scientific ornithologist for its reliability, and by the working ornithologist in South Africa as adding a fresh impulse to his favourite pursuit, and affording a new starting point for all interested in the science.

We have now the first instalment of this work before us, completing the *Accipitres*, diurnal and nocturnal, and describing seventy-four species, of which eighteen are new to South African ornithology. Science further gains by the omission of seven fabulous or factitious species that are unsupported by the existence of any known specimens.

The wide geographical range of most of the *Diurnal Accipitres* is seen in the fact of twelve only out of a total of sixty-three being typical South African species, confined to the geographical limits adopted by the editor.

Perhaps the one species most noticeable for the singularity of its distribution is the pretty *Cerchneis* (*Erythropus*) *Amurensis*, which has a more eastern habitat, being found in Amoorland, northern China and Nepaul, migrating along the east coast of Africa to Natal and the Zambesi. This species affords one of the most striking instances of the increasing care in observing and collecting South African Birds; having no mention in the first edition it has since been found at the Knysna, in Natal, the Transvaal, Damaraland, the Matabele Country, and at the Zambesi, by as many different collectors. As might be anticipated from the weaker powers of flight of the *Nocturnal Accipitres*, a much larger proportion are strictly South African, no less than seven out of the eleven species described being limited to the geographical boundaries adopted. Of these only two are new to South African ornithology, though the previously doubtful *Athene Licua* is now resuscitated under the name of *Cadine Perlata*, having been found in considerable numbers towards the interior.

It is not long since the colonial press asked for specimens of the *Southern Lammergeier* (No. 1 in Layard's catalogue) as the late Mr. G. R. Gray thought this species to be identical with the European *Gypaetus barbatus*, but further investigation shows that whilst the European bird has the legs feathered to the toes, the

allied species of South Africa wants this feature, besides possessing other minor distinctions, which have led to its retention as a distinct species.

In the new classification it is removed from the *Vulturidæ* and is now placed among the *Falconidæ* at the head of the sub-family *Aquilinæ*. There is yet much scope for further observation of the various species of vultures, and valuable assistance would be rendered, if those who have the opportunity of securing specimens, would also take the trouble to send them to any of the local museums, or to any one of the many amateur naturalists scattered through the country, by whom the preservation of the skin would be cheerfully undertaken in the cause of science. Every such specimen, if properly dated and the locality named where it was obtained, would be an additional fact towards the correct definition of species and their geographical distribution. Even in a matter apparently so simple as the possession of the loose folds of skin, which form the ear-like flaps in the black vulture, whence it derives its specific name *Auricularis*, there is much discrepancy of opinion among eminent naturalists; and Mr. Gurney's remarks are quoted from his catalogue of the birds of prey in the Norwich Museum, "Many specimens of this vulture killed in South Africa are found to be destitute of the peculiar folds of skin on the sides of the neck, . . . and north of the equator the great majority of examples seem to be destitute of this appendage." Under these circumstances the inquiry naturally arises whether the distinction is so frequently met with, as to become a characteristic of the species; or, on the other hand, whether the term *Auricularis* may not perpetuate an erroneous idea of the anatomy of the bird.

These appendages being merely loose folds of skin, without any special anatomical structure more than the wrinkles on a man's forehead, are extremely liable to disappear during the process of skinning; and our own experience suggests this as a probable cause of the difference remarked by naturalists whose observations have presumably been made upon dried specimens. Only a few months ago we took a nestling from an eyrie of this vulture, and though so young as only yet covered with a soft greyish down, the ear-flaps were prominently seen; and we were surprised how completely this feature had disappeared when it had subsequently undergone the process of skinning. By leaving the skin slack upon the head, the ear-folds fell into their natural position and thus restored this distinction of the species. Through carelessness of those who take off the skin of a recent specimen important features are apt to be effaced and confusion thereby introduced.

The Secretary-bird, which in the first edition was placed as a genus of the sub-family *Circinæ*, stands in the revised edition at the head of the *Falconidæ*, being the single South African representative of the sub-family *Polyborinæ*. The egg of this species is stated to be "profusely dotted with light-brownish blotches at the obtuse end," but several examples in our possession are pure white, whilst others

are spotted with yellowish flecks on a whitish ground like the egg of a turkey. The Boers of the Northern Republics have the superstition that some certain calamity—even to death by lightning—will befall those who rob the nest of the Secretary-bird of its eggs, though they are sufficiently practical to smile at the statement contained in the first edition that “the structure of the nest is so loose, that the legs of the young birds hang down through the interstices.” Mr. Layard has since corrected this remark by saying “he has found this not to be the case.”

The pretty but rare *Melierax Niger*, formerly assumed to be a melanism of *M. Gabar*, now stands on its own merit as a distinct species.

The gos-hawk, though nowhere numerous, must yet have favourite localities, as we have had the good fortune to secure specimens on two separate excursions to Modder River, where they were found in the high bush bordering the river.

In the Colony the short-tailed or Bateleur-eagle is comparatively rare, though further north its rarity consists more in the difficulty of procuring specimens than the infrequency of its appearance. Mr. Andersson says it is “the most common eagle in Damara and Namaqua Lands,” and we have ourselves often met with it in the interior, usually soaring very high, but readily identified by the great spread of its wings in comparison with its shortened tail. There is one point in the flight of this eagle we may mention, which we are not aware has been previously noted by any naturalist. It does not in flight carry its tail bent upon the thighs under the abdomen, but legs and feet are pushed straight out under the tail, in the same manner as by the heron, and from the shortness of the bird’s tail, its feet may be seen to project prominently behind.

Among many important changes in the classification of species we notice the genus *Pandion* of the first edition is now elevated to the rank of a *sub-order* of which the osprey, *P. Haliaetus*, is the sole South African representative.

The advance of science necessitates this change, as the reversible outer toe of the osprey places a wide distance between it and its nearest allies. This peculiarity exhibits a beautiful adaptation of structure to the wants and habits of the bird, enabling it to seize and hold its finny prey with the greatest certainty and security.

We notice one omission of importance in the absence of any description of the aberrant genus *Machæramphus*, discovered by Andersson in Damaraland. Placed in the British Museum catalogue near to *Pernis*, it yet exhibits such remarkable divergencies from the Raptorial type, in its wide gape and rudimentary pectination of the middle claw, as well as its semi-nocturnal habits, that would seem to assimilate this form to the nocturnal *Fissirostres*.

Though a few printers’ errors may be found here and there, especially in the common Dutch names, which occasionally materially alter the meaning of the appellation, as “Kuiken-duif” for “Kuiken-

*dief*," besides others that are imported unaltered from the first edition, there is in other respects a marked improvement in the get up of the book, and the illustrations by Keulemans, are admirable. These are minor advantages to be appreciated by readers, but the high authority under whose auspices the new edition appears, gives the stamp of scientific accuracy and precision, which will make the work a standard of reference by naturalists in every part of the world.

With increased facilities for becoming acquainted with the natural history of Africa, we may reasonably hope, that travellers whose sporting propensities take them among "the Large Game," and whose note-book is afterwards laid open to the public, will at least acquire so much knowledge of the Birds of South Africa, as not to be uncertain whether to class a certain bird "*as a paroquet or a pigeon*," as was candidly stated by a recent author; to which end we may confidently recommend the new edition of Mr. Layard's book.

H. EXTON, M.D.

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### Agricultural Societies.

THAT agricultural societies are "useful aids to development" no one who has watched their extension in Scotland, England, France, Germany, and other parts of the world, in Europe and America, as well as Australia, will, I think dispute, whether, fostered by the Crown as in Germany and France, by the landed aristocracy as in Great Britain, or by the smaller landholders under more or less Democratic Governments.

Then why have they so often proved abortive in this Colony? Sparseness of population and consequent want of communication are not all sufficient reasons, why through combined effort by the more educated portion of our agriculturists, something far better may not be achieved than has been hitherto attempted.

Considering the mercantile class as middlemen, between the producer and consumer, and without a manufacturing population intervening, we have only the farming interests to provide for; it is therefore clearly the duty of the Government to contribute largely from the taxes—almost entirely, though indirectly drawn from the soil—with the object of discovering means to increase the produce of that soil. All that is required on their part is to take care that aid from the public funds is not uselessly squandered. Besides the narrow watch set over the executive by the country through its representatives it would be well to prove that our community is sufficiently advanced to show its appreciation, by annually contributing by means of private support to a central society,—if local jealousies can be brought to reason, and our colonists generally have learnt to value the very great advantage of combination. Even if for the first few



years in order to give the wheel momentum, the public grant should require to be *ten times* the amount of the sum raised by voluntary efforts, Jupiter may slacken his aid, when the wagoner has been helped out safely on to *terra firma*.

But let us consider what the objects to which such an association should turn its attention ought to be. We have by no means arrived at anything like perfection in our different breeds of live-stock, much as has been done by enterprising breeders, or active energetic merchants and importers, to improve them. The different varieties best suited to localities so various, both as to pasture and climate, as are found throughout South Africa from the Transvaal to the Cape Division, and from the Cape Division to Clanwilliam and Natal, have not as yet been determined. Exhibitions of the best specimens, and discussions as public as possible on their peculiar qualifications, would surely be worth obtaining.

It has not yet, for instance, been denied that angora breeding is in its infancy. We are still somewhat in the dark with regard to the best description of wool-bearing goats to be imported, or the reasons why in many districts the breed is repudiated altogether, while on others it makes such rapid progress that people at a distance are apt to disbelieve the statement made through the newspapers of the value and quantity of mohair grown on particular farms. Prizes and agricultural gatherings would help to elucidate many apparent mysteries of this kind.

But there should be prizes for different varieties of each breed, and for reasons too lengthy now to state, they should be more numerous. In England or Scotland people never think of giving the best prize for the best sheep, cow, or pig; but there are several classes on the list from the Lincoln to the Southdown in sheep; the shorthorn and West Highland in cattle; the Berkshire and Suffolk in pigs; and all the intermediate varieties and sub-varieties, not because any of them bear the best fleece, or carry the heaviest carcase, or produce the largest quantity of milk or bacon, but because they are more remunerative when fed on the peculiar pastures of the several districts, or partly, and in some cases, entirely on artificial food.

Of course though this system should be followed as far as possible here, on account of differing circumstances as to climate and position, and so on, it should also be very much modified.

No valid reason has been brought forward why large shows and grand meetings should not be held every year, in different districts or circles in the most eligible situations. If such a show came round in five years to each locality there would be the advantage gained over isolated smaller exhibitions, of a greater number of prizes, and the congregation of agriculturists at one spot from different parts of the Colony, whilst during these gatherings, separate meetings could be held to discuss the progress and collect together the experience of all on each particular branch the cultivator may be most interested in and acquainted with.

The great shows at Caledon, George, Swellendam, and Worcester, were *not* failures ; and if the system had been persevered in, there is no doubt that improvements would have been introduced. Now, with the Government support spoken of above, and which could be easily proved should form an exception to the rule, that bids us eschew Government interference as much as possible in everything—there is not such likelihood of a break in the annual gatherings—whenever a dry season or an accidental hindrance brings public spirit to an ebb.

I have been present at an agricultural show in Cape Town, which was generally condemned as a failure, and I have been asking myself since, Was it really such a failure as people made it out to be. Splendid cattle of different breeds were exhibited, as well as horses, though the show of sheep was deficient ; but then the number of prizes was too few ; and as the almost certain gainer's best animal was pretty generally known, few went to the expense of bringing their animals from a distance, there being no rewards offered to those who would have ventured with the chance of obtaining 2nd, 3rd, or even 5th rank ; besides, it appeared to me that more was thought of the thing as a promenade flower and fruit show than as a really practically useful placing before the eyes of farmers models of the sort of stock and labour-saving implements it would be for the benefit of the country as well as themselves to endeavour to obtain.

The great desideratum, however, was a public dinner. I have never heard of a farmers' club, or, in fact, even a charitable society, succeeding without it. Whether it is that such "feasts of reason" serve to bring people together in a more familiar way, so as to enable them to put their heads together more easily ; or whether man, being a social creature, requires mutual friction as a stimulus to promote zeal for a cause—without attempting to account metaphysically for it—we have experience to guide us when we see that scientific societies have their soirées and religious bodies their tea-meetings. Then such societies meet during several consecutive days, and most of them have sectional divisions to discuss separate questions, each bringing his light that all may see the better.

The wool-growers, horse-breeders, Angora cattle and ostrich farmers, corn growers, and they who have hitherto found silk culture, the olive, and "such branches of knowledge," beset with difficulties, might each at a fixed hour and on certain days meet and make their experience known reciprocally, and see whether obstacles could not be cleared away.

But above all, in a Colony like ours, where it is at best very difficult to bring people together, a well-conducted agricultural periodical could be made of very great utility. By its means the experience of practical men could be disseminated, suitable extracts given from Australian, English, French, and German agricultural publications, and reports of local and parent societies inserted, and mistaken views combated ; but it would be absolutely necessary that the Secretary of

the Cape of Good Hope or South African Board of Agriculture should be a good practical farmer himself, as well as a tolerably good writer, so that he might be able to put into shipshape any contributions from correspondents who have valuable hints to give, but are unwilling to see their productions in print, and exposed to literary criticism; besides which, such an editor must be able and willing to correspond with the managers of agricultural societies in other countries. There is no necessity for a Minister of Agriculture. The secretary's labour would not require all his time, so that a generous but not extravagant salary would suffice.

True, such an individual will be difficult to find, but if no jobbery or befriending be resorted to, and if the office be not made to all intents irrevocable, in time the right man for the place will be forthcoming like a Wellington, a Nelson, a Napier, and a Wolseley.

And now let me conclude with the important question, How is all this to be brought about? Which is the practical scheme proposed? The answer is:—Let the Government propose to Parliament to grant ten times the sum that is raised by private subscriptions, even to the extent of four or five thousand pounds. Let the Government appoint one half the members of a board of agriculture and the subscribers the other half; allow subscribers to the extent of one guinea the right of voting by proxy; let the meeting be held during the session of Parliament, when country members can spare time on Saturdays, or when there are no evening sittings; and let the secretary and a couple of resident members form the executive committee to carry out details when the board does not sit. And let all questions of a political nature be excluded: whilst such proposed laws as those on fencing, scab, and irrigation, if previously handled by the board, could be made more acceptable if the Government had full information before them. Again, the contagious or infectious diseases of live-stock could be inquired into before attempting to legislate upon them. Even the labours of a veterinary surgeon or an irrigation engineer would be facilitated if they had a properly constituted body of practical and experienced farmers to assist them with their opinion and advice.

Were the Government without delay to have circulars printed and sent to every civil commissioner, stating that such a scheme as has been sketched above would be laid before Parliament at the next ensuing session, provided the subscriptions were paid in advance (to be refunded if the Government proposal be rejected by the Legislature), I should hope that few gentlemen would be found at the head of a district so indifferent to its progress as to be lukewarm in obtaining public support, either personally or through the aid of members of divisional councils and municipalities, field-cornets, and others who are expected to take an interest in the advancement of South African agriculture.

F. W. REITZ, SENR.

## Christmas Bells.

Hark ! 'tis the chiming of the Christmas Bells  
 That on the ear so musically swells,  
 On viewless wings upborne, o'er vale and hill,  
 Now loud and sweet ; now low, and sweeter still ;  
 Charming the list'ning soul, that answering rings  
 Like harp Æolian with wind-swept strings.  
 Now sigh the dying notes, soft, sweet, and sad ;  
 Now ring they boldly forth, with joyful tones and glad.

Oh ! music-chiming bells, your far-off strain  
 To exiles' ears and hearts speaks but too plain,  
 Of how, in that dear land, bells now ring out  
 Their joyful clamour, while the laugh and shout  
 And song and carol join them as they go  
 On their gay journey o'er the glist'ning snow ;  
 O'er snow-capp'd hills and o'er the ice-bound lake.  
 And now their fairy flight they swiftly take,  
 Still gaily speeding on the wintry air,  
 To some fond circle where, on faces fair,  
 The smile of love entwines with that of mirth,  
 While the Yule log is blazing on the hearth ;  
 And as it glows, the sparks that from it fly  
 Match not the purer light that fills each eye.

Hark ! sounds like thunder ! groans ! and fun'ral knells !—  
 'Tis but the echo of last Christmas' bells.  
 When last the happy Christmas Bells rang out  
 The noise of war out-thundered them. The shout  
 Of thousands cheering on the battle plain ;  
 Despair's wild shrieks ; the anguished groans of pain ;  
 The thunder of huge guns ; the hiss of shells ;  
 The rattle of musketry ; the soldiers' yells ;  
 The roll of heavy wheels ; the ceaseless hum  
 Of camping thousands ; the resounding drum ;  
 The roar of rebel strife, and civil feud ;  
 And of a prison'd, breadless multitude.



But worse than these. Worse? Aye, and ten times worse,  
The houseless, hopeless, ruined peasant's curse ;  
The crash and crackle of his burning home ;  
The wail of outcast orphans forced to roam ;  
And cries of widows weeping by the side  
Of those who for their country bravely died.

These were the noises mingling with their sound  
When last the Christmas Bells were heard around.  
Two most enlightened nations of the earth  
Such music made, to celebrate the birth  
That eighteen hundred years three score and ten  
Before brought "Peace on earth, goodwill towards men."  
Oh ! when will mortal hate and fury cease ?  
Oh ! when will be the reign of love and peace ?

Now with more mirthful clamour sound the Bells ;  
Of joy and gaiety their chorus tells ;  
And while we listen to the well-known peal,  
'Trying to fancy what we cannot feel,  
Here the bells echo on the sultry air,  
O'er wide-spread corn-fields rip'ning tall and fair ;  
And the scorched cattle seek the shade of trees,  
Whose parched green leaves loud rustle in the breeze ;  
And the swart reaper, whose tough, thick black hide  
Full many a scorching harvest-sun has tried,  
Puts on his woolly head his curving steel,  
And seeks the joys that woody kloofs reveal.

While we by shaded springlet listless stray,  
Where yellow woods obstruct the glare of day,  
And dream of snow and ice till nearly cold.  
Ice? why 'twere almost worth its weight in gold.  
While Christmas revellers, a shirt-sleeved band,  
Down at the sea patrol the surf-washed strand ;  
And Christmas belles (and more attractive they)  
In sunburnt loveliness chat, flirt, and stray ;  
Or in cool wave-worn cave their fair forms stretch,  
While dash the breakers on the foaming beach.

Now chime the bells a slow and solemn peal,  
Which the hush'd soul in 'ts inmost depths can feel.  
"Think, sinful trifle," says the deepened chime,  
"Think of that love, how boundless, how sublime ;  
The boundless love exampled in that birth,  
Which our glad tones proclaim to list'ning earth.  
Think ! when o'er Bethl'hem shone that guiding star,  
Think of the worlds that hung around, afar !  
Star beyond star ! till one bright glorious sun  
Dwindles to nought, and end there yet is none !  
Heaven beyond heav'n ! illimitable space !  
Then picture, if thou canst, the boundless grace  
Which led the great Creator of them all  
In mortal guise to tread this earthly ball !  
Think of Eternity ! ye things of Time ! "

Thus speaks, in fancy's ear, the solemn chime.  
And breathless silence wraps the awe-struck soul  
Till cease upon the breeze the spirit-tones to roll.

Now wakes again the lively, charming din,  
And other sounds commingle and join in ;  
Her soft-toned love-song lends the cooing dove  
Fit music for this day of joy and love ;  
And the sweet gladness of the joyous sound  
Spreads its infectious sympathy around ;  
Gives fresh enjoyment to the merry dance ;  
Lends brighter lustre to gay Beauty's glance ;  
Wreathes smiles on lips that grief has taught to sigh ;  
And lights, with fonder beams, affection's eye ;  
With kinder pressure meets the friend's warm grasp ;  
With added rapture fills the lover's clasp ;  
And adds fresh melody to woman's songs ;  
Such influence to the gay chimes belongs,  
As with loud joy, they cry to every ear,  
"A merry Christmas, and a glad New Year."

B. M. R.

## The First Capture of the Cape in 1795.

IN the *Magazine* for September we published the official documents describing the second capture of the Cape in 1806, as set forth in the official "Reports and Bulletins" recently presented by the Foreign Office to the South African Public Library. We now reprint from another source the similarly official despatches describing the earlier English capture of the Cape in 1795. In connection with this we direct our readers' attention to an interesting and valuable communication contributed by the late Mr. Advocate F. S. Watermeyer to the first series of the *Cape Monthly Magazine* so far back as seventeen years ago, Vol. III., p. 235. After an introductory statement explanatory of the position of affairs at the Cape before the arrival of the British Fleet, under Admiral Elphinstone, in False Bay, Mr. Watermeyer furnished a translation of an extremely interesting letter which had accidentally come into his possession, "written by Mr. W. S. van Ryneveld, at that time a member of the Court of Policy of Cape Town, to Mr. (afterwards Sir John) Truter, when on an official mission to Graaff-Reinet, and dated, Cape Town, 30th June to 5th July, 1795." Negotiations were then carried on for the amicable transference of the Colony to British protection, and so "to prevent the possession of the Cape by the French or any other foreign enemy." But this correspondence proved fruitless. On the arrival of General Clarke with the absent transports, more vigorous measures were adopted by the invaders, the consequences of which are officially set forth in the following documents :—

*London Gazette Extraordinary.*

*Horse Guards, Nov. 23, 1795.*

Despatches, of which the following are copies and an extract, have been this day received by the Right Hon. Henry Dundas, one of His Majesty's Principal Secretaries of State, from Vice-Admiral Sir Geo. Keith Elphinstone, K.B., and Major-Generals Alfred Clarke, and J. H. Craig.

MAJOR-GENERAL CRAIG TO SECRETARY DUNDAS.

*Castle of the Cape of Good Hope, Sept. 21, 1795.*

SIR,—The Dutch Governor having not only rejected, in the most peremptory terms, the proposals which had been made to him, that the settlement should place itself under the protection of Great Britain, but having also acted in a manner demonstrative of such hostile dispositions towards us, as to justify the suspicion which was conveyed to us of its being his intention to set fire to Simon's Town, from which all the inhabitants had been obliged to retire by his order, the Admiral and myself concurred in thinking it expedient to prevent the execution of his purpose, by landing ourselves, and taking possession of the place, which I accordingly did on the 14th of July, with the part of the 78th regiment under my command,

and the marines of the squadron, the latter amounting to about 350 men, and the former to 450. Very few days elapsed before our patrols were fired upon by the Burgher militia and Hottentots, who occupied the hills round us, while our people were restrained by the directions which they had received not to commit any act of hostility towards the Dutch troops. Hostilities being, however, thus commenced, and as the time approached when we might reasonably expect the arrival of the troops and stores which had been requested of the Governor of St. Helena, it appeared to me to be an object of consequence to dispossess the Dutch forces of the post which they occupied of the important pass of Muizenburg, as by it we might perhaps open a more ready communication with the country, at the same time that we should by doing so convince the inhabitants of the reality of our intentions, of which we knew they entertained doubts. I accordingly proposed it to Sir George Elphinstone, who immediately agreed to it with that readiness which has so strongly attended all the instances of assistance which I have received from him. Sir George having landed a detachment of seamen, which was formed into two battalions, we were only delayed by the want of a proper wind, which would not permit the movement to take place till the morning of the 1st of August, when Sir George having made the signal that it would serve, the *America* and *Stately*, with the *Echo* and *Rattlesnake*, got under weigh about 12 o'clock, and I marched at the same time with the 78th and marines, together with the seamen, being in all about 1,600 men.

The post of Muizenburg being extremely strong to the front, and covered by a numerous field artillery, against which I had not one gun to oppose, our principal reliance was upon the fire from the ships, which being properly disposed of at the different stations assigned them by commodore Blankett, produced every effect which could be expected from it. The enemy were driven from two twenty-four pounders, which were directed towards the sea, and abandoned the post before it was possible for us to arrive near enough to profit by the circumstance so completely as we were in hopes of doing, as they carried off all their artillery, except the two heavy guns above-mentioned, and one brass six-pounder, with two eight-inch howitzers.

The enemy having, however, taken post on an advantageous ridge of rocky heights, very strong, and difficult of access, a little beyond the camp, the advanced guard, under the command of Major Moncypenny, of the 78th, supported by the battalion of that regiment, attacked and drove them from thence, with the greatest spirit, although, in addition to the strength of the ground, the enemy were further protected by cannon from the opposite side of the Lagoon, which covers the post of Muizenburg towards the Cape Town. In this affair, which terminated only with the day, the activity and spirit of the light company of the 78th, under the command of Captain Campbell, were conspicuously displayed. Captain Scott, of the 78th, was the only officer wounded on the occasion.

The next morning the enemy, having drawn out their whole force from the Cape Town, eight field pieces advanced to attack us, but finding us too strongly posted, and being themselves fired upon from the pieces they had left behind the preceding day, which had been drilled and brought forward by the exertions of a company of pikemen under Lieutenant Coffin, of the *Rattlesnake*, they thought it more prudent to desist from the attempt, and retired, after some skirmishing, attended with little loss on our side, and only remarkable for the steadiness displayed by the



1st battalion of seamen, commanded by Captain Hardy, of the *Echo*, who having crossed the water with the marines, received the enemy's fire without returning a shot, and manœuvred with a regularity that would not have discredited veteran troops. The marines, under Major Hill, displayed an equal degree of steady resolution on the occasion.

On the 9th the *Arniston* arrived from St. Helena, with such assistance as Governor Brooke had been able to afford us. It consisted of 352 rank and file, with some field artillery, and a very limited proportion of ammunition. They were directed to proceed immediately to camp, and the boats of the fleet were unremittingly employed in forwarding stores and provisions to us: a work in which, from the peculiar difficulty of our situation, and the insufficiency of our means, our progress was very slow, and frequently so much interrupted by unfavourable weather, that we could hardly get ahead of our consumption. While this necessary business was going on, our future operations became the object of my most earnest consideration. On the one hand, as the enemy appeared numerous, and disposed to an obstinate defence, for the which they had had ample time to make the best preparations, I could not but be sensible that the force under my command was, in point of numbers, inadequate to the attempt of reducing them; and I had little to rely on to counterbalance the disparity, but the spirit of the individuals belonging to it. I possessed no cattle or carriages for the transport of ammunition or provisions, and a communication of twelve miles was to be kept up to be furnished with either, at least till I could open a shorter one with the ships that the Admiral might send to Table Bay, for which the season was still very unfavourable. On the other hand, though these difficulties were sufficiently discouraging, yet the arrival of general Clarke was uncertain, and the state of our provisions was such as to render the possibility of our stay, till it should happen, very doubtful. Under these circumstances, I determined on an attempt by night on the most considerable of the enemy's out-posts, in the hopes that a severe execution among the burgher militia might intimidate them, and produce circumstances to our advantage. It took place on the 27th of last month; but unfortunately, notwithstanding every attention on the part of Lieutenant-Colonel M'Kenzie, who commanded, it failed, from the intricacy of the roads and the timidity and ignorance of the guides; while it served only to produce among the enemy a degree of vigilance, which soon convinced me of the impracticability of any further attempt by way of surprise.

On the morning of the 1st of September, the enemy, having lined the mountains above us with Hottentots and burgher militia, commenced a fire of musketry upon our camp, which, from the total want of effect that had attended a former attempt of the same nature, was little attended to, till unfortunately the picket of the reserve, being too much occupied with covering themselves from it, neglected their front, from whence the enemy poured in considerable numbers, and forced them with some loss. Captain Brown, with the 78th grenadiers, advancing however to their support, the enemy were immediately driven down the hill again, and the ground of the piquets re-occupied. In this affair Major Moneypenny, of the 78th, was severely wounded; and we suffered a great loss in being deprived of the assistance of an officer of distinguished zeal and activity in the command of the reserve, with which he had been charged since our march from Simon's Town. Captain Dentane, of the St. Helena troops, was also wounded.

In a conference with Sir George Elphinstone, on the 2nd of September, it was agreed to wait six days longer for the possibility of the arrival of General Clarke, and that if he did not appear by that time I should then advance, and, under every disadvantage of numbers and situation, try the fortune of an attack, which, however hazardous, we deemed it our duty to make, before the total failure of our provisions put us under an absolute necessity of seeking a supply elsewhere.

On the morning of the 3rd, however, the enemy, encouraged by the little success which had attended our attempt on the 1st, meditated a general attack on our camp, which in all probability would have been decisive of the fate of the colony: they advanced in the night with all the strength they could muster, and with a train of not less than 18 field pieces. Some movements which had been observed the preceding evening had given me a suspicion of their intention, and we were perfectly prepared to receive them. They were on their march, and considerable bodies began to make their appearance within our view, when at that critical moment the signal for a fleet first disconcerted them, and the appearance of 14 sail of large vessels, which came in sight immediately after, induced them to relinquish their enterprise, and retire to their former posts. General Clarke came to an anchor in Simon's Bay the next morning: and for the subsequent events, which have been attended with the capture of this important colony, I do myself the honour to refer you to his account; trusting that His Majesty and our country will do me, and the troops and seamen under my command, the justice to believe, that it has not been owing to any want of zeal, or of a cheerful determination to encounter every hazard in the necessary discharge of our duty, that the same event did not take place during the period in which we were left to ourselves. Under the circumstances of our situation, I did not think the attempt justifiable, unless compelled to it by necessity; but we were at the same time fully resolved not to retire, in any event, without making that attempt, which, whether successful or not, would at least have been a proof of our zeal for His Majesty's service.

It is impossible for me to close this report, Sir, without making my acknowledgments to Lieut.-Colonel M'Kenzie, of the 78th, Major Hill of the Marines, and the Captains Hardy and Spranger, of the *Echo* and *Rattlesnake* sloops, who commanded the two battalions of seamen. Animated by the exertions of those officers, the troops and seamen have undergone great fatigue and hardships with a cheerful resignation, and have encountered a more numerous enemy with an active spirit, which entitles them to the most favourable report from me to His Majesty. Lieutenant Campbell, of the *Echo*, who commanded a company of seamen, which I formed into a light company, merits also that I should notice his indefatigable zeal, and the ability with which he conducted the service in which his company was constantly employed. To this, Sir, I have only to add, that my sense of the obligation I am under to Sir George Elphinstone is such, as I should not do justice to in an attempt to express it; his advice, his active assistance, and cordial co-operation on every occasion, have never been wanting, and entitle him to my warmest gratitude.

I have the honour to be, with the greatest respect, Sir,

Your most obedient, humble Servant,

J. H. CRAIG, Major-General.

I have the honour to enclose a return of the killed and wounded during the period of my command.

*Right Hon. Henry Dundas, one of His Majesty's Principal Secretaries of State, &c.*

[Then follows a return of the killed, wounded, and missing, of the troops and seamen under the Command of Major-General Craig, between the 7th of August and the 3rd of September, 1795; amounting in the whole to 3 rank and file killed; 1 major, 2 captains, 1 subaltern, 1 drummer, 32 rank and file wounded; 5 rank and file missing.]

*Names of the officers wounded.*

Major Money Penny, of the 78th regiment; Captain Hereules Scott, of ditto; Captain Dentaffe, of St. Helena corps; Mr. Hardy, midshipman, R.N.

J. H. CRAIG, Major-General.

MAJOR-GENERAL CLARK TO SECRETARY DUNDAS.

*Cape Town, Sept. 23, 1795.*

SIR,—My letters from St. Salvador, by the *Chatham* brig, will have acquainted you of our leaving that place: and I have now the honour to inform you, that all the India company's ships having troops on board, arrived off the Cape of Good Hope on the 3rd, and entered Simon's Bay on the 4th instant, where I found the Admiral in possession of the harbour, and Major-General Craig at Muyzenburg, a post of importance about six miles on the road to his place, with a corps composed of seamen and marines from the fleet, six companies of the 78th regiment that came in it, and a detachment of the East-India Company's troops from St. Helena, amounting in all to about 1,900 men, and the enemy, who had peremptorily rejected all negotiation, in a state of active hostility against us. Under these circumstances it became necessary to endeavour to effect the execution of our orders without loss of time; I therefore, in conjunction with, and aided by the Admiral, disembarked the regiments, artillery, and necessary stores, and forwarded them to the advanced post as fast as possible, where, through his ardent zeal for the public service, and indefatigable exertions, as much provision was collected as we hoped might enable us to set down before the town, and go on till we could communicate with our ships in Table Bay, or draw some assistance from the country behind us: and having made the best arrangement we could for transporting our provisions, guns, stores, ammunition, and necessary articles of every kind, by the only means in our power, men's labour, we marched on the 14th from Muyzenburg, leaving a sufficient detachment for the protection of our camp and stores at that place. The enemy could see all our motions, and the country through which we were to pass for several miles being very favourable to the sort of warfare that it was their business to pursue (many of them being on horseback, and armed with guns that kill at a great distance), I had reason to think we might be greatly harassed, and suffer much on our route. Our loss, however, from the precautions taken, and the shyness of the enemy, fortunately proved less than might have been expected, having only one seaman killed and seventeen soldiers wounded in our progress to the post of Wynberg, where the enemy were

in force, with nine pieces of cannon, and had determined, as we are told, to make serious resistance. But having formed the army from columns of march in two lines, and made a detachment from my right and left to attack both their flanks, while I advanced with the main body and artillery (which, much to the credit of Major Yorke, was extremely well conducted and served) against their centre, they found themselves so pressed by us, and at the same time alarmed by the apparance of commodore Blankett with three ships the Admiral had detached into Table Bay, to cause a diversion on that side, of which they were very jealous, that they retired with the loss of a few men from our cannon, before we could gain the top of the hill; from whence we followed them close for two miles; but dark coming on, and great part of the troops being much fatigued by the burdens they carried, and the harassment they met with through very swampy ground in the course of the day, I determined to halt for the night in the position I found myself, which proved favourable for the purpose, with the intention of prosecuting my march at daylight next morning. In this situation an officer arrived with a flag and letter from Governor Sluyskin, asking a cessation of arms for 48 hours, to arrange and offer proposals for surrendering the town; but I did not think it prudent to grant more than 24, in which time everything was settled agreeably to the articles of capitulation that I have the honour to enclose, whereby the regular troops that formed the garrison became prisoners of war, and His Majesty put into the full possession of the town and colony, which I hope will prove acceptable to him, and justify the commendation and report that I think it my duty to make of the meritorious services of all the officers, soldiers, seamen, and marines that have been employed in this arduous service. The difficulties and hardships that great part of them have experienced are extreme, and the perseverance and cheerfulness with which they were encountered, do them the highest credit, and, I am persuaded, will recommend them all in the strongest manner to His Majesty's favour.

The general character of Sir George Keith Elphinstone, and his ardent desire to serve his country, are too well known to receive additional lustre from anything I could say upon that subject; but I should do injustice to my own feelings, if I did not express the obligations I am under, for the ready co-operation and assistance that he afforded upon every occasion, which so eminently contributed to the successful issue of our joint endeavours.

The arrangements made by Major-General Craig previous to my arrival, and the active services he rendered afterwards, claim my thanks, and furnish the best proof of his having conducted His Majesty's service in a manner honourable to himself and beneficial to his country.

Lieutenant-Colonel M'Murdoc, Deputy Quarter-master-General to the expedition under my orders, will have the honour of delivering this despatch. He is well qualified to give you every information that his short residence here will admit; and I take the liberty, Sir, of recommending this old and most valuable officer to your good offices and His Majesty's favour.

I have the honour to be, with the highest respect and regard,  
Sir, your most obedient and most faithful humble Servant,

ALFRED CLARKE.



P.S.—The quantity of ordnance, ammunition, naval and other stores that we find here, is very considerable; but as there is not time to have it examined, and proper inventories made before the departure of the ship which conveys these despatches, we must defer sending such documents as may be thought necessary upon this subject till another opportunity.

The regular troops made prisoners of war amount to about one thousand, six hundred of which are of the regiment of Gordon, and the rest principally of the corps of artillery. Enclosed is a return of the killed and wounded on the 14th instant.

A. C.

Articles of Capitulation, proposed by the Honourable Commissary and Council of Regency of the Cape of Good Hope, to General Alfred Clarke, commanding His Britannic Majesty's troops, and to Vice-Admiral the Honourable Sir George Keith Elphinstone, K.B., commanding the ships of war of His said Majesty.

Art. I. The castle and the town shall be surrendered to the troops of His Britannic Majesty.

Ans. The capitulation being signed, the castle and the town must be surrendered to a detachment of His Britannic Majesty's troops at eleven o'clock this day.

Art. II. The military shall march out with the honours of war, and shall then lay down their arms and become prisoners of war; but the officers shall retain their swords.

Ans. Agreed.

Art. III. Such officers as shall be desirous of leaving the colony shall have permission to do so, they giving their parole of honour that they will not serve against Great Britain during the present war; and there shall be no impediment to their going home in neutral ships, if they choose it, at their own expence.

Ans. Agreed; and in the mean time they shall remain prisoners on their parole at the Cape Town.

Art. IV. Such officers as choose to remain here without service, shall have leave so to do.

Ans. Agreed.

Art. V. All property belonging to the Dutch East India Company shall be faithfully delivered up without reservation, and proper inventories furnished to such officers as shall be appointed to receive it; but all private property of every sort, whether belonging to the Company's civil, naval, or military servants, to the burghers and inhabitants, to churches, orphans, or public institutions, shall remain free and untouched.

Ans. Agreed, in its fullest latitude.

Art. VI. Servants of the company out of pay, or in the service of the burghers, desirous of remaining in the colony, shall be permitted to do so.

Ans. Agreed.

Art. VII. The inhabitants of the colony shall preserve the prerogatives which they at present enjoy. Public worship, as at present in use, shall also be maintained without alteration.

Ans. Agreed.

Art. VIII. His Britannic Majesty shall continue the paper money in its present value, to prevent the total ruin of the inhabitants.

Ans. Agreed.



Art. IX. No new taxes shall be introduced, but the present ones shall be modified as much as possible, in consideration of the decay of the colony.

Ans. Agreed.

Art. X. The Commissary, as Governor, being prisoner of war, shall, after having delivered up what belongs to the Company, be at liberty to depart from hence on his patrol of honour, and may, if he chooses it, take his passage on board a neutral ship.

Ans. Agreed.

Art. XI. He shall also be permitted to carry along with him, or to realize all his private property of every sort, giving his word of honour as to its being really such.

Ans. Agreed.

Art. XII. He shall likewise have permission, after having faithfully delivered up all papers, plans, &c., belonging to this Government, to retain all papers belonging to himself, and which may appear necessary to him for the vindication of his conduct during the time of his ministry, in the same manner as he might have done, had he been discharged by his Sovereign.

Art. XIII. No persons whatever, whether servants of the Company, seamen, military, burghers, or others belonging to the colony, shall be pressed into His Britannic Majesty's service, or engaged but by their own free-will and consent.

Ans. Agreed.

(Signed) ALFRED CLARKE, General.

GEO. KEITH ELPHINSTONE, Vice-Admiral.

Additional Article.—It having been represented to us, that the utmost confusion must ensue in the colony, and that it would, in all probability, be attended with the entire ruin of it, if the paper money now circulating in it were deprived of that security which can alone give any effect to the eighth article, we therefore consent, that the lands and houses, the property of the Dutch East India Company in this settlement, shall continue the security of that part of the money which is not already secured by mortgages upon the estates of individuals, by its having been lent to them. This is to be, however, without prejudice to the Government of Great Britain having the use of the buildings, &c., for public purposes. And we will further represent to His Majesty's Government the infinite importance of this subject to the future prosperity of the colony, and request that they will take it into consideration, in order to make such arrangements as may appear proper for its further security, if necessary, or for its final liquidation, if practicable.

(Signed) ALFRED CLARKE, General.

GEO. KEITH ELPHINSTONE, Vice-Admiral.

Copy of translation,

JOHN JACKSON.

Return of the killed and wounded of the troops and seamen under the command of General Alured Clarke, on the 14th of September, 1795.

78th grenadiers, 2 rank and file wounded.

84th ditto      1      ditto      ditto.

95th grenadiers, 4 rank and file wounded.

98th ditto 2 ditto ditto.

78th light infantry, 2 ditto ditto.

95th ditto 2 ditto ditto.

St. Helena Company, 1 sergeant, 2 rank and file wounded.

98th Regiment, 1 rank and file wounded.

Light company of seamen, 1 rank and file killed.

Total, 1 rank and file killed, 1 sergeant, 16 rank and file wounded.

WALTER CLIFFE, Dep.-Adj. Gen.

Extract of a letter from Vice-Admiral the Hon. Sir G. K. Elphinstone, K.B., to Mr. Secretary Dundas, dated on board His Majesty's ship *Monarch*, Table-Bay, Cape of Good Hope, September 23, 1795.

"I have the honour to inform you, that on the 3rd instant, the India ships from Salvador arrived in False Bay; His Majesty's ship *Sphinx*, which sailed with them, having met with an accident, was obliged to return to the former place for repair.

"On the 4th General Clarke came into the harbour, and on a conference with him, it was determined to land the troops without a moment's loss of time; but, notwithstanding the utmost exertion of the troops and seamen, it was the 14th before provision, guns, ammunition, &c., could be collected to enable the General to move forward from the camp at Muyzenburg.

"On the morning of that day the army marched, each man carrying four days provisions, and the volunteer seamen from the India ships dragging the cannon through a deep sand: the country being difficult to proceed on, they were considerably galled by the enemy during a fatiguing march performed in hot weather.

"At Wynberg the bulk of the Dutch made a stand, but were soon dislodged by His Majesty's forces; and nearly at the same moment commodore Blankett, whom I had previously detached for the express purpose of alarming the enemy, and giving them a diversion on the Cape Town side, appeared off Camps Bay with the *America*, *Echo*, *Rattlesnake*, and *Bombay Castle*, India ship, and performed that service in the completest manner. At eleven p.m. the Commissary Sluysken sent in a flag of truce to demand a cessation of arms for 48 hours; and on the following morning the colony was surrendered to His Majesty.

"I cannot conclude this letter without acknowledging the consolation I have derived from the friendly assistance and advice of Major-General Craig during a tedious sojournment before this place, under many distressing circumstances; and it is a real pleasure to add, that, with him, and also since the arrival of General Clarke, the same sentiments seem to have actuated the minds of the officers to whom His Majesty has been pleased to entrust the conduct of the expedition.

"I beg leave to notice the eminent services of Captains Hardy and Spranger; the conduct of the officers, and of the sea and marine corps, is also truly praise-worthy, and will be acceptable to His Majesty: the readiness with which the seamen of the India ships, under the command of Captain Acland, of the *Brunswick*, offered their service, gave me the highest satisfaction; indeed all ranks of men bore this long service, during bad weather, with the utmost cheerfulness, though often unavoidably ill-fed, and attended with great fatigue.

"My anxiety to dispatch the *Orpheus*, and the short time since our obtaining possession, will, I hope, plead my excuse for not transmitting, by this opportunity, a return of the naval stores taken, which I understand are considerable; but the variety of other circumstances at present occupying my mind have hitherto prevented my attending to that point."

# ADMIRAL ELPHINSTONE TO THE ADMIRALTY.

*Admiralty Office, Nov. 23, 1795.*

A despatch, of which the following is an extract, has been this day received from Vice-Admiral the Hon. Sir George Keith Elphinstone, K.B., dated on board His Majesty's ship *Monarch*, in Table Bay, Sept. 23, 1795.

"I have the honour to acquaint you, for the information of my Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty, that on the 16th instant, the colony and castle of the Cape of Good Hope surrendered by capitulation to the British arms, in consequence of which I proceeded in the *Monarch* to this bay, whither I had previously dispatched commodore Blankett, in the *America*, with the two sloops and an India ship, for the purpose of raising an alarm on the Cape Town side, in which he succeeded admirably.

"This event has given me great satisfaction; not only from the fortunate termination, but also from the relief it affords to the officers, seamen, and marines of the fleet under my command, after a laborious service for a length of time, wherein they were continually fatigued, and often unavoidably ill-fed. They merit my warmest thanks, to which the volunteer seamen from the East India Company's ships are also entitled, for their readiness in undertaking to draw the cannon, and the cheerfulness with which they performed that duty; and I must more particularly beg leave to notice the eminent services of Captains Hardy and Spranger, which, however, are more fully described in a letter from Major-General Craig to me, a copy of which I have the honour to enclose, together with a list of promotions, wherein you will perceive I had given the command of the *Princess* to Captain Hardy, whose acknowledged merit will, I trust, justify my election, and recommend him to their Lordships' confirmation. This ship is one of those found in Simon's Bay, called the *Dutch Wilhemstadt* and *Boetzlaar*, of 1,000 tons burthen, mounting 26 guns, and most completely sound, with copper in the hold sufficient to sheath her.

"The ship *Castor*, and *Star* armed brig, late belonging to the Dutch East India Company, were found at anchor in this bay; the latter being fit for His Majesty's service and much wanted, I have also presumed to commission her."

A critic in the *Volksblad* newspaper, reviewing the September number of the *Magazine*, made the very apt observation that it would be historically interesting and important to procure copies of the despatches from the Dutch authorities, describing *their* view of the case in the second capture of 1806. The same remark will apply with equal force to the preceding despatches of 1795. Are copies of the original documents sent home to Holland to be found among the archives of the Colony? If so, can any correspondent or contributor get access to them?

### Little May.

Fair-haired and blithe was little May,  
 A tiny, prattling nymph of three,  
 The sunlight of her mother's day,  
 The darling of the family.

Gaily she sported on the green,  
 Or chased her own wee kitten round,  
 Two woodland Fays by moonlight seen  
 Were not a merrier couple found.

Soon wearied, she would run and place  
 Her head upon her mother's knee,  
 And nestling in her soft embrace  
 Lisp words of love and childish glee.

Oft sitting on her tiny stool  
 She rocked her baby doll to sleep ;  
 Then took a slate and played at school,  
 Unable still the lines to keep.

Or, seated at the table's head,  
 Fast barred within her own high chair,  
 Forth from the ark the beasts she led—  
 Those wondrous cattle—now so rare !

Or, with wood bricks, and cornice gilt,  
 And windows gay of gothic style,  
 Full many a tottering hall she built,  
 And many a quaint cathedral pile.

The summer yields to winter drear,  
 The early dewdrops melt away,  
 Yet one returns in half a year,  
 The other with the close of day.

The summer cloud still floats along,  
 Her favourite kitten yet is gay,  
 Still the blithe sunbirds trill their song—  
 But where art thou, my pretty May ?

T. G. L.



## Canada.

CERTAIN journals in favour of a Confederation of the South African States have complained that the sketch of the rise of the Dominion of Canada, given in the last number of this magazine, was written for party purposes, and in a spirit of hostility to the proposed Confederation. We learn from these journals that for presuming to question Mr. Froude's accuracy with respect to events which happened in Canada eleven years ago, we are to be "condemned into everlasting redemption." In all humility we beg these zealous champions of Confederation to point out the passages in the article which might not have been written by any candid supporter of their own views. If they are unable to do this, what is their ground of complaint? An eminent historian, during his visit to this colony on a political mission, made certain statements with respect to the history and condition of Canada during the years 1864-66. In these statements the number of blunders was such as no person would have committed, if he had taken the slightest pains to investigate the truth of his assertions, or if he had been at all acquainted with the events he professed to relate, but this gentleman's great reputation as an historian gave weight to what he said, and

"In public spoke, it fell with greater force,  
And, heard by hundreds, was believed, of course."

We took the trouble of examining these statements, and found that he was wrong in almost every particular. But not in a single instance did we draw any conclusions from the facts we brought forward, nor can we see what conclusions could be drawn from these facts, unfavourable to the views of the party who desire a South African Confederation. We spoke of Mr. Froude as an historian, and not in his capacity as leader of a political party. We discussed his facts, not his politics. It is evident that the writers in the journals alluded to had not even read the article of which they complained. We find it described by one as an attempt to prove that the progress of Canada under the Dominion had not been so great as had been stated by the confederates. It so happens that we did not make a single allusion to Canadian history subsequent to the passing of the British North America Act of 1867. Another gravely points out that although Mr. Froude might be wrong in his facts we evidently did not see that the main question was not affected by his errors. We nowhere said that it would be. All we wished to do was to show that an incorrect version had been given of these events, and to furnish our readers with a true one. The question was not one of politics, but one of facts. And the answer ought to have been a proof that we were wrong in contradicting Mr. Froude's historical facts with regard to Canada and the Cape. We challenge those who have condemned the article in question to give the words

expressing any opinion upon the proposed South African Confederation, or to point out a single fact in which we were wrong, or which we have distorted, or one which we have omitted or slurred over. Indeed, how an article, written for the most part to prove that *the credit* of a great work has been given to the wrong person, can be construed into an attempt to depreciate the value of that work, passes our comprehension. Our object in again taking up a small space in the *Magazine* is not, however, for the purpose of defending ourselves, but to give some further facts respecting this movement in Canada, which may prove interesting to those who desire to have the whole matter fairly before them. In our last article we stated that the maritime states at first agreed to the proposed union, and sent delegates to the convention held at Quebec in 1864, where they assisted in drawing up the seventy-two resolutions which were forwarded to the Secretary of State for the Colonies, and which formed the final basis of the articles of Confederation. That subsequent to this the legislatures of these states changed their views, and opposed the project which they had before approved. That in reply to a deputation from Canada on this matter Mr. Cardwell promised to use every legitimate means for securing the early assent of the maritime states to the union, leaving it to themselves to accept or reject it. We then stated what the action of the Imperial Government was, and now lay before our readers Mr. Cardwell's despatch on the subject, believing that it will be read with great interest by all parties. The despatch was as follows :—

“ Downing-street, 24th June, 1865.

“ SIR,—I have the honour to transmit to you the copy of a correspondence between Viscount Monck and myself, on the affairs of British North America, which have lately formed the subject of Conferences between Her Majesty's Government and a Deputation from the Canadian Government.

“ This correspondence having been presented to both Houses of the Imperial Parliament by command of Her Majesty, I have to direct you to communicate it also to the Legislature of New Brunswick, at its next meeting.

“ You will at the same time express the strong and deliberate opinion of Her Majesty's Government, that it is an object much to be desired, that all the British North American Colonies should agree to unite in one Government. In the territorial extent of Canada, and in the maritime and commercial enterprise of the Lower Provinces, Her Majesty's Government see the elements of power, which only require to be combined in order to secure for the Province which shall possess them all, a place amongst the most considerable communities of the world. In the spirit of loyalty to the British Crown, of attachment to British connection, and of love for British institutions, by which all the Provinces are animated alike, Her Majesty's Government recognize the bond by which all

may be combined under one Government. Such an union seems to Her Majesty's Government to recommend itself to the Provinces on many grounds of moral and material advantage, as giving a well-founded prospect of improved administration and increased prosperity. But there is one consideration which Her Majesty's Government feel it more especially their duty to press upon the Legislature of New Brunswick. Looking to the determination which this country has ever exhibited, to regard the defence of the colonies as a matter of Imperial concern, the colonies must recognize a right and even acknowledge an obligation incumbent on the Home Government to urge with earnestness and just authority the measures which they consider to be most expedient on the part of the colonies with regard to their own defence. Nor can it be doubtful that the Provinces of British North America are incapable, when separated and divided from each other, of making those just and sufficient preparations for national defence, which would be easily undertaken by a Province uniting in itself all the population and all the resources of the whole.

"I am aware that this project, so novel as well as so important, has not been at once accepted in New Brunswick with that cordiality which has marked its acceptance by the Legislature of Canada ; but Her Majesty's Government trust that after a full and careful examination of the subject in all its bearings, the Maritime Provinces will perceive the great advantages which, in the opinion of Her Majesty's Government, the proposed union is calculated to confer upon them all.

"I have, &c.,

"EDWARD CARDWELL."

We have related in our former paper how two of the maritime states during the course of the next year returned to their first love and authorized their respective Governments to send delegates to London to meet the representatives from Canada.

We have but one more point to touch upon, respecting which there appears to be some misapprehension, and that is as to the supposed feeling of the Canadians before the dominion in favour of annexation to the United States. Those best acquainted with the people did not consider that this feeling existed to any great extent. Mr. Seward acknowledges that at one time, with most of his countrymen, he had thought that Canada was a mere strip of land lying north of the United States, easily detachable from the parent state, but incapable of sustaining itself, and therefore ultimately, "nay, right soon," to be taken by the Federal Union ; but he states that after visiting Canada he had dropped the opinion as a "national conceit." A Boston newspaper writes thus :—

"Any one who undertakes to travel in this part of the British Provinces will soon become disabused of the erroneous idea, if he

has ever harboured it, that this amicable feeling and desire for free commercial intercourse, on the part of the Canadian population, has anything to do with politics or a spirit of annexation. Politically speaking, they are thoroughly loyal to their home and local governments. They have no reason for discontent on that score; they fully believe themselves to be in the enjoyment of the most liberal, free, and paternal government upon the face of the earth, and they can raise no objection to it which does not apply with equal and even greater force in any new relation. The English portion of the people are proud of their nationality, and do not wish to change it; while the French population of Lower Canada are still more attached to the traditions and institutions of the Old World, and, if they changed at all, would prefer the alliance of *la belle France*. To be sure there is a liberal sprinkling of Americans from the Northern States, who have emigrated across the border from purely business motives. But they are equally satisfied to let well enough alone; and though they do not mix or assimilate readily with the extreme European element, they are by no means the most ardent partisans of annexation."

How, then, are we to explain the remark of the Canadian colonist as to the partnership with Baring Brothers, which made such an impression on Mr. Froude's mind that it has been repeated in two or three of his speeches at the Cape? The fact is that certain parties occasionally did talk about "annexation," but, as Lord Elgin says, a great deal was bravado, and a great deal the mere product of thoughtlessness.

The real feeling of the Canadians on this subject may, perhaps, best be learnt from the following extract of a speech by a member of the Canadian Legislature:—

"If we were to be absorbed into the Republic, and become a state of the Union, that would in no way relieve us of the great undertakings that are before us for the improvement and development of our resources. We would still have a large debt on our hands, of which, unaided, we would have to bear the burden; our canals and other public works would be treated, not as national, but as state enterprises, and the expense of enlarging or extending them would have to be charged upon a diminished revenue, for nearly the whole of the revenue we now raise from customs and excise would go, not to the improvement of this State of Canada, but would be poured into the coffers of the General Government at Washington. I cannot understand how any patriotic Canadian, even of those who regard political matters from a material point of view only, can advocate annexation to the United States."

It appears that there was some fear in the minds of the Canadians lest they should be forced into the American Union by violence, and if not by violence, that they would be insensibly drawn in; but the idea was repugnant to their feelings, and one of the strongest inducements to the Canadians themselves to join with the other British



colonies into one great state was to avoid the chance of this possible annexation.

But it is unnecessary to pursue the subject further here, and we conclude by recommending those who feel an interest in the history of these great colonies, to study the works of Kaye, Walrond, Earl Grey, Sir C. Adderley, Gray, Tourcotte, Hurlbert, and the Debates in the Imperial Parliament on the Clergy Reserves Act and the Dominion Act.

SOUTH AFRICAN.

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NOTE.—We should not have considered it necessary to notice the newspaper criticisms referred to at all had not our contributor, "South African," himself thought proper to do so, as he has done in the preceding article. We may, however, take the opportunity of correcting an erroneous notion which may extend among others than the partizan critics already alluded to, viz., that under no circumstances should political articles be admitted into the pages of the *Cape Monthly Magazine*, and that something like a compact to this effect existed between the editor and his readers. It has been throughout very distinctly otherwise. In the introduction to the very first number of the present series of the *Magazine*, the following words appeared:—"Nor is there any intention to exclude the occasional handling of topics *involving general politics* or ecclesiastical polity, provided only that the treatment of them is free from narrowness of thought or factiousness of feeling." In accordance with this principle, deliberately laid down from the commencement, political articles of the kind described have been published on all sorts of political subjects, from the advocacy of Responsible Government downwards. But none of them have been factious or partizan or cliquish in any sense whatever. The *Magazine* has for years afforded opportunities to gentlemen who are connected with no political parties or particular cliques to express their views broadly and calmly, and thereby at once to enlighten the public mind and to raise the tone and standard of public opinion. That has been the case in the present instance. The articles on political questions in the October number of the *Magazine* were written by private gentlemen who are in no degree connected with any special partizanship. And it so happens that while some of them indicated a tone of doubt respecting the present movements for South African Confederation, another of them, the able author of the article headed "The Far North," drew a glowing picture of the benefits to be ensured when that Confederation shall have been completed, extending its wide dominion from Cape L'Agulhas to the Livingstonian Lakes. On these questions and others like them we shall be glad to receive contributions at any time, regardless of the political parties whence they may come, or the views they may advocate, "provided only,"—to repeat the words already quoted—"that the treatment of them is free from narrowness of thought or factiousness of feeling."—Ed. C. M. M.



## Our Place-Names.

ONE of the great masters of the English tongue has, with rare felicity of expression, described Language as "Fossil Poetry." Not only, however, is language such, but it, moreover, comprises a great deal of what we may call "Fossil History." Especially is this the case all over the world with those words which are employed to indicate certain fixed spots of human habitation, and which we call place-names. To take as an illustration a particular and very familiar instance of this general assertion, a large amount of the History of England is petrified, as it were, in the geographical and topographical nomenclature of that country. Like as the now extinct monsters of ages past have imprinted their *spoor*s upon the primeval mud, and have left their existence recorded in characters unmistakable and unimpaired to this day, so have the various races which once occupied that country and which have long since vanished from the land, left behind them traces of their residence there, and even of the extent of their occupation. The Celt, the Roman, the Saxon, the Dane, and the Norman have no longer a local habitation there, and are known only by name. They have come and gone, but their fleeting breath has established monuments which have been more steadfast than they themselves have been. The Chesters and Lincolns still bear the marks of the once all-conquering Roman, and their names fall upon the ear like the faint sound of a dying echo of his powerful Latin tongue. And far more abundant are the vestiges of the races which occupied parts of the country before, or at the same time with or after him. The names also of the mountains, hills, valleys, rivers, and other natural features of the country—consisting sometimes of ingredients from two or more different languages, all these ingredients denoting occasionally the same thing—have engraven upon them, as it were, the indurated ripple marks of successive tribe-waves to be discerned, noted, and explained by men of succeeding generations. So it is in all countries occupied in the same period or at different times by alien races, and to this rule South Africa is no exception.\* And it may be that at some future period, perhaps at the time when the contemplative New Zealander shall be taking his stand upon one of the broken arches of London Bridge, or when an intelligent Zulu shall be engaged upon some world-astounding work on the Unknowable—an educated Ashantee shall read a portion of our history in the names which we shall have bestowed upon our mountains and rivers, our hills and dales, and our towns and villages!

Truth to say, however, there is very little of history, and still less

\* Wansbeckwater is made up of three words, each signifying the same thing, viz., "river" or "water." At the Cape we have Gamka River, Gamka already signifying Lion River; and we hear speak of Piquetberg Mountain, Berg being Dutch for mountain. Tarkastad consists of a Hottentot word with a Dutch suffix. These few instances alone would be sufficient to prove to a person who knows nothing of our history that the Dutch followed the Hottentots and preceded the English.

of poetry, of any elevating nature to be found in our colonial place-names, nor is there much of that sentimental interest—made up of history and of poetry—which is attached to the names of the cities of antiquity, and which frequently furnishes a sufficient answer to the hackneyed sayings which question the worth of a name. A rose may be called a *Jacksonia Somthingorothera*, or by any other name of the “barbarous botanic clan,” and yet retain its sweet perfume; but, let us ask, had Nero succeeded in the design (with which we have seen him accredited somewhere) of burning down the imperial city and building upon its ruins a new capital on a far grander scale with the newfangled name of *Neropolis*, could the splendour of the more modern city have served as a recompense for the loss of its time-honoured name? What would have become in that case of the proud boast “*Civis Romanus Sum*” converted into “*Civis Neropolitanus Sum*?” A name thus is not always a merely meaningless and arbitrary sign. There is often a great deal of something concealed in this; and although the names we have bestowed upon our towns and villages may have very small share in this something—nay, whilst a great many of them are of barefaced and almost appalling ugliness, testifying to nothing so much as a want of a poetical temperament or of a lack of originality and a paucity of ideas on the part of the inhabitants of this country—nevertheless a few random jottings concerning them may not be without some slight degree of amusement, if not of interest.

The old Dutch inhabitants of this country were frequently very happy in the bestowal of simple yet appropriate names upon their towns and villages. Green Point (*Groene Punt*), Wynberg, *Rondebosch*, are good honest unpretentious names, exactly descriptive of what they were intended to designate. Newlands once comprised some of the newest, as it does now some of the oldest “lands” in this colony. *Kaapstad* (*Cape Town*), the town of the Cape, is a simple and apt, although not very beautiful name. Still less can *Klapmuts* be commended for its elegance. The names of *Stellenbosch* and *Graaff-Reinett* serve better as monuments of connubial affection than as specimens of very charming nomenclature. Coming to the *Paarl* we fancy we have a name which may well stand as a model of unobtrusive simplicity and unassuming short-and-sweetness. The name is, of course, derived from the two massive boulders lying upon the swelling bosom of the great hill under whose shadow nestles the township described in ancient title-deeds as the “*Paarl Ende Diamant*.” *Swellendam*, which is the last specimen of the old Dutch names we shall give, consists, as everybody knows, of the first half of old Governor *Swellengrebel*’s name, to which, for the sake of the euphony, was added a “*dam*.” The old gentleman would most probably not have hesitated to give us the full benefit of *Swellengrebel*, had he lived in these latter days, when Natal can boast of a *Pietermaritzburg*, and when the *Transvaal* has made an acquisition in the shape of a *Marthinuspretorius* *ström*.

When a foreign race settles in a new country, they generally retain the place-names of the earlier inhabitants.

The aborigines of this country, however, were of a roving disposition and averse to being fixed in settled habitations, consequently we have very few places the names of which are of native origin. The next easiest way for the new-comers of obtaining a designation for a fresh settlement is to transfer to it a name which already belongs to a place in some older country, which transfer takes place either because they come from that country or for apparently no earthly reason whatsoever. Of this process of name-giving the Bostons and Lincolns, and the Modern Romes, Troys, and Ithacas in the United States, are conspicuous examples. In this country also we have colonial duplicates of English Malmesburys and Worcesters, German Heidelbergs, Scriptural Elims, Mamres, and Sharons, and such-like. Such names may be pretty enough but under new circumstances they are generally inappropriate. Malmesbury, for instance, is the town of Maildon who, if tradition speaks aright, once, somehow or other, turned up at the spot since called after him Maildon's-bury, but of whom it is not recorded that he ever visited the Cape—which in fact, in his time, had not yet been discovered. Adopted names like these frequently cause odious comparisons to be made between the old place and the new one similarly named, always, of course, to the disadvantage of the latter. Practically also such names are inconvenient. The Postmaster-General has before this directed attention to the confusion arising from letters destined for one place being sent to another of the same name. This objection may perhaps be obviated by adding qualifying words to existing names so as to form new compounds such as New York, East London, Imitation Paris : but this is done at the risk of having an unpleasant plethora of similar names like those of Somerset East and Somerset West, Beaufort West, Fort Beaufort, Port Beaufort, &c.

As simple a process in the art of name-giving as the former is to transform personal names into place-names. The names of some men lend themselves very readily to such an adaptation. Molteno, for instance, sounds very well, and Tulbagh also—bringing into one's remembrance good old one-eyed Rijk—is not a bad place-name. On the other hand, Robertson applied in this way is unpleasant. And what is to be said of Prince Albert, and what of George ? By-the-bye, could not the inhabitants of the last-mentioned and very pretty village he induced to call the place by its proper and more agreeable designation, George Town ? Ceres is a unique specimen of a place-name ; the only one we know of in this country that is called after a heathen divinity, her whom Greeks call Demeter,—*Gē-mēter*,—mother earth, the patron goddess, in fact, of the place. So have they in Europe the large number of places called after the innumerable saints of the calendar, St. Apocryph, St. George and the Dragon, *et hoc genius omne*, and even Horace's Soracte standing *candidā nive* becomes transformed into a mythical S. Orestes. St. Calvin's name

we ourselves have preserved in Calvinia. Sometimes we have two persons immortalised in one name, such as that of Fauresmith and Stellenbosch. Willowmoore also serves as a monument with two inscriptions, but who was Willow and who was Moore, deponent knoweth not. Somehow or other in our minds this compound name is always associated with a vision of murmuring brooks flowing over their pebbly beds under the shade of leafy trees—a vision, alas! which is vastly unlike the reality as all who have been to Willowmoore are able to certify. The names of a very large portion of our towns are compounds formed by adding a suffix to the name of some individual, eminent or obscure. In this manner we have *ad nauseam* all those places delighting in an endless variety of euphonious appellations like that of Schildpadsdorp and Jackalsburg. The height of absurdity seems to be reached when we get to Villiersdorp, Villiers (low Latin *Villarium*) being very much the same in meaning as *dorp*. This brings us to another termination becoming more and more common every day, namely “ville.” We have not yet attained to Petroleumville and Wellingtonville, and such-like absurdities, but, no doubt, with the march of civilisation, we shall come up to the Yankees in the art of forming these elegant compounds. Nor have we yet (thank heaven!) Jonesville (although we have Jansenville, which is much the same) nor Brownville, nor Robinsonville, nor Smithville, but to make up for this last-named deficiency we have a superabundance of place-names of which the lordly name of Smith is a component part: Smithfield, Harrismith, two Ladysmiths, Fauresmith,—goodness preserve us from Smithopolis! Along our new lines of railway wherever a station is fixed, sooner or later an embryo village will arise, and almost as inevitably will it be called Somebodyville, Anybodyville, or Nobodyville. Bellville and Bennetsville are quite enough for us, but the latest effort in this is Berghville,—consisting of a French termination tacked on to a Dutch personal name. Whoever originated the name ought to be pilloried by the good taste of the place. Our attention was first drawn to this name by a letter which lately appeared in one of our newspapers, and written evidently by a lady, who suggested in its stead the name Waveren. O ye Bergh-villains (we beg your pardon, we should say Bergh-villagers), who is there that would not rather fast in Waveren than feast in Berghville? We find very few towns in South Africa that are named from the natural features of their surroundings. Nor are there many which commemorate any remarkable event in the history of the country. In Natal they have Weenen, than which no name can be more simple and pathetic, telling a tale of woe and weeping, and of the terrible massacre of the pioneers of civilisation in that country. In the name of Natal itself is summed up this amount of historical information, that it was discovered on a Christmas-day, and that the discoverer was a Portuguese. But we have run to the end of our tether, and must close this paper with the hope that our readers will admit that after all, there is something in a name.



## Salt-pans of the Colony.

AMONGST the many subjects that have attracted attention in the Colony, the salt-pans have created many speculations as to their character and formation ; and perhaps very few have been so unsatisfactorily accounted for. The question is, Where does the salt come from, and how formed ? These pans are small depressions, mostly in large extended plains or flats, and after heavy rains form small lakes, called in this country "vleys." The impression generally is that the soil in the neighbourhood is charged with salt, and that the drainage of water after rains, after dissolving the salt, will, after evaporation, deposit the crystallized salt ; but that is certainly not the case. After carefully examining several of them, I can testify that the soil is not salt or brackish, with the very few exceptions of some very old ones, on the brink of which a scanty growth of saltish shrubs may grow. Most of them will have grass and fresh herbs growing to their very edge. The water contained in these pans after heavy rains is sweet ; and what is most singular, unless the rains are abundant and the pans pretty well filled, there will be but a very scanty formation of salt after evaporation. These pans have not been always salt. I know of two or three within my memory that were sweet, and only gradually, after the lapse of years, became depositories of salt. How, then, to explain this fact ?

I believe the following to be the case ; and although it might be theory on my part, still I have every reason to think it correct :—The surrounding surface contains no salt, but it must be somewhere. I presume it to be deep-seated ; that when those vleys are *full* of water, it requires some period of time for the water to infiltrate down to the seat of the salt ; and that, provided there be a sufficient quantity of water that year in the pan, an interchange takes place by a process well known and expressed by the word *Endosmosis*,\* the remaining portion in the vley becoming surcharged with the salt which is deposited on evaporation. Should the rains have been insufficient, this cannot take place, and hence the failure that year. In the case of the sweet vleys becoming salt in the course of years, that might depend upon the depth at which the salt is situated. The question is interesting, and is worth an investigation. A boring rod might be sent down to some distance in the centre of one of them, which would decide the matter, more particularly as in some localities a supply of salt would be a great desideratum ; and it is really strange that nothing of the kind has yet been attempted.

\* *Endosmosis*—practically, an interchange of liquids by infiltration. A proof can be seen by using, for instance, a soda-water glass. Place a narrow rim of tin or cardboard about the middle of the glass, with a piece of blotting paper spanned over it, so as to divide the glass into two parts. Place about two inches of salt at the bottom of the glass, with the blotting paper in the middle ; fill the glass gently with water, allowing it to filter through the paper. Put this in any convenient place, and let it stand. After some time, a solution of the salt will take place and displace the water above the septum. For this to take place in the vleys there must be that year abundance of rain. A half-filled vley will not produce salt that year.



## South African Antelopes.

SINCE the list of South African Antelopes appeared in the *Magazine*, Vol. VI, p. 302, I have had opportunities of noting their range as far north as the Limpopo River. The former catalogue was compiled from various sources, a more recent and accurate nomenclature combined with additional observation of their habits, &c., render this one more trustworthy.

It is patent to all that the native game is rapidly diminishing, nor is it merely driven back, it is being exterminated; and even now in many parts of the Transvaal, is almost as scarce as in this colony. Natal is quite denuded with the exception of a few hartebeestes still preserved, and some small antelopes. In the Free State the next generation will probably read with wonder accounts of the numerous herds of graceful creatures that tenanted their plains in days gone by.

The causes leading to this result are: the discovery of diamonds which has induced numbers of people to travel through districts formerly but seldom frequented; the more extensive settlement of land, previously lying waste that has taken place within the last few years; the high value placed on the skins which has rendered their destruction profitable; and last, but not least, the acquisition of firearms by the Kafirs, who, throughout the Transvaal and neighbouring territories, are well supplied with guns and ammunition. They form hunting parties, especially from Secheli Land, and choosing a well-stocked locality, live for months together on the produce of the chase, reserving the hides to barter for fresh supplies of powder and lead. In winter the banks of the Limpopo are lined with these Kafir hunters.

At Swellendam there are still traditions of the former existence of the Blaauwbok or Roan Antelope on the adjacent mountains, and even to a recent period some of the horns were preserved. This is the largest of all South African antelopes, equal in size to a mule, excellent as food, and not difficult to shoot if the hunter is mounted. The nearest locality it is now to be met in is 1,000 miles to the northward. Should this rate of decrease continue it must become extinct ere long.

The Oribe was formerly plentiful in the higher plains and mountain slopes of the north-eastern districts; it is now exceedingly rare within the Colony though moderately abundant in the High Veld of the Transvaal. For grace and agility even the Springbok does not match it.

Formerly the Springbok roamed over the whole of Cape Colony; even within a recent period drought in the interior has driven innumerable herds across the Orange River far into the heart of the colony. About fourteen years since such an inroad was made by the "trek" springbok into Little Namaqualand, where there was neither grass nor water for them, consequently they perished by thousands.

Many of them ran into the sea to drink and were drowned. Under ordinary circumstances this antelope can dispense with water for several days, but when it is obtainable they drink heartily. They still occur in vast numbers in Bushmanland, but are not met with inside the tropics, the Rooibok, a larger and very handsome antelope, taking their place.

A few years since the plains south of the Orange River were enlivened by great herds of Quaggas, Gnus, Blesbok, &c. Now all that remains of them is a small herd of Gnus preserved on one of the large farms in Victoria West Division. Even the Free State, which at the opening of the Diamond-fields teemed with game, is now almost bare.

The Bontebok is distinguishable from the Blesbok by having white legs instead of brown. The annulations of the horns also are more prominent, and the points incline forward rather than inward. In all other respects they closely resemble each other. A mere remnant of this antelope is left, and had that not been preserved by Messrs. Van der Byl and others of Bredasdorp, it would have become extinct long since.

Would it not be desirable to secure a few pairs of each kind, and turn them loose in the only available tract, viz., Tzitzikamma, and make some kind of attempt to preserve living examples? That such trouble would not be ineffectual is almost guaranteed by the success that has attended the preservation of Bonteboks at Bredasdorp and Gnus at Victoria West.

The horns of South African Antelopes divide themselves into the following natural groups :—

1st. Gemsbok, Sable Antelope, and Roan Antelope, which bend more or less backwards, and are annulated for more than half their length. Males and females horned.

2nd. Koodoo, Eland, Inyala, and Bushbok. Horns more or less spiral and not annulated. Males horned, females, Eland only.

3rd. Waterbuck, Leechee, Poku, Rietbok, and Rooi Rheeboek are characterized by horns that bend forward and are annulated nearly to the tips. Males only horned.

4th. Blesbok, Bontebok, Springbok, Sassaby, Hartebeeste, Maak Hartebeeste, and Rooibok form a group remarkable for peculiar bends. Males horned, females also, except the Rooibok.

5th. Vaal Rheeboek, Oribe, Steinbok, Blikbok, Grysboek, and Klip-springer almost straight, round in sections, annulated more or less at the base (in the Rheeboek more than half way). Horns of Klip-springer very wide apart. Males only horned.

6th. Duiker, second variety of ditto, Roodebok, Bluebok, and Dappled ditto, are characterized by horns having a somewhat angular and expanded base with strongly marked annulations. Males only horned.

7th. Buffalo, Gnu, and Blue Wilderbeeste have horns that recurve with a graceful sweep. The horns of the males have strong

bosses at the base that often close over the forehead. Males and females horned.

In all cases where the females have horns they are much thinner and often shorter than those of the males.

REVISED LIST OF SOUTH AFRICAN ANTELOPES, NAMED FROM BRITISH MUSEUM CATALOGUE.

KOODOO (*Strepsiceros kudu*).—Locality, Gough and northern part of Bushmanland, north of Orange River from Indian Ocean to the Atlantic, and beyond Lake N. Gami. They frequent wooded kloofs. In pairs.

ELAND (*Oreos banna*).—Locality, Maluti Mountains and thence northward North of Orange River to within the tropics. In herds.

INYALA (*Euryceros Angasii*).—Locality, St. Lucia Lake and northward along east coast. Small herds.

BUSHBOK (*Tragelaphus sylvaticus*).—Locality, along east seaboard from Mossel Bay to beyond Delagoa Bay. They frequent thick bush. In pairs.

SABLE ANTELOPE (*Aigocerus niger*).—Locality, about 20 miles north of Nazareth, in the Transvaal it is first met with; thence it occurs as far north as hunters have penetrated; west limit about 25° east longitude. Frequents stony hills. In pairs and small herds.

ROAN ANTELOPE (*Aigocerus leucophaeus*).—Locality, numerous along the Drakensberg, east of Lydenburg, and in the track north of 24° south latitude, and east of 25° east longitude. Generally frequents hilly and mountainous country. In small herds. (Horns 18 to 24 inches.)

GEMSBOK (*Oryx gazella*).—Locality, a few remain south of the Orange River, in Bushmanland; they occur far in the interior; but with the exception of a small tract in Moselikatse's Land are not found east of 26° east longitude. They frequent open sandy plains. In pairs and small herds.

WATERBUCK (*Kobus ellipsiprymnus*).—Locality, Zulu Land and Swasi Land in Transvaal, north of 25° south latitude. Frequents banks of rivers. In pairs.

LEECHIE ————.—Locality, occurs to north of 22° south latitude and from Indian Ocean to the Atlantic. Frequents marshy plains. In small herds.

POKU ————.—Locality, to south-west of Lake N. Gami. Mentioned by Livingstone.

RIETBOK (*Eleotragus Reduncus*).—Locality, north-eastern part of Cape Colony, Natal, Transvaal, and far into the interior. Frequents swampy, reedy ground. In pairs.

ROOI-RHEEBOK ————.—Locality, along east side of South Africa from George Mountains to the south Tropic. Frequents the sides of hills. In pairs.

ROOIBOK (*Aepyceros Melampus*).—Locality. In the Transvaal it

is first met with in latitude  $25^{\circ}$  south, thence northward it occurs as far as traders penetrate. Frequents bushy and forest country. In large herds.

**BLESBOK** (*Damalis albifrons*).—Locality, northern part of Cape Colony and extending to  $24^{\circ}$  south latitude. Frequents open plains. In large herds.

**BONTEBOK** (*Damalis pygarga*).—Locality, the only remaining specimens of this antelope are preserved at Bredasdorp. Frequents open grassy country. In herds.

**SPRINGBOK** (*Antidorcas euchore*).—Locality, northern parts of Cape Colony, and as far north as  $24^{\circ}$  south latitude. Frequents open plains and treeless country. In vast herds.

**SASSABY** (*Damalis lunatus*).—Locality, Kalahari, Swasiland, north of  $25^{\circ}$  south latitude in the Transvaal and thence far into the interior. Frequents bush country. In small herds.

**MAAK HARTEBEESTE** (*Alcelaphus*).—Small species of Hartebeeste, having horns somewhat similar in form but very much smaller.—Locality, along coast districts between the Limpopo and Zambesi Rivers. In pairs.

**HARTEBEESTE** (*Alcelaphus caama*).—Locality, northern part of Cape Colony and far into the interior, from Indian Ocean to the Atlantic. Open plains and forest glades. Small herds and pairs.

**VAALE RHEEBOK** (*Redunca Capensis*).—Locality, from southern part of Cape Colony to  $25^{\circ}$  south latitude in the Transvaal. Frequents holly country. In small herds.

**ORIBE** (*Scopophorus Ouribi*).—Locality, north-eastern part of Cape Colony, beyond the Transvaal northward. Does not occur to west of  $25^{\circ}$  east longitude. Open mountain slopes and plains. In pairs.

**STEINBOK** (*Calotragus Tragulus*).—Locality, the most generally distributed of all the South African Antelopes, extends from near Cape Town to within the Tropics and from east to west coasts. Low bushy country. In pairs.

**BLIKBOK** —————.—A variety of the above occurring in the north-east part of Cape Colony in bush country. In pairs.

**GRYSBOK** (*Calotragus Melanotis*).—Locality from Cape Town to Natal on east side of country. Frequents low marshy ground near water. In pairs.

**KLIPSPRINGER** (*Oreotragus saltatrix*).—Locality, from Stellenbosch Mountains to within the tropics, and from Indian Ocean to the Atlantic. Frequents rocky hills and mountains. In pairs.

**DUIKER** (*Cephalophus Merges*).—Locality, from Cape Town to Orange River wherever bushes and rocks occur. In pairs.

**DUIKER**.—A second variety occurs in the Transvaal. The horns differ from those of the preceding by forming a more acute angle with the skull and by having more annulations. Bushy country. In pairs.

**ROODEBOK** (*Cephalophus Natalensis*).—Locality, from Kaffirland



northward to Swasiland, east of Drakensberg Range. Thick bushes. In pairs.

BLUEBOK (*Cephalophus Caer*).—Locality, along east coast from Mossel Bay to Limpopo River. Frequents thick bushes and forests. In pairs.

——— (*Cephalophus Bicolor*).—A small antelope similar to the above, but piebald, white and brown. Locality, Umgozy Forest, Natal.

BUFFALO (*Bubulus Caffeer*).—Locality, from north of Natal and Transvaal far into the interior. A remnant still roams through the Tzitzikama Forest. Frequents thick forest and moist river land. In large herds formerly.

GNU (*Connochetes gnu*).—Locality, north of Orange River in the Free State and up to latitude  $25^{\circ}$  south. Does not occur in the west. A small troop is preserved near Victoria West. Frequents open grassy plains. In herds.

BRINDLED GNU (*Gorgonfasciatus*).—Locality, north of  $25^{\circ}$  south latitude and thence far into the interior. Frequents open plains and bushy country. In herds.

Nakong, Tiangarre, and Moochoose are three Antilopes mentioned by Livingstone as occurring between the lakes and west coast but their range, &c., is unknown.

The indigenous ox, remarkable for the enormous horns adorning its head, is now almost confined to the district north of Lake N. Gami.

E. J. D.

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### Verses.

On parent's knee, a naked, new-born child,  
Weeping, thou sat'st, when all around thee smiled.  
So live, that sinking into death's last sleep,  
Calm thou may'st smile, when all around thee weep.

*Sir W. Jones—from the Persian Sanskrit.*

TRANSLATED.

In gremio matris, partus modò, nudulus infans,  
Inter ridentes, flebilis unus eras.  
Sic vive, ut ridere dolentes inter amicos  
Supremâ placidus nocte premente queas.

B,

## Modern Engineering.

WE make no apology for responding to the request made to us by many of our readers to print in these pages as much as we could find space for of the admirably practical, and very suggestive address of Sir JOHN HAWKSHAW, F.R.S., the President of the British Association for the Advancement of Science at the recent annual meeting in Bristol :—

\* \* \* But it was not until the steam-engine, improved and almost created by the illustrious Watt, became such a potent instrument, that engineering works to the extent they have since been carried out became possible or necessary. It gave mankind no new faculty, but it at once set his other faculties on an eminence, from which the extent of his future operations became almost unlimited.

Water-mills, wind-mills, and horse-machines were in most cases superseded. Deep mines, before only accessible by adits and water levels, could at once be reached with ease and economy. Lakes and fens which, but for the steam-engine, would have been left untouched, were drained and cultivated.

The slow and laborious toil of hands and fingers, bone and sinew, was turned to other employments, where, aided by ingenious mechanical contrivances, the produce of one pair of hands was multiplied a thousand-fold, and their cunning extended until results marvellous, if you consider them, were attained. Since the time of Watt the steam-engine has exerted a power, made conquests, and increased and multiplied the material interests of this globe to an extent which it is scarcely possible to realise.

But while Watt has gained a world-wide, well-earned fame, the names of those men who have provided the machines to utilise the energies of the steam-engine are too often forgotten. Of their inventions the majority of mankind know little. They worked silently at home, in the mill, or in the factory, observed by few. Indeed, in most cases these silent workers had no wish to expose their work to public gaze. Were it not so, the factory and the mill are not places where people go to take the air. How long in the silent night the inventors of these machines sat and pondered; how often they had to cast aside some long-sought mechanical movement and seek another and better arrangement of parts, none but themselves could ever know. They were unseen workers, who succeeded by rare genius, long patience, and indomitable perseverance.

More ingenuity and creative mechanical genius is perhaps displayed in machines used for the manufacture of textile fabrics than by those used in any other industry. It was not until late in historical times that the manufacture of such fabrics became established on a large scale in Europe. Although in China man was clothed in silk long ago, and although Confucius, in a work written 2,300 years ago, orders with the greatest minuteness the rules to be observed in the production and manufacture of silk, yet it was worth nearly its weight in gold in Europe in the time of Aurelian, whose empress had to forego the luxury of a silk gown on account of its cost? Through Constantinople and Italy the manufacture passed slowly westwards, and was not established in France until the sixteenth century, and arrived at a still later period in this country. It is related that James V. had to borrow a pair of silk hose from the Earl of Mar, in order that he might not, as he expressed it, appear as a scrub before strangers.

So cotton, of which the manufacture in India dates from before historical times, had scarcely by the Christian era reached Persia and Egypt. Spain in the tenth and Italy in the fourteenth century manufactured it, but Manchester, which is now the great metropolis of the trade, not until the latter half of the seventeenth century.

Linen was worn by the old Egyptians, and some of their linen mummy cloths surpass in fineness any linen fabrics made in later days. The Babylonians wore linen also and wool, and obtained a widespread fame for skill in workmanship and beauty in design.

In this country wool once formed the staple for clothing. Silk was the first

rival, but its costliness placed it beyond the reach of the many. To introduce a new material or improved machine into this or other countries a century or more ago was no light undertaking. Inventors, and would-be benefactors alike, ran the risk of loss of life. Loud was the outcry made in the early part of the eighteenth century against the introduction of Indian cottons and Dutch calicoes.

Until 1738, in which year the improvements in spinning machinery were begun, each thread of worsted or cotton wool had been spun between the fingers in this and all other countries. Wyatt, in 1738, invented spinning by rollers instead of fingers, and his invention was further improved by Arkwright. In 1770 Hargreaves patented the spinning jenny, and Crompton the mule in 1775, a machine which combined the advantages of the frames of both Hargreaves and Arkwright. In less than a century after the first invention by Wyatt, double mules were working in Manchester with over 2,000 spindles. Improvements in machines for weaving were begun at an earlier date. In 1579 a ribbon loom is said to have been invented at Dantzic, by which from four to six pieces could be woven at one time, but the machine was destroyed and the inventor lost his life. In 1800 Jacquard's most ingenious invention was brought into use, which, by a simple mechanical operation, determines the movements of the threads which form the pattern in weaving. But the greatest discovery in the art of weaving was wrought by Cartwright's discovery of the power loom, which led eventually to the substitution of steam for manual labour, and enabled a boy with a steam loom to do fifteen times the work of a man with a hand loom.

For complex ingenuity few machines will compare with those used in the manufacture of lace and bobbin net. Hammond, in 1768, attempted to adapt the stocking frame to this manufacture, which had hitherto been conducted by hand. It remained for John Heathcoat to complete the adaption in 1809, and revolutionise this branch of industry, reducing the cost of its produce to one-fortieth of what the cost had been before Heathcoat's improvements were effected.

Most of these ingenious machines were in use before Watt's genius gave the world a new motive power in the steam-engine; and, had the steam-engine never been perfected, they would still have enormously increased the productive power of mankind. Water power was applied to many of them; in the first silk-thread mill erected at Derby in 1738, 318 million yards of silk thread were spun daily with one water-wheel.

These are happier times for inventors: keen competition among manufacturers does not let a good invention lie idle now. That which was rejected by old machines as waste is now worked up into useful fabrics by new ones. From all parts of the world new products come — jute from India, flax from New Zealand, and many others which demand new adaptations of old machines or new and untried mechanical arrangements to utilise them. Time would fail me if I were to attempt to enumerate one tithe of these rare combinations of mechanical skill; and, indeed, no one will ever appreciate the labour and supreme mental effort required for their construction who has not himself seen them and their wondrous achievements.

Steamboats, the electric telegraph, and railways, are more within the cognizance of the world at large, and the progress that has been made in them in little more than one generation is better known and appreciated.

It is not more than forty years since one of our scientific men, and an able one too, declared at a meeting of this Association that no steamboat would ever cross the Atlantic; founding his statement on the impracticability, in his view, of a steamboat carrying sufficient coal, profitably, I presume, for the voyage. Yet, soon after this statement was made, the *Sirius* steamed from Bristol to New York in seventeen days, and was soon followed by the *Great Western*, which made the homeward passage in thirteen-and-a-half days; and with these voyages the era of steamboats began. Like most important inventions, that of the steamboat was a long time in assuming a form capable of being profitably utilised; and even when it had assumed such a form, the objections of commercial and scientific men had still to be overcome.

Among the many names connected with the early progress in the construction of steamboats, perhaps none is more worthy of remembrance than that of Patrick Miller, who, with the assistance of Symington, an engineer, and Taylor, who was

his children's tutor, constructed a small steamboat. Shortly afterwards Lord Dundas, who saw the value of the application of steam for the propulsion of boats, had the first really practical steamboat constructed with a view to using it on the Fort and Clyde Canal. The proprietors, however objected, and the boat lay idle. Again another attempt to make practical use of the steamboat failed through the death of the Duke of Bridgewater, who, with his characteristic foresight, had seen the value of steam as a motive power for boats, and had determined to introduce steamboats on the canal which bears his name.

The increase in the number of steamboats since the time when the *Sirius* first crossed the Atlantic has been very great. Whereas in 1814 the United Kingdom only possessed two steam vessels, of together 456 tons burden, in 1872 there were on the register of the United Kingdom 3,662 steam vessels, of which the registered tonnage amounted to over a million and a half of tons, or to nearly half the whole steam tonnage of the world, which did not at that time greatly exceed three million tons.

As the number of steamboats has largely increased, so also gradually has their size increased until it culminated in the hands of Brunel in the *Great Eastern*.

A triumph of engineering skill in ship-building, the *Great Eastern* has not been commercially so successful. In this, as in many other engineering problems, the question is not how large a thing can be made, but how large, having regard to other circumstances, it is proper at the time to make it.

If, as regards the dimensions of steamboats, we have at present somewhat overstepped the limits in the *Great Eastern*, much still remains to be done in perfecting the form of vessels, whether propelled by steam or driven by the force of the wind. A distinguished member of this Association, Mr. Froude, has now for some years devoted himself to investigations carried on with a view to ascertain the form of vessel which will offer the least resistance to the water through which it must pass. So many of us in these days are called upon to make journeys by sea as well as by land, that we can well appreciate the value of Mr. Froude's labours, so far as they tend to curtail the time which we must spend on our ocean journeys; and we should all feel grateful to him if from another branch of his investigations, which relates to the rolling of ships, it should result that the movement in passenger vessels could be reduced. A gallant attempt in this direction has lately been made by Mr. Bessemer; whether a successful one yet remains to be proved. In any event, he and those who have acted with him deserve our praise for an experiment which must add to our knowledge.

It is a question of vital importance to the steamboat that the consumption of fuel should be reduced to the smallest possible amount, inasmuch as each ton of fuel excludes a ton of cargo.

As improvements in the form of the hull are effected, less power—that is, less fuel—will be required to propel the vessel through the water for a given distance. Great as have been the improvements effected in marine engines to this end, much still remains to be done. Wolf's compound engine, so long overlooked, is, with some improvements, being at last applied. Whereas the consumption of fuel in such vessels as the *Himalaya* used to be from 5 to 6 lb. of fuel per effective horsepower, it has been reduced, by working steam more expansively in vessels of a later date, to 2 lb. Yet, comparing this with the total amount of energy of 2 lb. of coal, it will be found that not a tenth part of the power is obtained which that amount of coal would theoretically call into action.\*

\* Theoretical Energy of 1 lb. of Coal :—

The proportions of heat expended in generating saturated steam at 212° Fahr, and at 14·7 lb. pressure per square inch, from water at 212° are :—

|                                                                                | Units<br>of<br>heat. | Mechanical<br>equivalent<br>in foot lb. |
|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------|----------------------|-----------------------------------------|
| I. In the formation of steam .. .. .                                           | 892·8                | 689·242                                 |
| II. In resisting the incumbent pressure of 14·7 lb.<br>per square inch .. .. . | 72·3                 | 55·815                                  |
|                                                                                | <hr/> 965·1          | <hr/> 745·057                           |



We live in an age when great discoveries are made, and when they are speedily taken advantage of if they are likely to be of service to mankind.

In former times man's inventions were frequently in advance of the age, and they were laid aside to await a happier era. There were in those earlier days too few persons who cared to, or who could, avail themselves of the proffered boon, and here was no sufficient accumulation of wealth to justify its being appropriated to schemes which are always in their early stage more or less speculative.

There is no more remarkable instance of the rapid utilisation of what was in the first instance regarded by most men as a mere scientific idea, than the adoption and extension of the electric telegraph.

Those who read Odier's letter written in 1773, in which he made known his idea of a telegraph which would enable the inhabitants of Europe to converse with the Emperor of Mogul, little thought that in less than a century a conversation between persons at points so far distant would be possible. Still less did those who saw in the following year messages sent from one room to another by Lesage in the presence of Friedrich of Prussia, realise that they had before them the germ of one of the most extraordinary inventions among the many that will render this century famous.

I should weary you were I to follow the slow steps by which the electric telegraph of to-day was brought to its present state of efficiency. In the present century few years have passed without new workers appearing in the field; some whose object was to utilise the new-found power for the benefit of mankind, others—and their work was not the least important in the end—whose object was to investigate magnetism and electrical phenomena as presenting scientific problems still unsolved. Galvani, Volta, Oersted, Arago, Sturgeon, and Faraday, by their labours, helped to make known the elements which rendered it possible to construct the electric telegraph. With the battery, the electric coil, and the electro-magnet, the elements were complete, and it only remained for Sir Charles Wheatstone and others to combine them in a useful and practically valuable form. The inventions of Alexander, Steinheil, and those of similar nature to that of Sir Charles Wheatstone,\* were made known at a later date in the same year, which will ever be memorable in the annals of telegraphy.\*

The first useful telegraph was constructed upon the Blackwall Railway in 1838, Messrs. Wheatstone and Cooke's instruments being employed. From that time to this the progress of the electric telegraph has been so rapid, that at the present time, including land lines and submarine cables, there are in use in different parts of the world not less than 400,000 miles of telegraph.

Among the numerous inventions of late years, the automatic telegraph of Mr. Alexander Bain, of Dr. Werner Siemens, and of Sir Charles Wheatstone, are especially worthy of notice. Mr. Bain's machine chiefly used in the United States, that of Dr. Werner Siemens in Germany. In this country the machine invented by Sir Charles Wheatstone, to whom telegraphy owes so much, is chiefly employed. By his machine, after the message has been punched out in a paper ribbon by one machine on a system analogous to the dot and dash of Morse, the sequence of the currents requisite to transmit the message along the wire is auto-

One pound of Welsh coal will theoretically evaporate 15 lb. of water at  $212^{\circ}$  to steam at  $212^{\circ}$ . Therefore, the full theoretical value of the combustion of 2 lb. of Welsh coal is—

$$2 \times 15 \times 745,057 \text{ foot pounds,}$$

or

$$\frac{2 \times 15 \times 745,057}{60 \times 33,000} \text{ horse-power, if consumed in 1 hour.}$$

$$= 11.2 \text{ horse power.}$$

As the consumption of coal per effective horse-power in a marine engine is 2 lb., the power obtained is to the whole theoretical power as 1 is to 11.

\* Dates of patents: Wheatstone, March 1, 1837; Alexander, April 22, 1837; Steinheil, July 1, 1837; Morse, October, 1837.

matically determined in a second machine by this perforated ribbon. This second operation is analogous to that by which in Jacquard's loom the motions of the threads requisite to produce the pattern is determined by perforated cards. By Wheatstone's machine errors inseparable from manual labour are avoided; and what is of even more importance in a commercial point of view, the time during which the wire is occupied in the transmission of a message is considerably diminished.

By the application of these automatic systems to telegraphy, the speed of transmission has been wonderfully accelerated, being equal to 200 words a minute, that is, faster than a shorthand writer can transcribe; and, in fact, words can now be passed along the wires of land lines with a velocity greater than can be dealt with by the human agency of either end.

Owing partly to the retarding effects of induction and other causes, the speed of transmission by long submarine cables is much smaller. With the cable of 1858 only  $2\frac{1}{2}$  words per minute were got through. The average with the Atlantic cable, Dr. C. W. Siemens informs me, is now seventeen words, but twenty-four words per minute can be read.

One of the most striking phenomena in telegraphy is that known as the duplex system, which enables messages to be sent from each end of the same wire at the same time. This simultaneous transmission from both ends of a wire was proposed in the early days of telegraphy, but, owing to imperfect insulation, was not then found to be practicable; but since then telegraphic wires have been better insulated, and the system is now becoming of great utility, as it nearly doubles the capacity for work of every wire.

And yet within how short a period of time has all the wonderful progress in telegraphy been achieved! How incredulous the world a few years ago would have been if then told of the marvels which in so short a space of time were to be accomplished by its agency!

It is now long ago—1823—that Mr. (now Sir Francis) Ronald, one of the early pioneers in this field of science, published a description of an electric telegraph. He communicated his views to Lord Melville, and that nobleman was obliging enough to reply that the subject should be inquired into; but before the nature of Sir Francis Ronald's suggestions could be known, except to a few, that gentleman received a reply from Mr. Barrow, "that telegraphs of any kind were then wholly unnecessary, and that no other than the one then in use would be adopted;" the one then in use being the old semaphore, which, crowning the tops of hills between London and Portsmouth, seemed perfection to the Admiralty of that day.

I am acquainted with some who, when the first Transatlantic cable was proposed, contributed towards that undertaking with the consciousness that it was only an experiment, and that subscribing to it was much the same thing as throwing their money into the sea. Much of this cable was lost in the first attempt to lay it; but its promoters, nothing daunted, made 900 miles more cable, and finally laid it successfully in the following year, 1858.

The telegraphic system of the world comprises almost a complete girdle round the earth; and it is probable that the missing link will be supplied by a cable between San Francisco in California and Yokohama in Japan.

How resolute and courageous those who engaged in submarine telegraphy have been will appear from the fact that, though we have now 50,000 miles of cable in use, to get at this result nearly 70,000 miles were constructed and laid. This large percentage of failure, in the opinion of Dr. C. W. Siemens (to whom I am much indebted for information on this subject), was partly due to the late introduction of testing a cable under water before it is laid, and to the use of too light iron sheathing.

Of immense importance in connection with the subsequent extension of submarine cables have been the discoveries of Ohm and Sir William Thomson, and the knowledge obtained that the resistance in wire of homogeneous metal is directly proportional to the length, so that the place of a fault in a cable of many thousand miles in length can be ascertained with so much precision as to enable you to go

at once to repair it, although the damaged cable may lie in some thousands of fathoms of water.

Of railways the progress has been enormous, but I do not know that in a scientific point of view a railway is so marvellous in its character as the electric telegraph. The results, however, of the construction and use of railways are more extensive and widespread, and their utility and convenience brought home to a larger portion of mankind. It has come to pass, therefore, that the name of George Stephenson has been placed second only to that of James Watt; and as men are and will be estimated by the advantages which their labours confer on mankind, he will remain in that niche, unless indeed some greater luminary should arise to outshine him. The merit of George Stephenson consisted, among other things, in this, that he saw more clearly than any other engineer of his time the sort of thing that the world wanted, and that he persevered in despite of learned objectors with the firm conviction that he was right and they were wrong, and that there was within himself the power to demonstrate the accuracy of his convictions.

Railways are a subject on which I may (I hope without tiring you) speak somewhat more at length. The British Association is peripatetic, and without railways its meetings if held at all, would, I fear, be greatly reduced in numbers. Moreover, you have all an interest in them: you all demand to be carried safely, and you insist on being carried fast. Besides, everybody understands, or thinks he understands, a railway, and therefore I shall be speaking on a subject common to all of us, and shall possibly only put before you ideas which others as well as myself have already entertained.

We who live in these days of roads and railways, and can move with a fair degree of comfort, speed, and safety, almost where we will, can scarcely realise the state of England two centuries ago, when the years of opposition which preceded the era of coaches began; when, as in 1662, there were but six stages in all England, and John Crossdell, of the Charterhouse, thought there were six too many; when Sir Henry Herbert, a member of the House of Commons, could say, "If a man were to propose to carry us regularly to Edinburgh in coaches in seven days, and bring us back in seven more, should we not vote him to Bedlam?"

In spite of short-sighted opposition, coaches made their way; but it was not till a century later, in 1784—and then I believe it was in this city of Bristol—that coaches were established for the conveyance of mails. Those here who have experienced, as I have, what the discomforts were of long journeys inside the old coaches, will agree with me that they were very great; and I believe, if returns could be obtained of the accidents which happened to coaches, it would be found that many more people were injured and killed in proportion to the number that travelled by that mode than by the railways of to-day.

No sooner had our ancestors settled down with what comfort was possible in their coaches, well satisfied that twelve miles an hour was the maximum speed to be obtained or that was desirable, than they were told that steam conveyance on iron railways would supersede their "present pitiful" methods of conveyance. Such was the opinion of Thomas Gray, the first promoter of railways, who published his work on a general iron railway in 1819. Gray was looked on as little better than a madman.

"When Gray first proposed his great scheme to the public," said Chevalier Wilson, in a letter to Sir Robert Peel in 1845, "people were disposed to treat it as an effusion of insanity." I shall not enter on a history of the struggles which preceded the opening of the first railway. They were brought to a successful issue by the determination of a few able and far-seeing men. The names of Thomas Gray and Joseph Sandars, of William James and Edward Pease, should always be remembered in connection with the early history of railways, for it was they who first made the nation familiar with the idea. There is no fear that the name of Stephenson will be forgotten, whose practical genius made the realisation of the idea possible.

The Stockton and Darlington Railway was opened in 1825, the Liverpool and Manchester Railway in 1830, and in the short time which has since elapsed, railways have been extended to every quarter of the globe. No nation possessing

wealth and population can afford to be without them ; and though at present in different countries there is in the aggregate about 160,000 miles of railways, it is certain that in the course of a very few years this quantity, large as it is, will be very greatly exceeded.

Railways add enormously to the national wealth. More than twenty-five years ago it was proved to the satisfaction of a committee of the House of Commons, from facts and figures which I then adduced, that the Lancashire and Yorkshire Railway, of which I was the engineer, and which then formed the principal railway connection between the populous towns of Lancashire and Yorkshire, effected a saving to the public using the railway of more than the whole amount of the dividend which was received by the proprietors. These calculations were based solely on the amount of traffic carried by the railway, and on the difference between the railway rate of charge and the charges by the modes of conveyance anterior to railways. No credit whatever was taken for the saving of time, though in England preeminently time is money.

Considering that railway charges on many items have been considerably reduced since that day, it may be safely assumed that the railways in the British Islands now produce, or rather save to the nation, a much larger sum annually than the gross amount of all the dividends payable to the proprietors, without at all taking into account the benefit arising from the saving in time. The benefits under that head defy calculation, and cannot with any accuracy be put into money ; but it would not be at all over-estimating this question to say that in time and money the nation gains at least what is equivalent to 10 per cent. to all the capital expended on railways. I do not urge this on the part of railway proprietors, for they did not embark in these undertakings with a few to the national gain, but for the expected profit to themselves. Yet it is as well it should be noted, for railway proprietors appear sometimes by some people to be regarded in the light of public enemies.

It follows from these facts that whenever a railway can be made at a cost to yield the ordinary interest of money, it is in the national interest that it should be made. Further, that though its cost might be such as to leave a smaller dividend than that to its proprietors, the loss of wealth to so small a section of the community will be more than supplemented by the national gain, and therefore there may be cases where a Government may wisely contribute in some form to undertakings which, without such aid, would fail to obtain the necessary support.

And so some countries, Russia for instance, to which improved means of transport are of vital importance, have wisely, in my opinion, caused lines to be made which, having regard to their own expenditure and receipts, would be unprofitable works, but in a national point of view are or speedily will be highly advantageous.

The Empire of Brazil, which I have lately visited, is arriving at the conclusion, which I think not an unwise one, that the State can afford, and will be benefited in the end, by guaranteeing 7 per cent. upon any railway that can of itself be shown to produce a net income of 4 per cent., on the assumption that the nation will be benefited at least to the extent of the difference.

A question more important probably in the eyes of many—safety of railway travelling—may not be inappropriate. At all events, it is well that the elements on which it depends should be clearly understood. It will be thought that longer experience in the management of railways should go to ensure greater safety, but there are other elements of the question which go to counteract this in some degree.

The safety of railway travelling depends on the perfection of the machine in all its parts, including the whole of the railway, with its movable plant, in that term ; it depends also on the nature and quantity of traffic, and lastly, on human care and attention.

With regard to what is human, it may be said that so many of these accidents as arise from the fallibility of men will never be eliminated until the race be improved.

The liability to accident will also increase with the speed, and might be reduced by slackening that speed. It increases with the extent and variety of the



traffic on the same line. The public, I fear, will rather run the risk than consent to be carried at a slower rate. The increase in extent and variety of traffic is not likely to receive any diminution; on the contrary, it is certain to augment.

I should be sorry to say that human care may not do something, and I am not among those who object to appeals through the press, and otherwise, to railway companies, though sometimes perhaps they may appear in an unreasonable form. I see no harm in men being urged in every way to do their utmost in a matter so vital to many.

A question may arise whether, if the railways were in the hands of the Government, they could not be worked with greater safety. Government would not pay their officers better, or perhaps so well, as the companies do, and it is doubtful whether they would succeed in attracting to the service abler men. They might do the work with a smaller number of chief officers, for much of the time of the companies' managers is occupied in internecine disputes. They might handle the traffic more despotically, diminishing the number of trains, or the accommodation afforded by them, or in other ways, to ensure more safety; but would the public bear any curtailment of convenience?

One thing they could, and perhaps would do. In cases where the traffic is varied, and could more safely be conducted with the aid of relief lines, which hold out no sufficient inducement to the companies to make, the Government, being content with a lower rate of interest, might undertake to make them, though then comes the question whether, when the whole of this vast machine came to depend for supplies on annual votes of Parliament, money would be forthcoming in greater abundance than it is under the present system.

But the consideration of this subject involves other and more difficult questions.

Where are the labours of Government to stop? The cares of State which cannot be avoided are already heavy, and will grow heavier every year. Dockyard establishments are trifling to what the railway establishments, which already employ 250,000 men, would be. The assumption of all the railways would bring Government into conflict with every passenger, every trader, and every manufacturer. With the railway companies there would be no difficulty; they would sell their undertakings to anyone, provided the price was ample.

Looking at the vast growth of railway traffic, one measure occurs to me as conducive to the safety of railway passengers, and likely to be demanded some day; it is to construct between important places railways which should carry passengers only or coals only, or be set apart for some special separation of traffic; though there will be some difficulty in accomplishing this. Landowners, through whose properties such lines would pass, would probably wish to use such lines for general purposes. Nevertheless, it may have to be tried some day.

It would be instructive, were it practicable, to compare the relative proportion of accidents by railway and by the old stage-coaches, but no records that I am aware of exist of the latter that would enable such a comparison to be made. It is practicable to make some sort of comparison between the accidents in the earlier days of our own railways and the accidents occurring at a later date.

The Board of Trade have, unfortunately, abandoned the custom, which they adopted from 1852 to 1859, of returning the passenger mileage, which is given in the German returns, and is the proper basis upon which to found the proportion of accidents, and not on the number of passengers without any regard to distance travelled, which has altered very much, the average journey per passenger being nearly half in 1873 what it was in 1846.

It would be erroneous to compare the proportions of accidents to passengers carried in various years, even if the correct number of passengers travelling were given. But a figure is always omitted from the Board of Trade return, which makes the proportion of accidents to passengers appear larger than it is; this is the number of journeys performed by season-ticket holders. Some estimate could be made of the journeys of season-ticket holders by dividing the receipts by an estimated average fare, or the companies could make an approximate estimate, and the passenger mileage could be readily obtained by the railway companies from the tickets. These additions would greatly add to the value of the railway

returns as statistical documents, and render the deductions made from them correct.

Though it has been a work of labour, I have endeavoured to supply these deficiencies, and I believe the results arrived at may be taken as fairly accurate.

From the figures so arrived at, it appears the passenger mileage has doubled between 1861 and 1873; and at the rate of increase between 1870 and 1873 it would become double what it was in 1873 in twelve years from that time, namely, in 1885.

The number of passengers has doubled between 1864 and 1873, and at the rate of increase between 1870 and 1873 it would become double what it was in 1873 in eleven and-a-half years, or in 1885.

It must, however, be remembered that the rate of increase since 1870, though very regular in 1871, 1872, and 1873, is greater than in previous years, being probably due to the rise of wages and the great development of third-class traffic, and it would not be safe to assume this rate of increase will continue.

Supposing no improvement had been effected in the working of railway traffic, by the interlocking of points, the block system, &c., the increase of accidents should have borne some proportion to the passenger mileage, multiplied by the proportion between the train mileage and the length of line open, as the number of trains passing over the same line of rails would tend to multiply accidents in an increasing proportion, especially where the trains run at different speeds.

The number of accidents varies considerably from year to year, but taking two averages of ten years each, it appears that the proportion of deaths of passengers from causes beyond their control to passenger miles travelled in the ten years ending December 31, 1873, was only two-thirds of the same proportion in the ten years ending December, 1861; the proportion of all accidents to passengers from causes beyond their own control was one-ninth more in the last ten years than in the earlier, whereas the frequency of trains had increased on the average one-fourth.

The limit, however, of considerable improvements in signalling, increased brake power, &c., will probably be reached before long, and the increase of accidents will depend on the increase of traffic, together with the increased frequency of trains.

The large growth of railway traffic, which we may assume will double in twenty years, will evidently greatly tax the resources of the railway companies; and unless the present companies increase the number of the lines of way, as some have commenced to do, or new railways are made, the system of expeditious and safe railway travelling will be imperilled. Up to the present time, however, the improvements in regulating the traffic appear to have kept pace with the increase of traffic and of speed, as the slight increase in the proportion of railway accidents to passenger miles is probably chiefly due to a larger number of trifling bruises being reported now than formerly.

I believe it was a former President of the Board of Trade who said to an alarmed deputation, who waited upon him on the subject of railway travelling, that he thought he was safer in a railway carriage than anywhere else.

If he gave any such opinion he was not far wrong, as is sufficiently evident when it can be said that there is only one passenger injured in every four million miles travelled, or that, on an average, a person may travel 100,000 miles each year for forty years, and the chances be slightly in his favour of his not receiving the slightest injury.

A pressing subject of the present time is the economy of fuel. Members of the British Association have not neglected this momentous question.

At the meeting held at Newcastle-on-Tyne in 1863, Sir William Armstrong sounded an alarm as to the proximate exhaustion of our coal-fields.

Mr. Bramwell, when presiding over the Mechanical Section at Brighton, drew attention to the waste of fuel.

Dr. Siemens, in an able lecture he delivered by request of the Association to the operative classes at the meeting at Bradford, pointed out the waste of fuel in special branches of the iron trade, to which he has devoted so much attention.

He showed on that occasion that, in the ordinary re-heating furnace, the coal

consumed did not produce the twentieth part of its theoretical effect, and in melting steel in pots in the ordinary way not more than one-seventieth part; in melting one ton of steel in pots about  $2\frac{1}{2}$  tons of coke being consumed. Dr. Siemens further stated that, in his regenerative gas furnace, one ton of steel was melted with 12 cwt. of small coal.

Mr. Lowthian Bell, who combines chemical knowledge with the practical experience of an ironmaster, in his Presidential address to the members of the Iron and Steel Institute in 1873, stated that, with the perfect mode of withdrawing and utilising the gasses and the improvement in the furnaces adopted in the Cleveland district, the present make of pig-iron in Cleveland is produced with  $3\frac{1}{2}$  million tons of coal less than would have been needed fifteen years ago; this being equivalent to a saving of 45 per cent. of the quantity formerly used. He shows by figures, with which he has favoured me, that the calorific power of the waste gases from the furnaces is sufficient for raising all the steam and heating all the air the furnaces require.

It has already been stated that by working steam more expansively, either in double or in single engines, the consumption of fuel in improved modern engines compared with the older forms may be reduced to one-third.

All these reductions still fall far short of the theoretical effect of fuel which may be never reached. Mr. Lowthian Bell's figures go to show that in the interior of the blast furnace, as improved in Cleveland, there is not much more to be done in reducing the consumption of fuel; but much has already been done, and could the reduction now attainable, and all the information already acquired be universally applied, the saving in fuel would be enormous.

How many open blast furnaces still belch forth flame and gas and smoke as uselessly, and with nearly as much mischief to the surrounding neighbourhood, as the fires of Etna or Vesuvius? How many of the older and more extravagant forms of steam-engine still exist?

What is to be done with the intractable householder, with the domestic hearth, where, without going to German stoves, but by using Galton's grates and other improvements, everything necessary both for comfort and convenience could be as well attained with a much smaller consumption of coal?

If I have pointed out that we do not avail ourselves of more than a fractional part of the useful effects of fuel, it is not that I expect we shall all at once mend our ways in this respect. Many cases of waste arise from the existence of old and obsolete machines, of bad forms of furnaces, of wasteful grates, existing in most dwelling-houses; and these are not to be remedied at once, for not everyone can afford, however desirable it might be, to cast away the old and adopt the new.

In looking uneasily to the future supply and cost of fuel, it is, however, something to know what may be done even with the application of our present knowledge; and could we apply it universally to-day, all that is necessary for trade and comfort would probably be as well provided for by one-half the present consumption of fuel; and it behoves those who are beginning to build new mills, new furnaces, new steamboats, or new houses, to act as though the price of coal which obtained two years ago had been the normal and not the abnormal price.

There was in early years a battle of the gauges, and there is now a contest about guns; but your time will not permit me to say much on their manufacture.

Here again the progress made in a few years has been enormous; and in contributing to it, two men, Sir Wm. Armstrong and Sir Joseph Whitworth, both civil engineers, in this country at all events, deservedly stand foremost. The iron coil construction of Sir William Armstrong has already produced remarkable and satisfactory results; in discussing further possible improvements, the question is embarrassed by attempting to draw sharp lines between what is called steel and iron.

There is nothing that I can see to limit the size of guns, except the tenacity and endurance of the metal, whatever we may choose to call it, of which they are to be made.

Sir Joseph Whitworth, who has already done more than any other man in his department to secure good workmanship, and whose ideal of perfection is ever expanding, has long been seeking, and not without success, by enormous compres-

sion, to increase those qualities in what he calls homogeneous metal. Make the metal good enough, and call it iron if you will, and the size of a gun may be anything: the mere construction and handling of a gun of 100 tons, or of far greater weight, with suitable mechanical appliances, presents no difficulty.

Relying on the qualities of his compressed metal, Sir Joseph is now seeking by a singular experiment to limit the travel of the recoil, as far as practicable, to the elasticity of the metal. By attaching the muzzle of the gun to an outer casing, through which the force of the recoil is carried back to the trunnions, he proposes to avail himself of this elasticity to the extent of one-and-a-half times the length of the gun; whether its elasticity alone in so short a space will suffice without aid is, perhaps, doubtful; but other aid may be applied, and the experiment, whether successful or not, will be interesting.

Docks and harbours I have no time to mention, for it is time this long and, I fear, tedious address, should close.

"Whence and whither," is an aphorism which leads us away from present and plainer objects to those which are more distant and obscure; whether we look backwards or forwards, our vision is speedily arrested by an impenetrable veil.

On the subjects I have chosen you will probably think I have travelled backwards far enough. I have dealt to some extent with the present.

The retrospect, however, may be useful to show what great works were done in former ages.

Some things have been better done than in those earlier times, but not all.

In what we choose to call the ideal we do not surpass the ancients. Poets and painters and sculptors were as great in former times as now; so, probably, were the mathematicians.

In what depends on the accumulation of experience, we ought to excel our forerunners. Engineering depends largely on experience; nevertheless, in future times, whenever difficulties shall arise or works have to be accomplished for which there is no precedent, he who has to perform the duty may step forth from any of the walks of life, as engineers have not unfrequently hitherto done.

The marvellous progress of the last two generations should make everyone cautious of predicting the future. Of engineering works, however, it may be said that their practicability or impracticability is often determined by other elements than the inherent difficulty in the works themselves. Greater works than any yet achieved remain to be accomplished—not perhaps yet awhile. Society may not yet require them; the world could not at present afford to pay for them.

The progress of engineering works, if we consider it, and the expenditure upon them, has already in our time been prodigious. One hundred and sixty thousand miles of railway alone, put into figures at £20,000 a mile, amounts to 3,200 million pounds sterling; add 400,000 miles of telegraph at £100 a mile, and 100 millions more for sea canals, docks, harbours, water and sanitary works constructed in the same period, and we get the enormous sum of 3,340 millions sterling expended in one generation and a half on what may undoubtedly be called useful works.

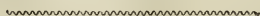
The wealth of nations may be impaired by expenditure on luxuries and war; it cannot be diminished by expenditure on works like these.

As to the future, we know we cannot create a force; we can, and no doubt shall, greatly improve the application of those with which we are acquainted. What are called inventions can do no more than this, yet how much every day is being done by new machines and instruments.

The telescope extended our vision to distant worlds. The spectroscope has far outstripped that instrument, by extending our powers of analysis to regions as remote.

Postal deliveries were and are great and able organisations, but what are they to the telegraph?

Need we try to extend our vision into futurity farther? Our present knowledge, compared to what is unknown even in physics, is infinitesimal. We may never discover a new force—yet, who can tell?





### Consecration.

Mon corps, mon cœur, mon âme,  
 Ne m'appartiennent plus.  
 Ton amour les réclame,  
 Ils sont à toi, Jésus.  
 Voici mon sacrifice, il est sur ton autel . . . . .  
 Esprit, Esprit, descends ! J'attends le feu du ciel !  
 En toi je me confie,  
 Je crois en ton grand nom ;  
 Au sang qui purifie,  
 Au céleste pardon !  
 Voici mon sacrifice, il est sur ton autel . . . . .  
 Esprit, Esprit, descends ! J'attends le feu du ciel !

Consacre mon offrande,  
 Mets ton sceau sur mon cœur ;  
 Le sceau que je demande  
 C'est ton Esprit, Seigneur !  
 Voici mon sacrifice, il est sur ton autel . . . . .  
 Esprit, Esprit, descends ! J'attends le feu de ciel !

P.

#### I.

I am no longer mine :  
 My heart, my life, my thought  
 Thy precious blood hath bought  
 And I am Thine.  
 Laid on Thy altar, Lord, my offerings but require  
 The consecrating Spirit and the cleansing fire.

#### II.

On Thee my soul doth lean—  
 Thy name beyond all price :  
 Thy blood that purifies  
 And makes me clean.  
 Laid on Thy altar, Lord, my offerings but require  
 The consecrating Spirit and the cleansing fire.

#### III.

Upon my wayward heart  
 Set Thou Thy seal of love.  
 Thy Spirit from above  
 To me impart.  
 Laid on Thy altar, Lord, my offerings but require  
 The consecrating Spirit and the cleansing fire.

C.

x

## The Symbolic Gems.

BY DR. P. DANIEL HAHN.

UP to the 16th century many minerals, especially the gems, were considered to possess certain secret powers and properties. Pseudo-Orpheus in his poem on the minerals, Pliny, Epiphanius, Psellus, Marbod, and others add to their descriptions of minerals many notes of a highly superstitious character, which are found again in the stories of the alchymists of the middle ages. Even the learned Arabian, Imam Ahmed Ben Susuf, who shows considerable knowledge of the physical properties of minerals, thinks it necessary in his treatise on the gems to give also an account of the symbolic and secret signification of these minerals. Until the beginning of the last century we find very often astronomical signs denoting minerals, especially metals and ores of metals; thus gold got the sign ☉, silver ☽, copper ♀, iron ♂, lead ♄, antimony ♂, nitre ☉, common salt ☉, sulphur ♀, etc.

In the Old Testament also we find gems as symbols of the stars, for instance, Ezekiel i. 16, 26; Daniel x. 6; Exodus xxiv. 10; and in many other places.

The old Egyptians marked the signs of the Zodiac in the following mineralogical way:—Aries the amethyst, Taurus the hyacinth, Gemini the chrysoprase, Cancer the topaze, Leo the beryl, Virgo the chrysolite, Libra the carneol, Scorpio the sardonyx, Sagittarius the emerald, Capricornus the chalcedony, Aquarius the sapphire, and Pisces the jasper. It is interesting to notice that in the series of precious stones mentioned in the description of the heavenly Jerusalem, we find a striking similarity to the above mentioned, only that the jasper is the beginning, and the amethyst the end of the latter series. Rev. xxi. 20.

We shall give a list of those minerals, which have had, from time immemorial, among all peoples, a symbolic signification, and we shall add some of those legends which were connected with them. The *Diamond* was the symbol of constancy, endurance, strength, energy, innocence, and, indeed, of all kindred virtues. It was a remedy against poison, pestilential diseases, terror, sleeplessness, witchcraft, &c. It calmed the passions and had the power of healing matrimonial breaches. It was something like a talisman. If the figure of Mars was cut in the diamond the happy possessor of it could never be beaten by his enemies. The etymology of the Greek name, however, relates not to this, but merely to the hardness of the diamond. Pliny gives a long account of the diamond ("Hist. nat." 37, 15). He says that the above mentioned power of the gem may be taken away by putting it first into the blood of a goat, and Albertus Magnus adds to this information ("De Mineralogia," pag. 7), that the blood gets more effectual if the goat had drunk wine or eaten parsley before

having been slaughtered. The diamond which the high-priest of the Jews wore at the three chief feasts of the year when he came out of the sanctuary, was considered as a teller of future events. When it was white, like snow, it predicted a happy year; when it was red like blood, it foretold war; and when it was black, a general calamity such as pestilence was impending. The Arabians thought that if a diamond were put on a child just after its birth, the child never would suffer from falling sickness, and that all the diseases of the stomach would be cured by the same means. They believed, also, that any person who devoured even a small piece of a diamond would die immediately. In the 16th century it was commonly believed that a diamond had the power of self-reproduction, and a princess of Luxembourg was said to have such a hatch-diamond.

The *Ruby* was, among the ancients, the symbol of happiness. It cured madness and banished all bad thoughts. When it changed its colour it was a bad omen, but when it got its original colour all misfortune had passed, therefore, like the diamond, the red ruby was a remedy against pestilence and poison. The western part of the Mountain Meru, in the Indian Mythology, is composed of two rubies.

The *Carbuncle* had much the same properties. It did not burn, it healed watery eyes, banished bad dreams and ghosts, and was a preservative from infected air. As it had the power of emitting light in darkness, it was dedicated to the goddess Ceres. In the Oriental tales this gem is often mentioned as an antidote to poison. Psellus relates that a certain blackish kind of it is a good remedy for headache.

The *Hyacinth* was usually set in a necklace in order that the wearer might not be affected by any kind of disease. It strengthened the heart, protected from lightning, and increased the wealth, knowledge, and honour of its possessor. Epiphanius compares the hyacinth to the salamander, for, like this animal, it is not destroyed by the fire in which it is put, moreover it extinguished the fire; therefore the hyacinth was the symbol of the faith which overcomes the passions and after a due time extinguishes them. Psellus assures us that by using vinegar, in which the gem had been for a time, we should be cured of all diseases, especially cough, melancholy, and ruptures. The Arabians think that the hyacinth improves very much, in every respect, the person who wears it, as it makes him greater and better than he really is, hence this fortunate individual succeeds in all his undertakings. If put under the tongue the gem allays the thirst. In proof of all these virtues, a hyacinth is never found on the hand of a "man who got drowned."

The *Amethyst*, which was the favourite gem of the Roman ladies, was not esteemed at all in the 11th century. The name itself shows us that it was a remedy against drunkenness, on account of which, the ancients believed that they could drink any amount of wine if it were taken out of cups made of amethyst. On these cups was usually engraved the head of Bacchus. The amethyst conferred on its possessor presence of mind, wit, and the favour of the king.

The Arabian Teifascite relates that one variety of amethyst cures headache and cold in the head, when put on the forehead.

The *Sapphire* was in the ages of antiquity a gem of high importance. The Greek had dedicated the sapphire to Jove. The priests of this god used the gem as an emblem of the colour of the sky, the throne of Jove. The Egyptian high-priest had a sapphire as a symbol of truth on his chest (s. "Ælianus Var. Hist. xiv," 34). In the middle ages it was used as a remedy against fever, toothache, and headache, and if used together with milk it healed wounds.

The *Agate* secured travellers against robbers and scorpions, and increased the mutual affection of the married.

The *Garnet* cured blindness, although the person who looked through a garnet at the sun got blind. If used as a powder it was a remedy against dropsy. Ovidius describes the house of Sol as consisting of garnet (pyropus), and the pavement of sapphire ("Metam." ii. 1 seq.).

The *Topaze* cured madness and dropsy. According to the belief of the ancient Romans, it had the power of calming a stormy sea. The Orientals, however, did not attribute to it any other virtue than the power of healing watery eyes.

The *Turquoise*—a peculiarly Oriental gem—was much talked of. When the weather was bright the stone became clear and translucent; when the weather was foggy it assumed a dull colour. The same change was produced when the stone was covered with fat or musk. If taken as a powder, the turquoise was said to cure all diseases of the eye, and all wounds of scorpions and snakes. The Persian kings had always these gems with them, as they protected them from homicides.

The *Onyx* expelled ghosts, and cured toothache. He who wore an onyx would be in perpetual quarrel with his neighbours. The Arabians did not use this gem, and gave it the name "Gieza," that is, "sadness," as they were of the opinion that it made its wearer melancholy and gloomy.

The *Emerald* was for the Greeks a remedy against leprosy. As it gave the gift of eloquence, it was used by the wizards in their conjurations. It was used against the falling sickness, and was said to break itself in case it failed in effecting the desired cure. The Arabians used it to heal the wounds of snakes and spiders. The Arabian Teifascite, relating "what he has seen himself," (?) says, that if a snake looks for a time at an Emerald it gets blind; therefore this gem was used by the wizards to catch the poisonous snakes. The natives of Peru were found, when the Spaniards conquered that country, to have dedicated this gem to their principal deity.

The *Chrysoprase*, as well as the *Beryl*, was a remedy for all the diseases of the liver.

The *Opal* had especially cordial powers. It gave presence of mind, and protected the possessor against all enemies, with the exception of ghosts.



The *Heliotrope* (bloodstone) was characterized by its power of enabling its happy wearer to make himself invisible in case of danger. It gave out an unpleasant smell like the magnet, when the bearer was unconsciously deceived by other people.

If we add at last that the Pearl and the *Ætite* (an iron ore) were considered to have the same properties as those gems used in diseases, we may close our list.

As the ancients were not good mineralogists, and as they almost always used only the colour of minerals in order to distinguish them from each other, we may expect that especially the colour of the minerals had a symbolic signification, and that they often used a wrong mineral, and the colour of it was accidentally that of another mineral.

It will be not uninteresting to see to which properties of man, and to what things the different colours were applied, by reading the following sentences and chapters :—

*White*.—(Sun, Light—Innocence, Faith, Truth, Happiness), Lev. xvi. 4 ; Dan. xii. 6 ; Psalms civ. 2 ; Matt. xxvii. 59 ; Mark xvi. 5 ; Rev. iii. 5 ; vii. 14 ; Ilias, xviii. 353 ; Plin. H.N. vii. 40 ; Pers. Sat. i. 16 ; Qn. Rom. 26 ; Plut. Tim. 39 ; Herodian iv. 2.

*Black*.—(Night, Tomb—Error, Falseness, Death). Ilias ii. 825 ; Horapollo ii. 20 ; Juven. Sat. x. 245 ; Plut. de Iside, p. 474.

*Yellow*.—(Gold—Purity). Virg. *Æn.* i. 715. This colour was, in the Middle Ages, the symbol of Faith.

*Red* (Fire, War—Regeneration, Love, Death), Lev. iv. 19 ; Jerem. iv. 30 ; Ilias v. 83 ; Plut. on Rom. 98.

*Blue* (Sky—Divine wisdom), γλαυκῶπις. Odys. i. 187 ; Euseb. *Praep. Ev.* iii. 11 ; Macrob. *Saturn* i. p. 305 ; Horapollo i. 10 ; *Ælianus de anim.* x. 15.

*Green* (Plants—Hope, for fruits).

From this we shall see that in the ages of antiquity the symbolic signification was more general than now.

As the Latin language has not many words, at least not sufficient to point out the different varieties of colours (Gellius N. A. ii. 26), we find a good many places where we cannot make out what is meant. A highly interesting book on this subject is : “Fr. Portal, *Des couleurs symbolique dans l’antiquité, le mayen âge et les temps modernes.*” Paris, 1837.

Nowadays, when mineralogy has made such progress, the precious gems are treated as simple minerals and all those secret powers and properties which were bestowed upon them on account of their splendid colours and bright lustres are taken no notice of in this practical time. But still it is not very long ago since an old woman in Germany died from having swallowed a number of garnets belonging to her grand-daughter, in the firm faith that they would prove an effectual cure of dropsy from which she was suffering \*

\* We are glad to note that Dr. HAHN, the author of this article, has recently returned to South Africa, and is now engaged on a series of analytical Chemical examinations of the Thermal Springs of the Colony—the results of which he will in due course contribute to the pages of this Magazine.—ED.

## The Laird of Cockpen.

The laird o' Cockpen, he's proud and he's great,  
His mind is ta'en up wi' the things o' the state ;  
He wanted a wife his braw-house to keep,  
But favour wi' woo-in' was fash-ous to seek.

Down by the dyke side a lady did dwell ;  
At his table-head he thought she'd look well ;  
M'Cleish's ae daughter o' Claverse-ha' Lee,  
A pennyless lass wi' a lang pedigree.

His wig was well pouther'd, an' as gude as new,  
His waistcoat was white, his coat it was blue ;  
He put on a ring, a sword, an' cock'd hat,  
An' wha could refuse the Laird wi' a' that ?

He took the gray mare, an' rade cannilie,  
An' rapp'd at the yett o' Claverse-ha' Lee ;  
" Gae tell mistress Jean to come speedily ben,  
She's wanted to speak wi' the Laird o' Cockpen."

Mistress Jean she was makin' the elder-flower wine ;  
" An' what brings the Laird at sic a like time ?"  
She puts off her apron, an' on her silk gown,  
Her mutch wi' red ribbons, an' gaed awa' down.

An' when she cam' ben, he bowed fu' low,  
An' what was his errand, he soon let her know ;  
Amazed was the Laird when the lady said " Nay !"  
An' wi' a laigh curtsie she turned awa'.

Dumfounder'd was he, but nae sigh did he gi'e,  
He mounted his mare, and he rade cannilie ;  
An' aften he thought, as he gaed through the glen,  
She's daft to refuse the Laird o' Cockpen.

## Gert Beyers.

Gert Beyers het geld en Gert Beyers het vee,  
En al wat hy aanvat daar maak hy geld meê,  
Maar een vrouw moet hy hebben—dat's zekerlyk waar,  
Want zonder een vrouw gaat een huis door makkaar.

### 2

Daar was ook een nooitje en een moeije daarby ;  
Ik wet er een blouwtje op, zoo dach ook hy :  
Dat was klein Kaatjé 'Rasmus van Matjesfontein,  
Van goeje familie maar beursie zeer klein.

### 3

Met borspeld, en ring, en kazette van goud,  
Hy vindt aan zyn kleere geen enkele fout :  
Zyn haar was gekam en zyn boortje gesteve—  
Wie zou aan zoo'n jonkman haar jawoord nie geve ?

## 4

Hy za'el zyn triplaar, nog reg burger pas,  
En waar hy wil wezen daar kom hy vervas :  
“ Loop zeg ver nooi Kaatje moet binne toe kom—  
Ken jy voor zeur Gert nie ; hoe kom jy zoo stom ? ”

## 5

Nooi Kaatje kook stroop en maak meebosch komfyf,  
En ziet zeur Gert liever een anderen tyd :  
“ Loop haal die gronapel, zit weg maar die zis ”—  
Zy ziet als een blom uit, zoo dik en zoo vris.

## 6

En toen zy na binne kwam geef hy zyn hand,  
En brag haar zyn meening zoo aan haar verstand :  
Maar verbluf staat hy daar, half dof en half stom,—  
Zoo zy zeide van “ nee ”—en draaide haar om !

## 7

Hy za'el zyn triplaar en ry weer terug,  
En haalde ook selfs geen enkele zuch :  
Maar hy dach by zyn zelve toen hy naar huis ree,—  
Dat zal haar berouw van die woortje van “ nee ! ”

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*A Day in Du Toit's Kloof.*

## THE MANGANESE MINES.

AMONG the “ things generally known ” has for a long time been the fact that the Table Mountain sandstone of the Cape—whether it be Devonian or Silurian, let the geologists determine—is extensively impregnated with both iron and manganese oxides. In portions, however, they are quite absent, leaving the sandstone an almost perfectly pure and colourless quartzite. Generally they are diffused through the mass of rock, either tinging the quartzite with red, or streaking it with infinite ramifications of thin black veins, or not unfrequently assuming the dendritic appearance of what has often been mistaken for the fossil imprints of ferns. Occasionally, however, the pure manganese ore, or pure iron ore, or both commingled, have been segregated into semi-crystallised and compact masses, appearing either as detached bosses of mineral stuff or shaped into deep and far-extending veins or dykes—though, unlike what ordinarily and technically would be called “ dykes,” they certainly are *not* of igneous origin. Samples of this formation are found at many points in the

western districts of the Colony, but all of them, so far as I know, in the Table Mountain sandstone already referred to. Some five or six years ago, Mr. Peter Wickes—a good and worthy though somewhat eccentric man, belonging to the proverbially unfortunate class of pioneers and inventors—was exploring the Drakenstein Mountains. Having spent years of unsuccessful toil in his previous searches and experiments for vegetable fibres and other such-like raw materials, he turned his attention to mineral exploration; and while traversing one of the wild kloofs behind the Drakenstein range, he came upon a large and seemingly rich deposit of manganese such as I have described. The discovery was reported in Cape Town. Several gentlemen took the matter promptly up. One of them shipped to England some small sample quantities which promised fairly. Two or three others went into the speculation largely, expended a very considerable capital in constructing a rough road across the intervening mountain range—and which still may be seen from the Paarl,—and entered into a contract with a carrier—Mr. Dodgen—to convey the stuff from the mine to the Paarl railway station. A considerable quantity of the material was shipped to England, resulting in the mortifying discovery that the whole venture had proved an utter failure. For the two purposes on account of which manganese is valuable in commerce—in the preparation of chlorine and bleaching powders, and the Bessemer process for the manufacture of steel—it is necessary that the ore should be of high purity. Nothing below seventy per cent. is salable at all; and at seventy it commands but the lowest rate of £5 10s. per ton; while the Drakenstein ore, even when carefully cobbled and picked, rose no higher than that—the greater portion of it averaging no more than fifty or sixty per cent. After some two years of energetic and costly trial, the Drakenstein enterprise had thus to be finally abandoned. But the wagoner who had contracted for the conveyance of the stuff to the Paarl, and had hoped thereby to earn for himself a laborious livelihood, was determined not to be balked. English by birth and colonial by training, he showed then, as he has on many other occasions since, a firmness of purpose amounting almost to doggedness, against which no difficulty seemed too formidable to be overcome. Convinced that, as Wickes had stumbled upon the manganese of the Drakenstein range, there must be more of the same sort—and possibly better—elsewhere in the surrounding country, he determined to search for it, and cease not until he should find it. Accompanied by his son, he set out on his exploration through as wild a tract of rugged sierras and desolate ravines as even California itself could furnish; and after five days and nights thus passed among the mountains, tracking his quarry by surface patches or scattered veins at distant intervals, he had the good fortune to hit upon what is now proved to be the rich and lucrative mine far back amid the recesses of Du Toit's Kloof. Mr. W. W. Dickson and Mr. Molteno, the Colonial Premier—who had risked and lost so much on the previous venture—



were soon apprised of the new discovery. Of the superior quality of the ore, as of the vast supply of it available, there could be no doubt. As to the practicability of transporting it from the mountain brow at which it was found to the railway station at Wellington, there seemed to be every doubt. The height of the mine above the station was over two thousand feet ; the distance was some twelve or fifteen miles over almost impassable gorges, and with an intervening mountain ridge of equal elevation halfway between ; while there did not exist even as much as a bridle-path over a great part of the ground. Notwithstanding these difficulties, Messrs. Molteno and Dickson determined to grapple with the enterprise ; and now, at an expense of £12,000 for preliminary outlay, they have proved abundantly successful. The machinery by which this success has been attained was completed and put in working order only two or three weeks ago ; and as it is extremely interesting in itself, quite a novelty in South Africa, and on a larger scale than the same system of wire tramway has been constructed in any other country, I shall trouble the readers of the *Cape Monthly Magazine* with some notes on what a party of us saw during A DAY IN DU TOIT'S KLOOF.

The name of this, the most variedly beautiful, wild, romantic, and grand of all the mountain passes I have seen in the western portion of this colony, is familiar enough. A few years ago, while the battle of the railway routes into the interior was being fought, it figured conspicuously in every newspaper, but not one in a thousand who thus heard or read of it had ever been through it. Yet it is within a very short distance from town. It is now, with these new works established in it, comparatively easy of access ; and altogether, and quite apart from the works, the charms, magnificence, and strange weird freshness of the mountain scenery, are such as will amply reward even more than one day's exploration of it.

Looking towards it from Wellington, our point of departure for the day, we observe the Nek of it clearly ridged against the sky, far more distinctly marked, and four hundred feet higher, than the summit of Bain's Kloof, which crosses the range some three miles further to the north. The first stage of our journey is for several miles by cart, during which, in the crisp freshness of the early morning, we pass the town itself, so luxuriant amid the abundant foliage, and its white-washed houses gleaming out so brightly amid the low, slanting shadows cast by the rising sun, that it was impossible to imagine how only a fortnight before a destructive fire had raged diagonally through the place, destroying in whole or in part no fewer than some fifty houses. Onwards we drive through the fine district known as Dal Josaphat, rich with prosperous homesteads, luxuriant orchards, and trim, flourishing vineyards nestling picturesquely amid the numerous dells or on the slopes on either side as we gradually ascend towards the Pass. The mountain scenery fronting us now becomes entirely different from what we get in the ascent of Bain's Kloof. In parts, the thick-ribbed rock rises almost in sheer perpendicular for hundreds

of feet, but cleft with green bushy ravines, while rounded slopes dappled with trees extend far down into the vale below. It reminds one much of the magnificent picturesqueness of the Bokkeveld scenery, which can be best beheld in the ascent of the Gydow Pass. To give added zest to the view, we are cheerfully told that even quite near to us tigers are still to be occasionally met with ; that one of them was recently shot by our young driver's father ; while, in the wild fastnesses on the other side, some mysterious zebras still haunt the solitary wastes. But while indulging thus in unrestrained enjoyment of the magnificent scenery before us, and listening to mountain legends of the past, varied with wise saws and modern instances to match, we come unexpectedly on the Tramway Station, beyond which advance by cart is impossible. The edifice which serves as the residence of the general overseer of the mining operations, as of the engineer in charge of the tramway, strikes one, even from a distance, as peculiar, with roof low-pitched, and far overhanging eaves, after the fashion of a Swiss mountain *chalet*. On nearer approach, we find it to be a wooden structure of Swedish build, bought by Mr. Dickson in Gothenburg, and sent out in pieces for use at Du Toit's Kloof—to be added to Mr. Froude's list of Swiss milk and Limerick potatoes, and other such-like imported enormities. The arrangements of it, however, are capital, and most commodious ; and, seeing that importations of all sorts are the order of the day, I don't know but that the Government might do well to follow the Premier's and Mr. Dickson's example in this respect, by getting out a considerable quantity of such ready-made residences in connection with their railway works. Useful now while construction is in progress, they might each serve afterwards for small stations along the several lines. While an early breakfast is in prompt preparation we proceed to the point some hundred yards away where the strong wire tramway begins. Here we have the steep ascent of the Kloof immediately before us, with the fleecy puffs of a stationary steam engine far amid the wierd rugged heights above, and melting in quick succession "into the infinite azure" of the sky. From the azure vault and melting puffs we restrict our attention to the very rigid substantial matter-of-fact four inch steel-wire rope, not less than about half-a-mile in length, swung clear in stiff catenary curve over a wild ravine, some seven hundred feet in depth. Attached to this wire rope and running along it by a pulley wheel arrangement there is a good-sized metallic box capable of carrying half a ton of ore, and which is pulled upwards by an endless, light, wire rope, apart from the main cable, and worked by the engine on the distant heights ; while the descent is effected by the gravity of the load itself. As I shall later on describe, all the communications between distant points along the line are now made by an extremely simple modification of electric telegraph. On the morning now referred to, this was done by coloured flags—in obedience to signals from which the empty iron box was hauled up by the engine, in the teeth of a furious south-easter, taking

three minutes for the half mile journey. It came down again, still empty, along the same distance, in a minute and a half. Pulled up once more we watched the second descent with intenser interest, for the engineer himself was to be "a passenger per box." When the journey began it was impossible to discern the small object in its swift course from the distant heights, except that its shadow might be traced against the green sunny slopes below. Then clouds of rust or dust caused by the friction along the cable came clearly out at intervals as the strange swift carriage swept along, and within the short period of *thirty-two seconds* the half mile journey was completed and the engineer jumped out of his vehicle in the liveliest fashion to wish us the very best of the morning. The average of his speed—with a yawning gorge of seven hundred feet depth beneath him—was sixty miles an hour: his maximum velocity was one hundred and twenty miles!

Amazed, gratified, and amply satisfied at the various phases of this first exhibition of the Du Toit's Kloof Tramway—and breakfast of course disposed of—we prepared to sally forth on our mountaineering expedition. The steeds supplied to us for the journey if not very much to look at were good ones to go, that is to say, along the steep precipices and wild defiles through which we had to pass—sticking to horse-back so long as one could, or scrambling on hands and feet where that was impossible—from our departure at half-past seven in the morning to our return at five in the afternoon. Horses for service of this sort must be as to the manner born, and furnished moreover with cruppers and breast-belts of the most reliable character. Mounted thus—and for our mount I should here state that we were indebted to Mr. Dodgen, for horses of the kind required are not to be had in Wellington or from the farms around for love or money—we commenced the steep ascent, and in due course achieved the summit. The scenery from this point—as all along the rise—was charming in the extreme; but any attempt at a description of it may best be reserved until our return. As we approach the "Nek," the single wire cable, already described, gives place to quite another arrangement. Instead of a long suspended cable swung across a yawning chasm, we have a succession of what are technically called "posts," but in reality are scaffoldings of wood ordinarily, about 200 feet but in many cases as much as 600 feet apart, and varying in height according to the nature of the ground from some ten feet to sixty feet. To give some idea of the height and strength of these "posts," I may mention that one of them consists of no fewer than nine hundred cubic feet of timber. Across the posts, which are arranged at regular gradients, strong bars are placed with pullies attached to each end along which an endless wire rope several miles in length is driven by one or more fixed steam engines at a speed of four miles an hour. To this perpetually circling rope—a little less than two inches in circumference—the ore-carrying buckets, with weights from 100 to 120 lbs., are attached by a sort of

India-rubber cushioned saddle, the friction power of which is sufficient to prevent any slipping off at a gradient even of one in six. As the wire rope thus advances continuously on the one side of the posts, the bucketfuls of ore move on in quick succession along with it—passing over the pulley wheels at each post without the slightest hitch by a mechanical arrangement as effective as it is simple. It would require a diagram to explain it properly, but I think it may, at least to some extent, be understood when I say that the flanges of the pulleys are bevelled so as to fit into a second set of ridges in the India rubber saddle cushions already referred to; and that the bucket weight on reaching a post is thus caught up from the moving rope by the revolving wheel and gently dropped by it on to the steadily advancing wire on the other side. While thus the laden boxes are sped along one side of the moving tramway in whatever numbers may be required from the Mine to the Station, the “empties” are being returned at the same time and, of course, with precisely equal speed from the station to the mine—the number at present in use on the double journey being one hundred, though twice as many might with perfect ease be employed. So much of the system we can understand as we scramble up the summit slope two thousand feet in height, and before we get our first glance at the magnificent Alpine scenery beyond, which now bursts upon our view. Immediately before us is the Du Toit's Kloof—of which we had heard so much—a long, winding, woody, and picturesque Highland glen, with a meandering “burn” strengthening into a mountain stream, not “following its own sweet will,” but forcing its impetuous sweep into the distant Breede River, in the Worcester Valley, some five and twenty miles away. As we commence this descent into the glen our leader Mr. Dickson assures us that shortly he will show us one of the most magnificent bits of scenery in South Africa. What we have seen, so far, prepares us for the expected gratification. Advancing by ugly descents—in the course of which we cannot sufficiently admire the sure footedness of our practised steeds—in the far distant front, we have gradually rising a diadem of snow-clad Alpine heights, the very look of which conveys the sense of the Alpine gales then blowing over them. To the left, we have first on the breezy heights the grassy summit whence the Witte River is made to divide its abundant supply between the natural course towards Bain's Kloof and the artificial one constructed for the supply of the engine in Du Toit's Kloof. Still further on, and while descending lower into the glen, and as the snow-clad heights of the distant verge of our horizon extend into wider amplitude and swell into Swiss-like magnificence, our leader calls our attention, for the first time to the Waterfall which, on our left, just now begins to exhibit itself in the most modest guise and most retiring fashion. Bit by bit its picturesque beauties are successively revealed, until finally, when in full front, it shows itself forth as a series of banded cascades, leaping in silvery brightness from ledge to ledge down a serried slope of



something like a thousand feet into the quietly rolling waters of the stream below. I have seen the Drakenstein Waterfall with its one bounding leap of four hundred feet into the dark wood-girt tarn beneath. I have seen the Umgeni Falls at Howick, in Natal, where the Umgeni in one strong stream "raves ceaselessly" into the winding gorge three hundred feet below, affording a miniature, even if "counterfeit," presentment of Niagara itself. I would not compare this succession of waterfalls in Du Toit's Kloof with those either of Drakenstein or Natal, but when they are to be seen in full flood, I would commend them to the appreciation of any lover of the picturesque and beautiful, quite as much as anything I know or have heard of on this side of the Zambesi. To the right we have a continuous range of rugged ridges along the slopes of which, and on to the remote precipice known as the Platform some thousand feet above, we observe the chain of tramway "posts" still winding away in the distance. But by this time we are approaching the end of our first long "tether" of rope worked by the first engine on the Nek of the Kloof, and we come to the shunt where, by a simple contrivance, the ore-laden buckets, brought so far on the next long rope from the mine itself, are passed or jerked across for their further journey; and about a mile away we come to the second engine which appears to be in every respect a duplicate of the first. As we arrive it is set in motion and we have an opportunity of seeing the full machinery at work now for the first time, and regular trains of manganese buckets advancing from the mountain with the corresponding empties on their journey back. Here, however, the rope is stouter than before, for the spans are larger, at times 1,000 feet, and the ravines of course deeper, in one instance to the extent of 400 feet below the wire, while the ascending gradient in places is one in six. As we approach towards the Platform already mentioned, new changes of wildly grand scenery open upon our view. To the left, Du Toit's Kloof is succeeded by a magnificent Highland "Strath" well wooded and well watered—through the further "poort" of which opening to the Goudini, we see the Hex River Mountain beyond Worcester. In the far front the snow-clad heights, stand out more grandly than ever, while to the right a series of wild, desolate, rocky gorges radiate away among the tumultuous sea or mountains between the French Hoek Pass and the Boschesveld. Meanwhile, however, we are pointed in the immediate foreground, to a mountain brow a mile away with a yawning gulf one thousand feet in depth between. On that brow, apparently so inaccessible, the manganese ore appears in dark ridges, unmistakable even at that distance; and from it to the platform on which we stand the transport of the stuff is made by a box similar to that described before at the Station below, and driven along a fixed cable *eleven hundred yards* in length, the motion being communicated from a stationary engine two miles away. The "sag" of this cable in the mid-distance is 300 feet below the level of both ends, and the depth of the abyss below

that sag is very close upon one thousand feet! Looking at the moving box from the dizzy heights above it, we can hardly distinguish it in its course. Seen, as it afterwards was, from the depth below, it appeared like a bird, hardly discernible, poised high in the azure sky. Scrambling as best we could by awkward, weary paths, we avoided this chasm, and, by a circuitous route, contrived to reach the scene of the mining operations on the mountain opposite. Nothing could be simpler of their kind. The matrix rock is sandstone of course, as it is in all the mountains round; but at this particular spot it is to quite an extraordinary degree impregnated and permeated with manganese and iron. The most striking peculiarity, however, is that, apart from these streakings and patchings of ore at irregular intervals and distances, there are two vertical bands, parallel, in contact, and yet perfectly distinct, of the finest iron ore (hæmatite), and of the richest manganese. We trace this in precisely the same direction, and with equal width—for the manganese of about five feet—to an out-cropping upwards of half a mile down the slope on the further side of the mountain, while with glasses we could distinctly recognise it still in the same line on the opposite side of the kloof, extending far beyond. The quantity of ore available is thus practically inexhaustible; and the only processes necessary in the manipulation of it are the very common and simple ones of blasting and cobbing. Some twelve hundred tons had already been prepared, but that was merely the commencement. In an interesting sketch of a visit made to this spot some years ago, and published in this *Magazine*, I find the writer describing the scene thus:—"Here the manganese had been forced up, and presented the appearance of the back-bone of a fabulous monster. There could not be the slightest doubt that the whole mass had once been in another state. Here and there the ore had trickled down and had left a string of drops. In other places mimic caves and grottoes showed the contractions which must have taken place in the cooling of the molten mass." The description is alike vivid and accurate, but the theory is untenable. The "trickling" and "mimic caves and grottoes" are not the results of igneous fusion, but of crystallisations or segregation from solution, as "C.B.E." would be satisfied at a glance if he had seen with me the rounded and broken pebbles of pure silica imbedded in the ore. But the day is far advancing, and we have the long return journey yet before us, and we linger at the mine only to gather some particulars from the thirty or forty men there at work under the direction of a well-known experienced miner, Mr. Thomas. Nothing can be finer than the qualities of ore presented, both of the "velvet" kind and the brightly streaked crystalline sort—some of the best qualities of which will reach as high a price as some £9 a ton. Here, too, we form some notion of the immense mechanical difficulties which had to be overcome in getting all the heavy gear of the tramway into its position on the mountain. The last fixed cable itself, for example, was four and-a-half tons in weight, and had to be

uncoiled and coiled successively by hand in bights, snake fashion, to be swung across the glen as now. So also with the engines, the difficulty was enormous. One of them, with the wagon on which it rested, weighed seven tons, and was pulled over the severest passes by continuous application of blocks and tackle. Altogether, we were not surprised to learn that at times no fewer than one hundred men were engaged on the work, or that the cost of it amounted, as already mentioned, to £12,000. The engineer in charge, Mr. Kirby, was sent out expressly by the London company who supplied the tramway, and great credit is due to him for the successful way in which he has finished his work. No less credit is due to the Mr. Dodgen already mentioned, whose pluck and resource in facing and overcoming difficulties seem to have been quite exhaustless. It has been stated already that a system of telegraphic communication is provided along the line. Nothing could be simpler than the arrangement for this. A double wire is attached along the chain of "posts," and at each engine station a galvanic battery with induction coil arrangement working a signal bell is placed. The simple plan of throwing a wire across the double line at any point whence it may be desirable to direct the engineer to stop, establishes a galvanic circuit from that point, and the signal is given accordingly. But I find that the space at my disposal is exhausted and this paper must abruptly close. Our return from the Mine was by a different route from our ascent and one which served to show the commingled beauties and grandeur of Du Toit's Kloof more than before. Here we had opportunities of observing the flora of which the following notes will serve to give some idea :—

Bulbs are numerous. Amaryllids are well represented; *Brunsvigia josephina* and *B. multiflora* are found here. Several species of *Watsonia* are frequent. The ubiquitous *Compositæ* occur in every form. Ferns are not so numerous as might be expected in such locality. *Asplenium furcatum*; *Mohria thurifraga*; *Cetrach capensis*; a *Lomaria* and two species of *Cheilanthes* were met with. Doubtless there are many more filices, in many forms, in this kloof to reward the collector and botanist. Succulent plants are rare; a few species of *Mesembrianthemums* and *Crassula* were observed. Sundews—*Drosera*—occur numerous, wherever moisture is present and at all elevations., "upon the mountain's brow, upon the flowery lea," on the Cape Flats a few feet above high water mark, and on mountains 5,000 feet high. The *Droseras* are, as the intelligent reader is aware, insectivorous plants. There are many species found at the Cape. The most common is *D. cistiflora*, the most beautiful of all the Cape species. *Proteaceæ* are plentiful. *Leucadendron abietinum*, *Protea Lepidocarpon*, *P. mellifera*, *P. melaleuca*, and *P. cynaroides*, and several species of *Serruria* also occur. The "Wagonboom"—*Protea grandiflora*—is very abundant and of larger dimensions than is to be met with anywhere else in the colony. The dimensions of several specimens lately cut

down could not be less than nine feet in circumference. Orchids were not observed. Several species of *Erica* (eight species were gathered in flower during this short and hasty visit), are found in great beauty at this season. *E. fastigiata* and *E. ventricosa* the most lovely. Grasses, *Cyperaceæ*, and other families and genera occur in usual habitats. The species indicated in this sketch are not given as the entire botany of Du Toit's Kloof. The visit was for a special purpose, and only those species met with on the route are indicated. As before stated in the case of Filices, there is a rich field of botanical discovery in this beautiful and enticing kloof to reward the collector and botanist.

As we emerge on the summit of the Nek the view before us was incomparable. The eye, delighted and satiated with scenes of wildest grandeur and magnificent sequestered solitude in those kloofs and glens behind us, now rested on the finest expanse of cultivated country in South Africa, and seldom to be surpassed in any portion of the world. On the remotest verge westward the sea is seen; and all the country intervening fresh and fair with ripening corn-fields; while the Berg River meanders through it, gleaming in the descending sun. Northward the same cultivation extends to the distant ranges of Piquetberg and Piquenier on the borders of Clanwilliam, while Reebeek's Kasteel stands out in the middle with castellated rampart like front worthy of its name. From this point too we can observe the course by which it had been proposed to construct a railway through Du Toit's Kloof to Worcester, instead of the detour by Tulbagh. It is very certain that with the exception of a tunnel near the summit the engineering difficulties would not be great, while by commencing the ascent near the Paarl the gradients would not be heavy. But considering the utter wildness of the one route—absolutely unproductive save of manganese as it is throughout its length to the Goudini—and the comparatively dense population and successful village along the other route, I think there can be no doubt that the authorities decided wisely in the selection they then made.

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# THE CAPE MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

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## South African Natives.

FROM A UTILITARIAN POINT OF VIEW.

To those who are honestly interested in the welfare, present and future, of this Colony, but little apology need be made for expatiating on the native races of South Africa. And if the few following crude remarks are untinged with any bias of political opinions, that will not be their least favourable recommendation to many who are seldom able, from the circumstances of their position, or from long contracted habits of thought, to escape from a vein of politics when reflecting upon native affairs and all the important considerations connected with the relations of the various classes of the aborigines of this country to the colonists and to each other. That such considerations are of the highest importance none can doubt, and it is questionable whether any subject demands deeper attention or calls for higher exercises of wisdom and prudence in South Africa than the adjustment of all those complicated questions arising out of our contact and connection with so many varieties and such large numbers of native tribes, both within and without the colonial boundaries. This paper merely puts together a few superficial reflections on this subject for the information and amusement of the *dilettante* reader; it offers no new suggestions to the colonial statesman, still less does it profess to solve political problems.

Not to enter too closely into ethnological details, which however scientifically desirable, would only weary the reader, the native races of South Africa, with which, at present, we find ourselves more immediately in contact, may conveniently be divided into four great classes: the Hottentots, the Kafirs, the Zulus, and the Bechuanas. Amongst the Hottentots we include for the present, Bushmen, Namaquas, Damaras, Korannas and Griquas. By Kafirs (as distinct from Zulus,) we mean such members of the great tribes speaking the wide-spread Bantu languages, as are found within the Eastern Frontiers of the Colony, such as the Gaikas, Fingoes, Tembookies, &c., or beyond them as far as the Umzimkulu River, the S.W. boundary of Natal, such as the Gcalekas, Amaxosa, Pandomise, Pondos,

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Griquas, &c. Amongst Zulus we include the Amazwazi, Matebele, Makwapa, and other such tribes. Whilst, in the like generalizing manner, by Bechuanas we understand the Basutos, Barolongs, Bamangwatu, Bangwaketse, Banyai, &c. And here at once, at the outset, we cannot fail to observe, from a mere preliminary statement of the outlines of these great tribal divisions, how very numerous they are ; and into what almost endless ramifications the subdivision might be carried, were it persistently pursued, in an exhaustive manner, so as to specify and include all the various races, tribes and clans which make up the vast population of South African natives with whom, from Cape Town to the Limpopo, the white man comes into more or less immediate contact every day. It is not however to numbers and varieties I would so much at present direct attention, as to habits and characteristics of mind and manners ; and what could be more diverse than these, as exhibited by the four great sections into which, for the sake of a somewhat slovenly convenience, I have roughly divided the natives of South Africa ? What greater contrast could there be than between the Hottentot and the Kafir, or between the Kafir and Bechuana ? The Hottentot, sly, cunning, cringing, cowardly ; the Kafir, bold, haughty, proud, and imperious. The Hottentot, weak, small-limbed, and insignificant in stature ; the Kafir, powerful, well-built, and of noble presence ; the Zulu, tall, quick, active, fearless, and warlike ; the Bechuana, short, slow, timid, cautious and prudent.

The fact is, that one of the greatest difficulties we experience here in dealing with the natives, arises from this immense variety in their tribal characteristics, temperament, and habits. Nor is this confined to the consideration of the native question alone, but in general terms it may be stated that one of the chief difficulties in dealing with matters political, social, or religious, in South Africa, arises from the great variety of elements with which we have to do, in the many different nationalities of which the population, both white and coloured, is composed.

The writer of this paper came to the Colony in 1853 from England. Since that time he has spent by far the greater portion of the twenty-two years which have elapsed, amongst the native races, in almost all parts of South Africa, East and West, both within and without the boundaries of the Cape Colony, excepting only Natal ; and it will be most convenient, perhaps, as well as for him the most natural order, if he treats of the four great tribal divisions above referred to in the order in which during the progress of his travels he became acquainted with them.

And first, the Hottentot tribes. Socially and politically the Hottentots, low and degraded as they are, (for amongst them I have included the Bushmen) have been very deeply and vitally affected by contact with the white man, perhaps more so up to the present time than any other of the native races here ; which may be attributed no doubt to their having been, from geographical position,

far longer in immediate contact with the colonists than any other tribe ; but if we inquire what effect this has had upon them, whether for good or for evil, I fear not much can be said in their favour. They have acquired the vices with but few of the virtues of our civilization ; and morally as well as physically, I suppose, they cannot but be classed at the bottom of the list of those who have been beneficially affected by inter-communication with the South African colonists. At Khamiesberg, 'Kamaggas, Steinkopf, and Pella, in Little, and at Nisbett-Bath, Bethany, Rehoboth, &c., in Great Namaqualand, there may be seen the results of many long years of devoted missionary labour amongst these people ; yet, even in my day there were to be found amongst the heathen, members of these tribes, men and women, fifty years old, who had never washed themselves, so it is believed, since they were born ! Socially the Hottentots have had but little organization at any period of their history, but, being naturally of an imitative disposition, they would have made greater progress in this direction, had not the general character of their habits tended rather towards disintegration than towards centralization. Politically these people have apparently never had any more complete system than is indicated by the simple relations of hereditary chieftainship, without intermediate inferior authority and without any generally recognized code of laws ; nor have they, like some other South African tribes, as will appear in the sequel, any strong desire for forms of government based upon electoral representative principles. Religiously, though for many years the voice of the missionary fell upon hardened hearts unwilling to receive the truths of the Gospel, yet considerable progress has now been made, though not equal to what had been expected ; nor are converts found so steadfast and staunch as they frequently are when they have been originally won with difficulty.

The Kafir tribes are immensely superior, both physically and intellectually, to any, even the very best, of the Hottentots ; so much so indeed that, to one who has never been brought into contact with Kafirs, but only with Hottentots, it would be simply impossible to form any idea of what the former are like, judging merely from a knowledge of the latter. The Kafir is nearly as superior to the Hottentot as the Athenian or the Spartan was to the dull Bœotian. Tall and powerful in stature, graceful in limb, intelligent in mien, proud as Lucifer, the Kafir treads his native soil with haughty stride, and marks himself, by his undaunted bearing, the scion of a warrior race. Socially also his manner of life is far in advance of the Hottentot, and his frank, open manner, the usual concomitant of a bold heart and ready hand, makes him very soon at home with his white brother, the colonist. Morally, though on this score of course there is not much to choose between any of the native tribes who have not been considerably influenced by religious teaching, the Kafir is superior to the Hottentot ; and when he falls, but seldom reaches those "deeper depths" into which an abandoned member of the

latter race too often sinks. Politically, the Kafir is far in advance of the Hottentot. He has an organized form of government, a general council for the management of the domestic and foreign policy of the tribe, sub-councils for the adjustment of municipal, and headmen for that of private personal affairs. The hereditary chief, though nominally absolute, is practically restrained, to a large and ever increasing extent, by the traditional laws and customs of the tribe, and by the precedents arising from the administration of his ancestry and former chiefs, his predecessors in office. Religiously, the Kafirs are not one whit better than the Hottentots, unless it be that their wild fables of sorcery wrought by the spirits of their "imishologu" (or departed heroes) are cast in a superior mould, and have somewhat more of relevancy and coherence than similar superstitions amongst the Hottentots. As to the effect of Christianity upon the Kafirs, it cannot be said to have been at all adequate to the vast efforts which have been made by the great band of devoted and able missionaries who have laboured amongst them for the last fifty years. It is true that here and there great and glorious results have been attained, and the condition of thousands of these benighted heathen has been elevated and ennobled; nevertheless it remains true, *on the whole*, that taken in the aggregate, and respect being had to their vast numbers, the Kafirs have not, *as a nation*, received the Gospel. Pride, self-will, cruelty, aversion to change, the absence of imitateness, and a strongly martial spirit, have probably combined to prevent their closing more readily and generally with the terms of a religion which is founded on principles of humility, self-denial, mercy, and peace. Whether this will long continue to be the case, is matter for reflection and observation. Personally, I am inclined to think that a crisis has now come in the religious history of the Kafir race. The devotion and remarkable vigour of faith with which Major Malan, Dr. Stewart, Mr. Hargreaves, and other earnest workers in the mission field of Kaffraria are now exerting themselves to redoubled efforts in spiritual conflict with the strongholds of heathenism amongst these people, cannot but be regarded with the most lively interest. It remains to be seen what will be the result. If the Kafirs reasonably respond to the appeals now being made to them, a great future may be before them, and they may become a people honourable to themselves and useful to us; otherwise, I do not anticipate that, with their peculiar turn of character and disposition, they will do more than remain, as they have so long been, a trouble and source of annoyance to us, and the victims of the many vices which they too readily extract from the worst aspects of civilization, leaving the higher and nobler portion of it a record of their own indomitable aversion to peace and industry, to purity and truth. In that case, (which God forefend) they will eventually pass away, by the slow but sure process of self-indulgence and self-destruction. For tribes of this kind, brought into immediate contact with an advancing and aggressive civilization such as ours, there can be no



middle course, no period of stagnation. Either they must progress, improve, develop from a lower towards a higher state and condition, or else they must recede, fall back, and gradually disappear before the energy and self-assertion of a superior and ever increasing dominant race. Numerically, the Kafirs are enormously in excess of the Hottentot tribes; though in their turn they are largely exceeded in numbers by the Zulus and by the Bechuanas.

Of the Zulus, I am not at present in a position to speak so fully and confidently as I may of other African races. Though not altogether unacquainted personally with the Zulus, I have never lived amongst them as I have lived amongst the other tribes. But I have read much about them, talked much about them, with men of experience and ability who know them well both in Natal and in the countries beyond, such as Cetywayo's country and that of the Amazwazi, Makwapa, &c. Physically, they are not such fine, powerful, able-bodied men as the Kafirs, their whole physique being cast in a lighter and more delicate mould. They are, however, active, lithe, and enduring—proud, warlike, and courageous—restless and aggressive. In mental capacity they are equal to the Kafirs, if not superior, and far quicker. Socially, they are exceedingly gregarious, not easily induced to copy any of the habits and practices of our modern civilization, saving always such bad ones as barbarians generally do copy readily enough, to their own shame and disgrace, and to our discomfiture. Even this, however, has not obtained to the same extent amongst them as it has amongst the Kafirs and Hottentots; partly because, from the small number of the white population in Natal, as compared with the coloured, the Zulus, whose numbers are so largely in excess, have not had the same close, personal, individual communication and contact with the white man as the Kafirs and Hottentots of the Cape Colony, and partly because the form of administration under which they have lived in Natal has not been such as to affect their personal habits and customs so much as those of the Kafirs and Hottentots have been affected by the administration of native affairs in the Cape Colony. They have been left more to themselves in these matters, and they are comparatively little influenced, whether for good or for evil, by the civilization and customs of the white man. Politically, the Zulus have much the same tribal and domestic organization as the Kafirs; nor are they a whit less keen in their appreciation of the methods of government which obtain amongst them for the settlement both of public affairs and private rights. Religiously, I am not, at the present moment, in a position to speak with authority concerning their condition; but, as far as I can learn, I apprehend it to be not very dissimilar from that of the Kafirs. Numerically, the Zulus are superior to the last-named race, and they occupy nearly the whole of the coastlands to at least a depth of 100 miles, from the Umzimkulu River (S.W. boundary of Natal), right up to the Zambezi. It cannot but be regarded as a matter of the

greatest moment that these vast hordes of savages should be as soon as possible brought under some such influences—social, political, and religious—as may secure their own highest advantage, and the well-being and security of Natal and the Transvaal.

Lastly, the Bechuanas claim our attention, and here let me at once say that a remarkable change of scene takes place. Though often in contact with the Kafir, the Zulu, and the Hottentot, and for centuries a member of the South African family of tribes, the Bechuana differs from them all in a singular and unaccountable manner. Mild and docile, tractable and peaceful, addicted to the cultivation of the soil, and averse to the nomad, restless, predatory habits of the other tribes around them, the Bechuanas are more like the Fingoes than the Kafirs, though vastly superior to either in mental capacity, social customs, political organization, and religious tendencies. Of these Bechuana tribes, take the Basutos, for instance, *et ex uno disce omnes*. The Basutos have produced the most remarkable and celebrated chief that ever lived in the history of South Africa,—the great chief Moshesh. The enlightened ideas and statesmanlike views of that man were not only the wonder of all the great Zulu and Kafir chiefs with whom he had such extended relations, but also of the English Governors and military officers, Dutch Presidents, and French missionaries, with whom in the course of a very long and eventful life he so frequently came into contact. The Basutos have long had a very advanced system of tribal and municipal government. Their chiefs (who are hereditary, rule supreme, but not nearly so despotically or cruelly as the Kafir or the Zulu chiefs, for they are much restrained by the powers of the “Lekhotla” or council of old and experienced headmen, whose decision is taken by majorities, and whose counsels are allowed, and as a rule obtain, far more consideration than they do amongst the other native tribes, especially in cases where the wishes of the chief are at variance with the decision of his councillors. Then there is the “Pitso,” or public national assembly, for the discussion and decision of large affairs affecting the well-being and condition of the whole commonwealth or tribe, whether as regards internal administration or foreign relations to other tribes. This assembly has, as it were, a semi-representative organization and power, whereby the voice of the most insignificant person in the tribe has equal consideration with that of the most important; and the privilege of this parliament is so great that I have often heard some of the common people at such meetings (of two or three thousand Basutos) upbraid, blame, and censure the paramount and other principal chiefs when necessary, in the broadest and most taunting manner imaginable, until indeed I have sometimes wondered that chiefs, who (like all human and despotic rulers) are not very tolerant, under ordinary circumstances, of fault-finding when they themselves are the objects of blame, have not resented the biting sarcasms or severe accusations brought against

them by people whom they might easily, if inclined to do so, have crushed with a nod ; and yet I am not aware of such resentment having ever been allowed to find expression, either in word or deed, so long as our acquaintance with this very interesting tribe has lasted, from the period of their being first evangelized by the able and devoted French Protestant missionaries (Arbousset, Casalis, &c.) forty years ago down to the present day.

Such institutions as those I have just described (the Pitso and the Lekhotla) point to a decided taste for, and appreciation of, political and social organization ; and this has been further evinced by the singular fact that already, though we have only very lately received the Basutos under our rule, they have expressed to the government officers placed over them in Basutoland a desire to receive electoral privileges, and to be represented in the Cape Parliament by members of their own election. Though our contact with the Kafirs and Zulus has been of such very much older date than that with the Basutos, neither of these races have as yet evinced any appreciation or comprehension of political privileges or any desire to enjoy them. Morally and socially too the Basutos are far superior to the Hottentots, Kafirs, and Zulus. Their internal domestic and household arrangements ; their separation of the unmarried young men and women in two different parts of the kraals at night ; their providing themselves with a change of blanket or kaross for sleeping purposes, as distinct from that which they wear during the daytime ; their extreme cleanliness of hut and of person, by frequent sweeping out of the former and ablution of the latter ; their keeping all animals, such as pigs, fowls, &c., out of their huts instead of allowing them to reduce the huts both by day and night to a state of squalor and filth, as other native tribes do,—all these and many other traits of social and domestic life which I might enumerate, did time and space permit, point to the great superiority of the Basuto over the Hottentot, Kafir, or Zulu. And then, religiously, the Basutos have *as a nation* received the Gospel ; not that the whole tribe is converted, or even a majority of its members, but at least ten thousand souls have opened a willing ear, while many thousands of them have opened a still more ready heart to receive the truths so faithfully and successfully proclaimed by the admirable men who are now labouring amongst them, missionaries of the Paris Evangelical Society, such as Messrs. Mabile, Casalis, Maitin, Coillard, and other equally talented and devoted men. And so great has the influence of this religious teaching been upon the Basutos, that even *the heathen*, throughout the whole length and breadth of Basutoland (at least 120,000 in number), bear testimony to its power *by voluntarily abstaining from all manner of work on the Sabbath Day*. Go where you will, throughout the length and breadth of that magnificent and picturesque country, and upon that hallowed day you will see neither man, woman, nor child, whether Christian or heathen, working at their ordinary avocation, as

all the heathen of every other tribe do throughout South Africa. This is a very remarkable fact, and, as far as I am aware, totally unparalleled in the case of any other native tribe in the world, and again, I repeat, the Basutos as a nation have received the Gospel; furthermore they are an industrious, hard working, thrifty people, fond of money and clothes and all the external (as well as more substantial) benefits of civilization. Now, though the Basutos may be a favourable example of the Bechuana race, yet, such as the Basutos are, such (more or less) in their general characteristics, are the whole of the Bechuana tribes, the Barolong, the Bamangwato, the Bahurutse, the Bangwaketse, the Banyai, and all the other large and powerful tribes which stretch in one great unbroken chain from the Orange River and the Wittebergen Reserve right up to the Zambezi. And what a vast population does not this represent! In numbers far more than either the Hottentots, the Kafirs, or the Zulus. What a future lies before such a people! For my part I look forward to the day when the great Bechuana tribes of Central South Africa will be *the* great leading representatives and conservators of all that is highest and noblest, brightest and best, in the character and prospects of the South African natives.

Vast sums of money and still greater treasures of life and labour, have been lavished upon all these different tribes, Hottentots, Kafirs, Zulus, and Bechuanas, for the purposes of religion and civilization. Those efforts are being redoubled to-day. No failures in the past, no opposition in the future, will be able to daunt the courage or paralyze the efforts of those who have set before themselves the glorious task of elevating and utilizing these enormous masses of at present useless humanity. In the forefront of the ranks of those who desire and labour for the improvement of these races is Dr. Dale, the able and experienced Superintendent-General of Education, and it is with no small degree of satisfaction and pleasure that the writer of these pages has remarked the sound, correct, practical views expounded by Dr. Dale, in various letters and pamphlets published by him from time to time during the last five years on the subject of native training and education, and particularly with reference to that utilitarian aspect of the matter which has reference to *technical* instruction. With him, I believe, and have no doubt all who know the native races well will believe, that the time has come when it is advisable, if we want to make the natives of South Africa a useful and intelligent people, to teach them not only religion and the elements of secular education, but also *trades*, whereby they may be able to find an honest livelihood, and make themselves useful to the colonists, and part and parcel of the producing power of the country. To effect this will require both patient and determined effort, as well as much money. To the various large schools and training institutions already established, will have to be added workshops, sheds and tools, and sober, industrious, first-class master tradesmen, such as shoemakers, carpenters, blacksmiths, wheelwrights, wagon builders,



&c. For a time expenses will be heavy, and returns slow and small. But by-and-bye these institutions will become self-supporting, and the body of skilled native artisans thus carefully trained and sent forth to earn their living amongst the colonists and amongst their own fellow countrymen, will not only permeate these dead masses of unproductive humanity with the leaven of knowledge and industry, but will prove a real boon in many an outlying district, where at present the unfortunate inhabitants have to travel enormous distances to get the simplest repairs effected to the most indispensable articles of civilized life. By these and other such means the natives amongst and beyond us, who are numbered by hundreds of thousands, must be lifted up from the low depths of sloth and uselessness, and emancipated from the thralldom of ignorance and idleness. They should be earnestly encouraged by all fair means to work, to make money, to wear clothes, to learn trades, and to attach themselves to and cultivate the soil to the best possible advantage. For these purposes they should receive every assistance that lies in our power, and we should none of us grudge in the meanwhile to draw upon our resources with large liberality, when such men as Dr. Dale, Dr. Stewart, the Rev. Bryce Ross, the French Protestant missionaries of Basutoland, the Rhenish missionaries of Namaqualand, the Bishop of St. John's (Transkei), and other faithful labourers in the field of education and religious training, come to us and say they want pecuniary assistance far more than mere sentiment and sympathy (though these are of no small value) to enable them to inaugurate, in a manner worthy of the occasion and of the age in which we live, that great scheme of industrial regeneration, from which so much may be expected in the future for the native races of South Africa.

H. E. R. B.

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### *The Flying Dutchman.*

A LEGEND OF THE CAPE.

What ship is this with all her canvas set,  
Her royals bent, and sailing head to wind,  
That o'er the waters, like a swift corvette,  
Flies fast and free—yet leaves no wake behind?

Why are her hull and masts so ghastly white;  
Her sails and cordage bleach'd like driven snow?  
What is that form that in this waning light  
Like some weird vision, wanders to and fro?

Who can he be, upon whose aged breast  
The fleecy beard and locks descend amain;  
Whose haggard face, of pallid, strange unrest,  
Proclaims him rack'd by long remorse and pain?

How can that ship drive onward head to wind ?  
 And rise triumphant o'er each tow'ring wave ?  
 Why is not she by Nature's laws confin'd ?  
 Why doom'd this fearful tempest thus to brave ?

Deep in the trough of this tremendous sea,  
 We dive below, then mount afar on high ;  
 Yet still that vessel rides upon our lee,  
 Nor heeds the grim waves rushing madly by !  
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Well may'st thou ask of me the fatal cause  
 That urges on that craft against the gale ;  
 Well may'st thou seek to know why Nature's laws  
 She laughs to scorn. Attend the awful tale.

Two hundred years ago that vessel sail'd  
 From Amsterdam for fair Batavia's strand.  
 High swell'd the captain's heart, for greed prevail'd  
 To tempt the sailor from his native land.

Stern Van der Decken knew no kind of fear,  
 But, rear'd in tempests, cradled on the sea,  
 His hardy spirit saw no danger near,  
 And shunn'd no peril, felt no jeopardy.

Well was he furnish'd with a reckless crew  
 Who joy'd in storms, whom naught could e'er affright ;  
 Whom dangers past had nerv'd for ventures new,  
 Who hail'd each peril as a fresh delight.

Well fared the voyage until the Cape was near'd,  
 When rose the wind and rent each straining sail.  
 Wild rav'd the storm ; the ship, no longer steer'd,  
 On mighty billows ran before the gale.

Week after week she toss'd about the Bay ;  
 Week after week she writh'd, a struggling mass.  
 The captain, furious at the long delay,  
 Was foil'd whene'er he tried the Cape to pass.

The Fiend of Hell espied him in that hour,  
 Suggesting darkly to his troubled soul,  
 To issue challenge to th' Almighty Power,  
 His course to stop or vessel to control.

Black was the bait, but, when by God forsook,  
 The heart of man falls headlong into sin.  
 With frantic yells th' appalling oath he took,  
 And loudly swore above the tempest's din :

" My destin'd course and resolute career,  
 The power of God I do defy to stay.  
 Nor shall the Fiend himself awake my fear,  
 Tho' I should cruise until the Judgment Day."

The awe-struck crew, with tearful, wond'ring eyes,  
Implor'd him to recall his challenge dread.

“Tempt not the God who rules these raging skies  
To launch His dreadful vengeance on thy head.”

He raised his hand, and louder, louder still,  
Defiant roar'd, with many a frantic yell :

“Him I defy before whose sovereign will  
Ye say that Heav'n falls prone, and trembles Hell ! ”

The oath repeated, and the damning deed  
Recorded in the mighty Book of Doom,  
The Angel of the Lord, with instant speed,  
Descended, thund'ring through the lurid gloom :

“Thy oath is heard and register'd on high—  
For ever roam this sea, by day and night,  
Until Jehovah's trump shall rend the sky,  
And He appear in judgment and in might.

“Henceforth a fearful vigil thou shalt keep,  
Without repose, while Time itself shall last.  
Aye toss'd about upon these surges deep,  
Within this ship, till even Time be past.

“Thy ship shall founder, but thy faithful crew,  
Who shrank before the words that burn'd thy breast,  
Although they sink shall future life renew  
Within the regions of the good and blest.”

Volley'd the thunder o'er the hapless ship,  
Invoking eager waves that, like a shroud,<sup>a</sup>  
Enwrapp'd her hull within their deadly grip,  
While angels sigh'd, and devils laugh'd aloud.

High o'er the storm that wild, triumphant yell  
Of jeering demons shook the firmament,  
As sank the doomèd men, who knew too well  
The fatal presage of its dire portent.

Thus they to bliss, but he to endless woes.  
While Time grows old that ghostly vessel rides  
With head to wind. Thro' storm and gale she goes  
Unharm'd, untouched, by gales or storms or tides.

Not ev'n in hell his weary soul may rest,  
But, doom'd to wander 'neath this angry sky,  
He yields obedience to the High Behest.  
Upon that sea wherein his corse doth lie.

## Andersson's Notes of Travel.\*

IN looking over these "Notes of Travel," one cannot but feel how inscrutable are the ways of Providence; and how many a man who, to all outward seeming, is a quiet, unassuming, inoffensive individual, may, under special circumstances, develop all the qualities of a great general, a fearless explorer, or a Christian martyr, in hours of peril and gloom.

Charles J. Andersson—the subject of this review—was no common man. Light and active in frame, his soul seemed to be too big for his body; and to his friends he was always a puzzle, for the extraordinary contrast between his neat and elegant exterior, and the rough and hardy performances described in his books. Brave as a lion, he was also as simple as a child; and in his dying moments there is a pathos that almost surpasses the closing hours of poor Livingstone, and which are too solemn and mournful to be reproduced here by extracts. Suffice it to say, that during his life he was always passionately fond of the chase and of natural history; and his editor, Mr. Lloyd, who is also a keen sportsman, bears loving testimony to his fondness for adventure and scientific pursuits.

As Mr. Andersson was married in this Colony, and his children are settled here, it may not be without interest to follow the strange experiences of this well-known traveller, whose earlier publications of "Lake Ngami" and the "Okovango River" had made him favourably known to an English public.

To fully understand the circumstances under which this volume was written, it may be necessary to inform the general reader that Mr. Andersson had been rendered a cripple for life by leading the Damaras on to victory against their tyrannical neighbours and oppressors, the Namaquas, who somehow managed to shoot him through the right leg with a spent ball, shattering the bones into many splinters, and rendering them useless for the rest of his life. The country where his trading station of Otjimbinque was established was overrun in his day with marauders of Hottentot origin and Bushman proclivities, levying black mail upon all travellers who dared to pass that way to the Portuguese settlements. Like the nomad tribes of American Indians, these vindictive wretches were ever on the war-path, plundering travellers, and stealing everything they could lay their hands upon; and yet it was necessary to conciliate them if a trader wished to pass unmolested with his flocks and herds.

"I had been settled about a year, not unprofitably, at Otjimbinque, when I found it necessary to try to dispose of some of the live stock acquired by my original purchase, as well as that afterwards obtained in exchange. Unfortunately the 'lung sickness' had by this time

\* NOTES OF TRAVEL IN SOUTH AFRICA. By the late Charles John Andersson. London, Hurst & Blackett, 1875.



acquired a fearful repute amongst the tribes bordering on Damaraland to the south, which had as yet been spared the curse; and it was currently believed that no person coming from any part of Africa would be permitted to pass through their territories with live stock, for fear of having their own also affected. However, as there had always been an acknowledged highway from time immemorial, and as the country was large enough to admit of a free passage to traders and travellers, without any particular danger or inconvenience to any one concerned; and above all, as the Europeans settled in Damaraland could not exist without a market for their produce, which consisted almost solely of cattle and sheep, I felt it necessary to have the matter at once and forever decided; and as I dared trust no one with this important mission, I determined to undertake the journey in person."

At this time Mr. Andersson was on a very friendly footing with all his neighbours, except the Namaquas, under their chief, David Christian; but eventually, through the action of this scoundrel, he was ruined in body and purse, and forced to spend the closing years of his life in the wilderness. To give some idea of the lawlessness with which white travellers are sometimes treated by these diminutive savages, take the following episode in the life of a hunter, where, in tracing up the spoor of some stolen stock, Mr. F. Green was cleverly drawn into an ambuscade:—

"They were quietly following on the spoor, when, suddenly turning the angle of a rock in an intricate passage, along which they had been for some time unsuspectingly winding their way, they found themselves in full view of a wretched village, and were at the same moment challenged by about fifty rascals completely hidden from view. Only a few women and children were visible about the tents, but, on looking towards the surrounding rocks whence the challenge had proceeded, they found them literally bristling with firearms, while they were unable to distinguish the form even of one of those in whose hands they were. On finding themselves thus fearfully entrapped—for even their retreat was cut off—my friends honestly confessed that they experienced a feeling of horror, and, had it been practicable, would probably have beat a precipitate retreat; but, though they might have done so with honour, the muzzles of guns, threateningly pointed at them from every nook and corner, prevented them from attempting it with safety. The hesitation and trepidation, however, were only momentary, for, finding escape impossible, the leader of the devoted little band, my brave friend, F. Green, ordered his followers to dismount, and, pulling out his pipe, coolly proceeded to fill and light it. This presence of mind in the face of imminent danger had the desired effect, and in a few minutes every volunteer was sending forth volumes of smoke from his clay bowl, thus hiding the temporary dismay by which they had been struck, and utterly dumbfounding the enemy by their temerity. To make a long story short, after endless questions, accompanied by menacing gesticulations

and angry threats, the foe gave in, and not only restored the cattle they had purloined, but entertained their unwelcome visitors hospitably !”

On his way to the paramount chief of the country, Christian Africaner, Mr. Andersson was placed in a very critical position by the action of a petty and most insolent chieftain, who stopped his right of way and treated him in the most cavalier fashion, so that he was obliged to shoot him like a dog.

“We had hardly outspanned and kindled a fire preparatory to our frugal meal, when the individual in question, a big, surly fellow, with the visage of a scoundrel, made his appearance. . . . It was evident that the ruffian had made up his mind beforehand to be troublesome—perhaps violent—reckoning, no doubt, upon his former success in that line, for he now burst forth in a torrent of abuse of the most scurrilous kind, and certainly uncalled for, as this, to the best of my belief, was the very first time we had met, and though I had frequently heard of his villainy, I had never injured him in deed or word.”

Seating himself on the pole of the wagon, and quietly folding his arms, Mr. Andersson allowed this rascal to go on with his abuse without answering him. At last, daring the scoundrel to interfere with him any further, he called for his trek oxen to be caught and yoked, and proceeded to clear out, but, unfortunately, not without molestation and violence.

“While I was stooping to undo the knee-halter with which my horse was secured, I saw my enemy deliberately walk up to where my saddle and gun were lying upon the ground, and possess himself of the bridle. This was a climax to his insolence which I could not endure ; but still keeping my temper, I went quietly up to the fellow and said, ‘Come, give me that bridle,’ at the same time laying my right hand on his shoulder, whilst with the left I seized the reins. To avoid losing his hold he stepped rather suddenly back, and, coming in violent contact with our cooking utensils, he rolled over on his back. But unwieldy as his carcass appeared to be, he was on his legs in a moment, striking me at the same time a fearful blow in the face, just about my eyes, with some hard and angular substance—whether it was the bit of the bridle, or a stone, I never knew. Be that as it may, I felt my face suffused with blood, and I was half stunned with the violence of the blow. Almost simultaneously I was laid hold of by three or four sturdy ruffians—his servants and backers, no doubt, in many a similar outrageous affray ; but having always possessed an extremely agile and somewhat muscular though slight frame, and having a hazy notion that I was in a somewhat desperate situation, I, with a violent and sudden effort, shook off both drowsiness and assailants, flinging the latter to some distance, and retreated precipitately towards my gun. My enemy perceived in a moment his fatal error, and now realised fully the nature of the man he had to deal with, and whom he had so grossly provoked and so unjustly assaulted.

He again rushed upon me wildly, his face contorted fearfully with passion, and with such a fiendlike expression in his eyes as I had never seen before. But quick as he was, he was too late to prevent me from accomplishing the object I had in view. I seized the gun, and in fewer moments than it would take to describe the horrible scene, the unfortunate man lay a corpse at my feet, never more to disturb or annoy inoffensive travellers."

Of course a wild scene of commotion followed upon this desperate act; and even his own men grew frightened at the consequences, and fled in terror. Shouting to these timid scamps to catch his oxen, and bidding his wife to place his spare gun handy to him, he boldly faced the foe, folded his arms, and defied them to do their worst.

"The sight that then met my eyes was not calculated to reassure me, or to give me any hope of escape from the trap into which I had fallen. My eyes fell on three men in a kneeling posture, within a distance of one hundred yards, taking each a deliberate aim at my exposed person. . . . After enduring several minutes—to me an age—of the most intense mental anguish—for the muzzles of the guns were constantly pointed at my breast—I saw, to my astonishment and inexpressible relief, the fellows rise from their threatening attitude and make off."

Ultimately he got out of this scrape, by boldly appealing to the Chief Africaner, who advised him, however, to clear out of the country so as to escape the "vendetta" that would otherwise pursue him, and, as the sequel will show, ultimately did do so, with success.

We now approach a period of his life at once the most painful, the most harassing, and the most fatal—fatal to his worldly and hard-earned possessions in the most complete sense, and all but fatal to his life. As it was, it left him a poor, useless cripple for the remainder of his existence.

After explaining the relations subsisting between the timid Damaras and their puny oppressors, the bellicose Namaquas, Mr. Andersson describes with great vigour and graphic power the story of the attack which he led in person on the "werft" or fortified "pah" of the Namaquas, under Henry Sex, a notorious Hottentot rogue, and the daring Jan Jonker. This was his army:—

"I found myself at the head of 2,000 men—a number which ultimately swelled to 3,000—a force which, if truly effective, would have enabled me to pass quickly from one end of Great Namaqualand to the other without much difficulty. But, alas! there were really comparatively few fighting men; the greater part was a mere rabble, come solely for the purpose of rapine and plunder, at once the curse and the vultures of an army. Moreover, we mustered only about 500 guns, half of which were utterly useless, many actually wanting a cock, a pan, a mainspring, or other equally important part. Nevertheless, there is something cheering in numbers, especially when contending with a savage and undisciplined enemy whom they serve to intimidate."

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"As soon as darkness had sufficiently set in so as to hide our operations, a forward movement was made. Judging from the fires seen from this point on the opposite range, the enemy was entrenched in three great parties, a considerable way up the face of the rock. To meet the emergency, I divided my men into as many divisions, appointing Mr. Green to that destined for the attack on the left, placing Haybittel with a second on my right, whilst I myself led the centre in person against what appeared to be the largest of their strongholds. Our plan was to make the attack at break of day, but the intervening distance not being very great, the final movement was delayed till about three o'clock in the morning, when I ordered a simultaneous advance of all the divisions, the distance that each had to go being nearly the same. As there was no longer any time to be lost, we rose and began the ascent, which in a very short time became exceedingly steep and laborious, considerably decreasing the eagerness of my followers. The goal, however, was reached without any accident or molestation just as the first streak of dawn appeared. I was the first man to leap into the 'werft,' where, to my disgust, instead of a numerous enemy, I only found some poor Berg Damaras. We had been fairly gulled, and I felt immeasurably disgusted accordingly."

After a few days spent in following up the enemy and studying his whereabouts, the Damaras, under the command of Mr. Andersson, reached the foot of a precipitous hill, where they found the Namaquas prepared to give them battle in real earnest. His dispositions were soon made.

"I saw at a glance that if the enemy were really ensconced amongst its passes and precipices—and I could not well doubt that such was the case—we should have tough work to dislodge them. For the first time I began to entertain some doubt of the success of our enterprise; but it was too late to think of this, and I felt certain that, were time given to the Damaras to fully realise the extent of our peril, we must utterly fail.

"Hastily scanning the face of the mountain, therefore, I soon perceived that the only tolerably accessible point was from about half way between where we were now stationed and the side that we had originally approached from, and I determined to make the first attack here."

Owing to some misconception of orders, the Damaras failed in making a diversion on the flank and rear, while the storming party were trying to climb the hill in front; and the consequence was that the leaders made for a gap or ravine, and Mr. Andersson incautiously approached within a few yards of the rocks where the sharpshooters of the enemy were lying, and concentrated their fire upon him alone, as, oddly enough, nobody else was hurt in the fight that now ensued.

"It was an awkward situation; the whole face of the hill for full a quarter of a mile seemed to present one vivid streak of fire, for nearly at the same moment there flashed forth from fully five hundred



guns and rifles a perfect hailstorm of bullets, which made me, strange as it may, perhaps, sound to the reader, exclaim, 'By heavens! balls are here as plentiful as blackberries are in my own native forests! And what was more strange, I was unhurt! But observing my unsupported condition, I was turning to seek some shelter from this unpleasant 'hail'-storm, when a second volley was poured upon me, and this time with more precision, for I was simultaneously struck by five balls—one grazing my left arm and elbow, a second carrying off the knuckle of the pointer finger on the right hand, a third dinting the stock of the rifle just under the little finger, a fourth carrying off the heel of one of my boots, while the fifth struck the right leg a little below the knee, laying me at once prostrate. The firing had now become general, and was very severe. At the lowest estimate, full twelve hundred small arms were then every two or three minutes belching forth smoke and fire, the rocks constantly echoing the reports. Again and again the cowardly villains poured volley after volley upon my devoted body as I was lying helplessly exposed to their fury; and it may hardly be credited, but nevertheless it is a fact, that they kept 'pelting' me incessantly with bullets for upwards of an hour."

Our space will not allow us to follow Mr. Andersson in his minute analysis of his own feelings as he lay there with his leg smashed, unable to roll over or gain shelter; while his own men stood so far away from him that when they fired their bullets fell short, and ploughed the ground all round him. Suffice it to say that his editor and biographer, who is also a soldier, thinks the description of all the incidents of the fight, passing under the eye of a wounded man, most interesting and worthy of record; and so do we.

As a specimen of the way in which natives fight, and quarrel over their booty, nothing could be more accurate and significant than some striking passages in these pages that we had marked for extract, but find ourselves compelled for want of space to exclude. They give a clue to the extraordinary love for firearms now manifested by the wild denizens of the interior, when we read such stirring accounts of the rivalries and bloodthirsty proceedings in the wilderness. and how completely a competent leader can secure an enormous following, if he has only guns enough for his army. But to return to our poor traveller after this horrid battle was over, and the enemy put to flight. Far from anything like efficient surgical aid, a comminuted compound fracture of both bones of the right leg, that under ordinary care would have soon been repaired, now became a source of most excruciating agony and anxiety to the wounded General. Can anything be more quietly pathetic and patient than this account of his sufferings?

"After many days of weary and painful travel, I was carried on a stretcher on men's shoulders, amid the most intense sufferings, at the mere remembrance of which I even now shudder, and arrived in safety in Barmen, the most northerly missionary station in Damara-

land, but in so exhausted a state that, had the journey lasted but another day, I must inevitably have perished. As it was, every one looked upon me as a dead man. . . . But I am not going to impose on my readers' patience by a recital of all that I suffered at this period. Let it suffice to say that, for several weeks—nay, almost months—my fate remained doubtful, pain of the severest kind never leaving me for a single moment; nay, there were moments when no human being had courage enough to witness my agonies, and to hear my heartrending cries. It seemed impossible for the human frame to sustain so much misery. God Almighty, Thou wert pleased to try me so severely; but, in Thy great mercy, Thou didst vouchsafe me also invariably strength and fortitude to bear with patience and humility Thy dread inflictions, and my almost more than human agonies. May I never forget Thy great mercy!"

Having been witness to these intense sufferings, borne with a smiling face and Christian fortitude by Mr. Andersson while under subsequent surgical treatment in Cape Town, we can endorse every word of this prayer, and appreciate the value of the testimony that he here records to the care and attention bestowed upon him by all his friends and attendants, who were anxious to expedite his cure. Never was there a more grateful patient, never a more uncomplaining martyr to the pangs of half-maddening pain, during the gradual removal of over seventy splinters of bone. In fact, he bitterly regrets that he did not follow the advice of his medical attendant, Dr. Ross, backed up by the authority of Mr. John Birkett, of Guy's, who both counselled amputation and the use of an artificial limb. Other doctors, however, thought differently of the case—as they generally do—and so they decided to let well alone, but at terrible cost to his further comfort or natural sleep, of which he stood so much in want.

"I scarcely knew whether to be pleased or disappointed with the result of the consultation, for, even should I ever be able to walk, it would be in such a crippled way as to preclude an active life in future; and I had heard so much of the excellence and superiority of artificial legs and arms over the deformed natural limbs, that I felt half inclined to have insisted upon amputation, with a view of verifying or falsifying such reports. But it was not to be. It is true I am now able to hobble about in a way, but it is only with pain and inconvenience that I can accomplish even a few hundred yards. And before I arrived at this indifferent result I had to suffer the most severe pain for many months; indeed, nearly two years elapsed before I could dispense with crutches, and I have never been able to do without a stick. Three and a half inches of the large bone, and about half as much of the smaller, have been lost—removed, as already stated, in upwards of seventy pieces and splinters. The deficiency in the length of the leg is tolerably compensated for by an artificial cork and leather boot, constructed for me by Mr. Edwardes, of Plein-street, Cape Town; but no remedy has as yet been found for its other deformities, which are the real causes of my not being able to walk."

We have been somewhat minute in dwelling on the nature of Andersson's infirmities consequent on this wound, so as better to illustrate the marvellous energy and intrepid spirit of a man who, at the early age of forty, thus found himself crippled for life, and yet stuck to his travels and love for adventure.

Instead of seeking for some sedentary employment, for which his love of science and his taste for natural history would have fully qualified him, and rendered him a valuable assistant to the local museums of the Colony, he thought of nothing, night and day, but how soon he could be on horseback and abroad again, so as to make adequate provision for his large family and for his creditors in Cape Town.

Accordingly, in spite of all remonstrances, he determined to return to Damaraland, where he was well known and fully trusted.

"Of course there were now serious drawbacks which had not existed in the first instance, but I had been so accustomed to battle with troubles and difficulties of all kinds, that it requires a good deal to turn me from my purpose when once I have made up my mind to do a thing. My wife, however, was quite angry with me when first I broached the subject to her. 'It was simply madness to think of it,' she said; and my medical attendant was pretty much of the same opinion. In my weak state of health, and with a leg only partially healed, he considered I should run too much risk. But I thought otherwise. The faculty had been able to do little or nothing to alleviate my sufferings, though they had done everything that kindness, close attention, and skill could apparently do. I had an idea that a return to old scenes and occupations, as well as to the air that had agreed so well with me for such a number of years, could not fail to prove beneficial. And when I argued this with another surgical friend (the late Dr. Laing), he quickly remarked, 'You cannot do better. There are times when a man may be allowed to be his own physician, and your case is probably such a one.' This settled the question."

As the sequel will show, nothing could have been more unfortunate than this resolution. It would have been far better to have taken passage to England to see his friends Birkett and Ferguson, and have an artificial limb made for him. But he was very poor, and his pride revolted at asking for favours from anyone; so, on the 2nd May, 1865, he again turned his face to the wilderness, accompanied by two Swedes—Captain Een and an invaluable lad, Axel, of whom he never fails to write in the highest strain of praise and affection, and who alone was with him at the last.

His description of the countries passed through while gradually working his way to the Portuguese settlements to the north of the Cunene, and his graphic pictures of the lawless and marauding tribes who desolate some of the fairest provinces of the interior, are in every way worthy of repeated perusal. After a series of exciting adventures—worthy of the pen of Captain Mayne Reid—with elephants,

leopards, and natives, Mr. Andersson reached, on the last day of the year 1865—on his journey from Otjimbingue to Ondonga—the station of Jacongava, where he took it into his head to ascend “Sugar Loaf” Peak, a height—in many parts quite perpendicular—of not less than from 1,200 to 1,500 feet above the plain, in order to map the country. Well may he remark:—

“Prodigious exertions, considering my crippled condition! But the sight one gets from the top of this lofty hill is worthy of some trouble and pains; in fact, Damaraland, at least this portion of it here, lies like a map spread out at one’s feet. It affords unquestionably the best view of the country of all the numerous hills that I have ascended. I trust only I shall not feel the effects to-morrow.”

In January the heavy rains set in, inundating the whole country and generating fever, so that he lost many of his native followers. In February he entered Ovampoland and the glorious scenery of Ondonga, where he found, in spite of the bloody civil wars that had swept like a hurricane over its quiet rural beauties, immolating or dispersing one half of its industrial, gay-hearted, and inoffensive population, that the country itself presented the same beautiful appearance, as had enchanted him on his first becoming acquainted with it in previous travels with Galton. “The like magnificent trees, both forest and fruit, were observable everywhere, and the landscape, as heretofore, was dotted in all directions with patriarchal-looking hamlets, and further enlivened by groups of men, women, and children, occupied in their several vocations. The cheerful twitterings and warblings of numerous birds, moreover, added an additional charm to the scene. I have seen many lands and places—some, perhaps, strictly speaking, more beautiful; but amongst the extensive savannahs, or the interminable forests of South Africa, which so long has been my home, there was but one Ondonga! It is a beautiful, open, and, for Africa, highly cultivated country, environed on all sides with interminable and dense forests; in short, a perfect oasis in the desert. In the fall of the year, indeed, the landscape presents a boundless expanse of yellow, waving corn, studded with primitive-looking homesteads, whilst here and there, whether alone or in clusters, arise gigantic, widespreading, and dark foliaged trees. The population of Ondonga is considerable. By counting the houses in a given extent of country, and taking the average number of individuals to each, we came to the conclusion that there were about 100 people to the square mile. There is but little pauperism; the crippled and aged, moreover, seem to be carefully tended and nursed. What a contrast to their near neighbours, the Damaras!”

The description of the soil, cereal crops, and climate of Ovampoland makes one’s mouth water again;—but we must hurry on with our traveller, until he reaches the abode of Chykonga, the paramount chief, and jots down his ideas of the value of mission work. He evidently thinks that the good done by missionaries among very wild and distant tribes is considerable, though the good they effect is in



reality quite different from that which a large portion of these worthy men imagine. Thus, instead of evangelising the natives, they are civilising them, by selling them various articles, and undertaking the duties of traders, &c. The whole object of mission work is so fully entered upon and discussed by Mr. Andersson, that we must refer a curious public to his book for further information upon many most interesting points. Evidently the work is very hard, and the wives of missionaries must have their hands full, but "*chacun à son gout*."

From March, 1866, however, sickness began to tell upon the party of adventurers, and Mr. Andersson's journal is full of notes about illness and rude remedies employed. Fever attacked them all, and he was laid up with ophthalmia; but so resolutely determined was he to push on, that he sometimes kept the saddle for eight hours—in itself no very light task to a strong man in good health, and almost incredible in one so crippled and full of aches and pains. Fever, famine, ophthalmia, and dysentery soon brought them all very low; and the experiences of poor Dr. Livingstone are again reproduced for our edification and instruction, under precisely similar circumstances of privation, sickness, and neglect.

On the 20th April, he records in his journal, very briefly:—

"Very bad night: pain in stomach continues unabated. Felt quite faint for want of food, and, disregarding all consequences, partook of an ounce or two of boiled lean mutton, and a plate of soup. Notwithstanding my indisposition, I get through a good deal of work. Continued slowly the perusal of 'Livingstone': it is a wonderful book, and the author a still more wonderful man. What a mass of information he possesses on various subjects! and then his fortitude and perseverance, under the most trying circumstances, are truly marvellous."

"24th April.—O God! what a night I have spent! This indigestion, flatulency, or whatever it may be, will kill me if it continues much longer. I can hardly hold the pen, and my breathing comes so laboured; pulse nearly 90; generally feeble. I have just managed to finish 'Livingstone.' I like the book far better this time, than on my first perusal of it. He is certainly a most remarkable man."

As will be gathered from those extracts, poor Andersson's health was at this time in a most precarious state, whence one would have supposed he would never have ventured on a journey to the River Cunene, but that he would have lost no time in heading back to his quarters at Otjimbingue, where medicine, proper food, &c., of which the poor fellow stood so much in need, were obtainable; but though quite aware of the desperate risk he ran, his indomitable spirit determined him to carry out his long cherished purpose of proceeding to the Portuguese settlement of Benguela, which, in fact, he all but accomplished, though at the sacrifice of his life. In the course of this journey he saw an immense number of novelties, and records in

his journals a very great variety of observations on Natural History ; but our space warns us to bring this rambling paper to a conclusion. Worn out by fever and worried to death by the rogues assigned to him as porters and guides through a difficult country, he determined to retrace his steps to Ondonga. But it was too late. The hand of death was on him, and on the 5th July, 1866, he perished miserably in the wilderness, apparently from rupture of some internal tumour or abscess. Thus in the flower of his youth died, as one of his biographers remarks, "one of the bravest of explorers, the most enthusiastic of sportsmen, the most observant of naturalists, and withal as gentle and modest in feeling and demeanour, as intrepid and fearless when surrounded with the most appalling dangers, leaving behind him a large family and a heart-broken widow to mourn his loss !" By us who knew him well, and loved him for his quiet manners and patient bearing under excruciating sufferings, he will always be remembered as a type of Christian chivalry and true knight errantry. A man of honour and the strictest probity, he scorned to be idle or appear to be waiting on Providence. His great delight in life was to be up and doing, and adding to his large stores of learning by scientific investigations and copious reading. If he had only possessed a moderate fortune, he might greatly have added to the literature of the Cape Colony, where he was settled as much from necessity as from choice ; but it was not to be. Like all explorers, the air of the desert moved him to his destruction. Yet after all it is questionable whether on the whole, men like himself and Livingstone could consistently die, except in the wild veldt, far from the busy haunts of men. It is their fate to be restless, and ever in harness to pass away to brighter and happier worlds than this. The sighing of the desert breeze through long grass and rustling reeds is a fitting requiem to spirits who are too proud and independent to wear the trappings and livery of civilized life, or fight for a sculptured tomb in Westminster Abbey, or a nook in a quiet churchyard at home.

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## A Minimo Magnum.

### A BALL-ROOM SOLILOQUY.

Grey eyes, true and tender  
 As an autumn night ;  
 Fingers soft and slender,  
 Cased in gloves of white

Lips like pouting cherries,  
 Tempting fruit and fair :  
 A spray of crimson berries  
 In her golden hair ;

And a round arm moulded  
 For a sculptor's eye,  
 With a small hand folded  
 Round it nestlingly.

Why those troubled glances,  
 And that cloudy brow ?  
 Sure the damsel dances,—  
 Has there been a *row* ?

Sure no " wallflower " beareth  
 Face so worth regard ;  
 (Absently she teareth  
 Up her programme-card).

Wherefore looks she sadly ?—  
 Pretty little goose.  
 " Well — she'd dance, and gladly,  
 " But — her chignon's loose !"

## Planchette.

THE lady whose character we are about to investigate has not long attained her majority ; indeed, the date of her first appearance is by no means satisfactorily ascertained ; but it is tolerably certain that in America—which would appear by all accounts to be her native land—she was not heard of until some three and twenty years ago, and she has only become celebrated in Europe quite recently. As it is possible that some of our readers may not yet have had the pleasure of an introduction, the following account of her appearance and exploits may not prove uninteresting. Planchette, then, consists essentially of a somewhat heart-shaped piece of wood—generally oak or mahogany, although we have seen elm, cedar, deal, and other woods employed—about seven inches long by five inches wide at the broadest part, and about three-eighths of an inch thick. To the under surface, close to each angle of the broad extremity, is fixed a pantograph wheel ; *i.e.*, a wheel which turns freely about a vertical as well as a horizontal axis, like an ordinary castor ; and at the pointed end is a round hole just large enough to hold a lead pencil tightly. So much for the lady's appearance and equipment. Now for the *modus operandi*. The pencil, whose point should not be *too* sharp, is pushed so far through the hole as to cause Planchette to stand tolerably level on the three legs formed by it and the two pantograph wheels. The machine is then placed on a large sheet of smooth glazed paper resting on a table. At opposite sides of the table are seated two persons, each of whom must lightly rest the tips of their fingers on the wood without making any voluntary pressure, and then—wait. The results vary with different individuals, and with the same individual under different circumstances ; but generally after an interval varying in duration from two or three minutes to an hour or more, Planchette begins to move. At first the motion is straight up and down, or in an unintelligible zig-zag, the pencil point tracing corresponding lines and curves upon the paper. But after a time the tracings assume the forms of written letters, and words, more or less legible—sometimes extraordinarily so—are pencilled out. The words are of course all connected, since that which traces them—namely, the point of the pencil, is always in contact with the surface of the paper. Often in the middle of its journeyings the pencil comes to the edge of the paper and runs off, but if replaced it generally goes on to complete the unfinished word or sentence. As has been already stated, the results vary much with different persons : thus we have seen some attempts which, after patient waiting, resulted merely in a series of straight up and down lines ; while in another case, almost as soon as the tyro had placed his fingers on the machine, it commenced tracing legible words. Now the amusement to be gained from Planchette does not consist merely in such



spontaneous motion ; for she will often trace answers to questions asked either by the persons whose hands are upon her, or by lookers on ; and these questions may either be made out loud or mentally. It was said that Planchette guided the councils of the Federals during the American civil war, and the gentleman upon whose authority that statement was made added "that if she didn't, he could not say what did." Be that as it may, it is quite certain that the answers which she gives to queries are often most extraordinarily correct. Of this fact, and of others connected with her performances, we shall now endeavour to give a clear and rational explanation. In the first place, with regard to the formation of the characters : the accurate adjustment of the metal work connected with the pantograph wheels, their peculiar construction, which enables them to turn in any direction, and the very small amount of *vertical* pressure exerted by the performers, together with the lightness of the instrument as a whole, are sufficient to explain the ease with which the machine is made to move, and those movements more or less controlled by a very slight force exerted in an *oblique* direction. This force may be the consequence of a want of balance of power, so to speak, between the performers, one of whom is generally more muscular, or of a more nervous temperament than the other ; or of that involuntary shifting of position which takes place after the body has been kept upright, or the limbs extended, for some time ; or of involuntary muscular movements *in* a limb, such as we know often occur ; or from a combination of all these ; for it must be remembered that the muscles are not supposed to be in a state of rigid tension, the finger tips merely resting lightly on the wood. Again, when the machine has moved in a certain direction, say from A to B, a more or less involuntary action is exerted, tending to bring it back again, A involuntarily pulling, and B involuntarily pushing. Owing to the peculiar mechanism of the pantograph wheels, and the tripod nature of the machine, these movements will take place in a curvilinear manner, and thus is explained the primary formation of lines and curves.

But how do these become so modified and connected as to form legible words ? This is rather harder to explain, although not difficult to understand. If a person lays the tips of his fingers on Planchette, and endeavours to move it about so as to trace out any particular word or sentence, he can do so with the greatest ease ; and, roughly speaking, this is what always takes place when Planchette writes, only that there is a more or less complete suspension of the faculty of volition. People have been known to go on writing when in a reverie or abstracted state of mind, to fasten and unfasten articles of dress, &c., when in a similar condition, without being in the least conscious of these involuntary actions. Another example of the same kind is afforded by the involuntary control exerted over the respiratory system under certain circumstances. Thus, if a patient knows that you want to count his respirations, it is almost impossible to obtain them correctly, for, without any intention on his part—often

without any knowledge of the change—the character of the breathing becomes materially altered in consequence of the involuntary action excited by the idea that he is being watched. The machine is very easily made to trace word-like markings, and the muscles, at the instigation of the brain, as we shall show hereafter, by a sort of *passive* or *involuntary volition*, so to speak, move the machine in a manner which the brain, unconsciously to the *mind*, feels or knows will produce the word or sentence which it has conceived, or with which it is impressed. And now we come to the point about which centres the chief charm and the chief difficulty. There are many who admit that Planchette does move in the manner described, and who are willing to forego or to accept any plausible explanations of those movements; but what they cannot understand—what “they have never heard satisfactorily explained”—is the extraordinary nature of the words and sentences in which those movements often result—the strange revelations and answers.

These curious phenomena almost invariably follow the asking of *questions*, the answers given being not unfrequently remarkable for their startling correctness. The kinds of questions asked may be divided into five classes. First: those which no human being can pretend to answer with certainty, such as questions concerning the future, &c. Second: those the correct answer of which is known to some, but not by the individual asking the question, or to anyone known or related to him or to the performers. Third: those of which the correct answer is not known to the questioner or performers, but is known to his or their friends, or to some one or more persons absent or present. Fourth: those of which the querist alone knows the correct answer; and Fifth: those which anyone present may be able to answer correctly. Any of the above kinds of questions may either be asked out aloud, or *mentally*, and, before entering upon their consideration, it will be as well to discuss one or two points of physiological interest which will enable us to make their explanation clearer.

If the reader of these pages has ever been under the influence of what is called “mesmerism,” he will understand something of what is meant by the statement that the mind of one person may affect that of another without the exercise of what is ordinarily understood by persuasion. Of this there are every-day examples. Some of us must often have been conscious of the presence of a person whom we do not see, but who is *felt* to be regarding us fixedly; and that this consciousness is more or less persistent, is shown by the fact that if you look intently at the face of a sleeping person, the sleeper first becomes uneasy, and then restless, moans and mutters, perhaps, and often finally wakes up. A sleeping person will often answer questions put to him, if the questioner holds both the sleeper’s hands. Such phenomena are generally more easily evoked in the case of children, in whom the mental susceptibility is greater than in adults. There is a well authenticated case on record, in which a boy at school

would give rational answers to questions put to him by a master to whom he was deeply attached, on any subject, at any time while he was asleep. The sudden similarity of idea and simultaneous expression occasionally observed in people who "think differently" can frequently be explained only on like grounds. If, then, the mind of one person may be so influenced by that of another as to evoke in the one a thought or chain of ideas corresponding to that which is engrossing the consideration of the first, we are nearly at the bottom of the mystery; we only need to clear out the *débris* that our investigations have created in order to obtain a view of some of the operations by which the results, with which only we have hitherto been acquainted, are produced. We have previously endeavoured to show that if the mind of the performer be engrossed by an idea, the result will be an involuntary attempt to embody that idea in words upon the paper over which Planchette may be made to move; and we have also striven to show that it is possible to evoke that idea in the mind of the performer by means of an impression transmitted to his sensorium from another person. Combine these two propositions, and we obtain an insight into the means by which Planchette may be made to give the correct answer to a question which was a dead secret to the persons who are supposed to have the immediate control over her movements. The answers to the first class of questions that we mentioned may sometimes be *guessed at* with a greater or less degree of probability, and such guesses (which will be sure to occur to one or more of the persons present if the query be made aloud, or to the questioner, if it is asked mentally) will influence the answer in either or both the ways which have been pointed out. The same reasoning applies to those included in the second class. The cases included in the other three classes become progressively easier of explanation as we ascend the scale of numbers. Where the answer can be only "yes" or "no," and nobody knows which is correct, the chances of Planchette going right are, of course, about on a par with those of her going wrong.

We shall now give a few cases by way of illustrating our meaning; each is well authenticated, and their accuracy is vouched for here, most of them having come under the writer's own personal observation.

A question as to the date at which a certain occurrence would take place was asked mentally by a bystander. The querist was the only person present who could possibly have been aware of the correct answer, even if the question had been made aloud; he simply said that a question had been asked. In this case the minds of the performers would not be greatly influenced by any ideas of their own, and such ideas, even if they existed, would be but vague speculations respecting something of which the purport was unknown. Hence, their minds, being in a passive condition, would be peculiarly fitted to receive any extraneous impression. The mind of the questioner would be impressed with what he knew to be the right answer, with

a force sufficiently vivid to evoke a corresponding idea in the minds of those by whose involuntary control Planchette's movements were directed ; and thus we can understand how it came to pass that the answer to a mental question, of which the wording as well as the answer was known only to one person, was correctly given, the day of the month on which a projected journey was intended to and did take place being legibly spelt out upon the paper.

The spirit, soul, vital principle—call it what you will—which forms the intellectually active and immortal part of man, is generally considered to be imprisoned within a sort of limiting membrane, outside which it does not exist ; we acknowledge its presence, but tacitly confine it within a limited and definite space. But why? Why should we suppose something which we conceive of, as infinitely more ethereal than the most rarified gas, to possess definite, unalterable shape? for that is what we arrive at by limitation. Is it not just as reasonable, or rather much more reasonable, to imagine that, amœbæ-like (to illustrate great things by little), it may send forth processes which may mingle with others of the same nature, and be again retracted or withdrawn, and this without any solution of continuity or composition ; and may not these (which, for convenience sake, we will call “*mind processes*”) serve as the channels of communication by which impressions are transmitted from one brain to another? The power of emitting such processes, and the appreciation of mental sensations by their means, vary in different cases ; but it seems always to be greatest at the moment of dissolution, when the part which is immortal is on the point of being freed from the trammelling influence of the mortality with which it has been so long allied. Something of the same kind may explain that strange bond of union which exists between mother and child ; and it is probable that, as in the case of other functions, nervous or muscular, use will strengthen, and neglect impair, the perfection of its action. Processes composed of a substance of such extreme tenuity may be capable of indefinite—not necessarily of infinite—extension. They, doubtless, have some limit ; but even if we could imagine such a “*mind process*” capable of transmitting and receiving impressions at a distance of five or six thousand miles, it would not be as a grain of sand in the gulf which lies between the finite *scientia* of man and the omniscience of God.

One evening during the Indian mutiny, a lady—the wife of a medical man—suddenly saw, or thought she saw, her brother, who was then in Hindoostan, standing before her in uniform. Her husband was present, but, in answer to his wife's questions, replied that he did not see anything unusual. The next day the lady met her mother, who resided in the neighbourhood ; and what was their mutual astonishment to learn that *each* had witnessed the same appearance at the same time on the previous evening. By the next mail they learnt that Captain —— had been severely wounded some days previous to the date of the appearance above mentioned, and had remained insensible until that day, when he recovered perfect



consciousness, gave directions as to the disposal of his property, said that he had "been over to see them in England," and sank a few hours later. Here the separate appearances of the same kind, at the same time, to two different individuals living miles apart, can hardly be looked upon as a mere coincidence, although what we call "coincidences" are simply the results of certain definite causes, and, as we know, causes must exist for the production of any effect. Is it not more rational to imagine that some such influence as we have endeavoured to describe was exerted by the dying soldier upon the nervous organisms of his mother and sister, so as, directly or indirectly, to affect those parts of the retina which would ordinarily have been influenced by the image of his person?

Space will not permit the multiplication of examples, or many more might be adduced. It is hoped that enough has been written to throw some light upon the mystery that shrouds a class of phenomena which are often looked upon as "humbugs" or delusions, because at first sight they seem inexplicable.

There is one remarkable thing about Planchette's actions which must be noticed. When questioned as to the power by which her movements are directed, she almost invariably refers them to a Heavenly, or else to a Satanic, influence. But then it is equally often the case that either the questioner or performer, or both, have heard of or seen the answer usually given to such questions upon a former occasion, or that some such belief is already existent in their own minds, and the movements which guide Planchette are involuntarily influenced accordingly. Again, when under the hands of persons who could not be supposed capable of uttering such words—ladies and young children, for example—Planchette has been known to indulge in such reprehensible folly as hard swearing. But here, too, the very fact that the character of the words when written is *recognised* by the persons in question is proof that they were already known to them, and were not spontaneously original productions; and, as in the preceding instance, it is generally found that such occurrences were known to have taken place before. Such a knowledge would explain their reproduction, under favourable circumstances, upon the hypothesis that has been suggested.

Many other interesting points relating to her ladyship might be mentioned. It is not always necessary to have two performers; one person alone can often produce results equally marvellous. An evening spent with Planchette is far better fun than a professional *séance*, where the gas is turned out in order that a medium may knock his victim about the head with banjos and sofa-cushions, and the physiological observer will glean therefrom facts well worth unravelling.

We have not noticed any explanations which have yet been given of Planchette's vagaries, because nothing of the kind exists, except that theoretical lumber-room of the difficulties of ignorance—the

“spiritual” theory. If the spirits of the departed are permitted to hold converse with us, or if there be a special set of beings set apart for our enlightenment by such means, why do they never give us information which would be really useful on a large scale, and which could only be gained by such extraordinary communication? When such things occur, the writer may alter his opinion; but it is only a morbid sentimentality which would prefer a theory that is only possible because we do not know enough about the subject to say that it is *impossible*, to one which is at least probable, inasmuch as it is analagous to accepted explanations of similar phenomena, and is borne out by facts like those which it professes to explain.

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### *My Brother.*

#### A TRUE TALE.

A silent sea of sunlight warm  
 Waves gently o'er Merino Farm;  
 Dense mists no more all things conceal,  
 Bright Sol looks forth! away they steal;  
 Cold, lazy fogs, 'long Kat Rivier,  
 Feel the warm god, and disappear;  
 Each lonely homestead, hill, and glen,  
 The works of nature, and of men,  
 Like new creations strike the sight,  
 Dance, “clap their hands,” and smile in light!  
 Determined to secure a prize,  
 So precious in a sportsman's eyes,  
 A full-grown koodoo's horns and head,  
 Restless, I spring from out my bed.  
 My breakfast o'er—no time to waste—  
 O'er hill and dale, alone, I haste;  
 Elate with hope, I stride along,  
 With gun in hand, in heart a song.  
 On dear Merino, known to fame,  
 For antelopes and feathered game,  
 With searching glance I move, when, lo!  
 Before me, in the vale below,  
 An old majestic koodoo walks;  
 With careless grace, alone, he stalks:  
 His massive horns, afar outspread,  
 Tower o'er his small, symmetric head,  
 And gently sway from side to side,  
 As on that lovely head they ride.  
 From riflemen he speeds not now;  
 No bullet fann his harmless brow.

Through tangled shrub, o'er green karroo,  
Nor man, nor steed, nor dogs pursue  
The blue, white-banded, bounding game,  
That now seems careless, sleepy, tame ;  
Intent to gain a cool retreat,  
Where tall euphorbia branches meet,  
From range of fleecy flocks aloof,  
Commanding view of Koodoo Kloof,  
And many a stony, scrub-clad height,  
Where tim'rous bush-bucks most delight  
To crop the tender leaves and spray,  
And bathe in earliest beams of day.

His well-known lair at length he nears ;  
Within the wood he disappears !  
As leopard noiselessly I glide  
Adown the hill's bush-cover'd side ;  
The dark cool wood anon draws near :  
Surprised, a running noise I hear :  
"It is the koodoo !—yet how strange !  
In the mute breeze there seems no change ;  
My form the dense bush well conceal'd ;  
No rolling stone loud step reveal'd  
Approach. He halts ! I'll head him now  
Above the densely-wooded brow  
Of yonder hill." Near where the sound  
Of hoofs on hard, rough, stony ground  
Was heard, I stand. A sound I hear  
Of shaken foliage, drawing near :  
"It is the bull ! He comes this way !  
Success must crown my toils to-day !"  
Calm, cool, resolved to kill, I stand ;  
My footing firm ; in either hand  
My rifle raised. Light bushes sway.  
I see him now ! through open spray ;  
A dark and moveless patch of blue,  
Like welcome sky appearing through  
A little cloud-rent after rain,—  
Cold rain in winter. "'Twere in vain.  
Ere yet distinctly I can trace  
On yonder form a mortal place,  
To fire, perchance. I'll wait, and *kill*.  
To only wound shows little skill.

The slow, soft breeze is from below ;  
He cannot scent, see, hear his foe,  
By bushes screen'd, as statue still :  
I'll wait, and *when I fire I'll kill !*"  
Again he moves ! *close*, full in view,  
My *Brother* stands ! attired in blue !

In presence of the Deity,  
 A guardian god I seem'd to be ;  
 Jehovah's wings seem'd overspread,  
 Close o'er my own, my brother's head.  
 Yes, yes, I felt that God was near !  
 Deep awe—but alliéd to fear—  
 And gratitude my soul possess,  
 Too strong for language to express.  
 When sprang the koodoo from his lair,  
 I little thought my host was *there* !  
 Or when appear'd the tempting blue,  
 I saw a brother, kind and true !  
 I wist not he had left his home,  
 In search of game the fields to roam.  
 Ah, had he seen the deadly gun,  
 All glittering in the morning sun,  
 When levell'd towards his faithful breast,  
 By his own brother, too—*his guest*—  
 How strange his feelings then had been !  
 Strange, indescribable I ween ;  
 No human language might express  
 The horror, fear, and bitterness  
 That then had overwhelmed his soul,  
 Too strong for mortal to control.  
 Oh, had I fired when near me stood  
 The *tempting blue*—a Brother's blood,  
 Shed, shed by me ! the earth had stain'd,  
 And I a wreck for life remain'd.  
 Though many years have pass'd away  
 Since that bright, almost fatal day,  
 When mem'ry brings again to view  
 That little patch of koodoo blue,  
 Awe, gratitude, still o'er me steal,  
 The presence still I seem to feel  
 Of Him who marks a sparrow fall,  
 The Guardian kind that cares for all  
 Created things. In Him I'll trust  
 Till soul to God return, and "dust to dust"—  
 Till brothers, guns, and koodoos, all  
 From earth have pass'd away,  
 In His strong arm and love I'll trust—  
 I'll trust in God for aye.

S. W. DELL.

Barville Park, 1875.





## Maidenhood and Matronhood.

BEING THE PERSONAL EXPERIENCES OF W. X. WISEHEAD.

### I.

*Don Silva.* I thought we loved with love that clings till death,  
Clings as brute mothers bleeding to their young,  
Still sheltering, clutching it, tho' it were dead ;  
Taking the death-wound sooner than divide.  
I thought we loved so.

GEORGE ELIOT—*The Spanish Gypsy.*

WE were sitting—my love and I—one fine afternoon long, long ago, on a bank of soft greensward, under a canopy formed by the tangled boughs of overhanging trees. We were alone in the living heart of a wild, picturesque wood, with a little gurgling streamlet close beside us, that rushed and rippled over its smooth rounded stones and golden sands in the perpetual shade of the dense greenwood, and collected every here and there into a tiny crystal pool, where the fawns and wild birds of the forest quenched their thirst at eventide safe from the intrusion of their human foes.

To this lovely and sequestered spot it was our wont to take frequent walks together, arm-in-arm, in those far-off summer days, when all around us was cheerful with golden sunlight and the blithe songs of birds, and our youthful hearts within us beat responsive, brimful of love and confidence, of hope and happiness. We did not then look forward to the coming years with longing, for the present moments—all too fleeting and brief—were winged with far too much happiness for us ever to have wished them past ; but when we gazed into the future time as at what was inevitable, all before us appeared to be bright with vistas of flowers and sunshine, with clear blue skies overhead ever unsullied by the many storm-clouds that darkened the lives of others !

Reclining at full length on my side, my elbow resting on the long soft grass, and my head supported on my hand, I was smoking a fragrant Partaga, and enjoying in silence the calm beauty around me, —the hoar, lichen-clad trunks, the ferns bowing gracefully with every breeze, the woodland flowers peeping at intervals from the midst of luxuriant herbage, the dense underwood, the rustling foliage, the moaning boughs, the fluttering, falling leaves, and the sporting carolling birds ; and, above all, the sweet consciousness that I had beside me her whom I loved best in all the world, my beautiful, affectionate, simple-hearted May. May was sitting upright on the grass beside me, with her hands folded in her lap. She had taken off the little white straw hat, elegant and lightly trimmed, which she had worn on the way thither, and it lay with her parasol on the ground by her side. Her hair, abundant and chestnut-coloured, was carried back from her forehead (not *strained*, but loosely and ele-

gantly,) and fastened behind somewhat after the fashion of the ancient Greeks, so often referred to with admiration by connoisseurs in taste. She had also removed her gloves, which lay beside her hat and parasol, and her hands as they rested one over the other in her lap appeared white as alabaster, tiny, and exquisitely delicate. Her soft hazel eyes, though large and bright, wore that indescribable expression so captivating to a man, which seems to seek with longing, fawn-like looks for kindness and protection, as that of one who trusts you from the first, and never dreams of having her confidence betrayed, looks out for some one worthy to be loved, and then, when she thinks she has found him, gives up her whole heart at once undoubtingly and nestles in his bosom. She was pure as a dewdrop, beautiful and delicate as a lily, fond and gentle and trusting as a turtle-dove. Is it any wonder that I loved a creature whom every one adored, and who was in every way so worthy of their adoration?

"Hopky," said she at last, when the silence had continued for several minutes,—(through the inevitable destiny of our family, combined with the characteristic cruelty of my godfathers and god-mother, I have been sent forth into the world bearing the appalling appellation of Hopkins Farquhar Snaggs! Wiser heads than poor May's would have found it difficult to make a pretty nickname out of that)—"Hopky," said she in her soft, musical voice, "I was just thinking of those Hammerheads again. Mr. and Mrs. Hammerhead had another dreadful quarrel last night, you know, all about nothing at all, as usual. I don't know how people *can* be always nagging and squabbling as they are! They are never at peace for twenty-four hours together from year's end to year's end! I suppose they loved each other once, or else they would never have got married. But *we* shall never quarrel when we are married, eh, Hopky dear?"

"No, my darling, of *course* not!" I answered, with energy, taking my Havannah from my mouth, and smiling with a fond certainty that I was giving utterance to an infallible prediction. "It would be quite impossible for me to quarrel with *you*, even if I wanted to ever so much. Your gentle, unquestioning obedience, or rather your dutiful compliance with my wishes, will never give me the slightest reason for finding fault; and your sweet, loving ways, so far from ever growing wearisome or offensive, will be throughout life the source of my greatest happiness in prosperity, and my most cheering solace in times of trouble." After this speech I stretched out my arm, and, taking her small lily hand in mine, gave it a long, gentle squeeze, as an indication of the intense affection which, though I could not express it in words, burned with a steady, unwavering flame, lighting up the chambers of my heart with a soft, bright radiance.

May answered the squeeze and the ardent gaze which accompanied it with a sweet, heavenly smile, and a bright responsive look of love.

"Dear one," said she, in a low, thrilling tone, "can I ever help being obedient to one who does all in his power to please me, and would never let a wish of his own stand for a single moment in

the way of one of mine? We shall love each other until our dying day as much as we do now, I am sure; nay, I think we should even grow fonder as life advances, and we become more and more necessary to each other, only that *that* were quite impossible."

After puffing away at my Havannah for a few moments in silence, inwardly revelling in the thought of my having ever been so fortunate as to have gained the heart of such a seraph, for I could hardly believe her to be a woman, I resumed:

"But what have Mr. and Mrs. H. been quarrelling about now, then, my love? Why it was only last week that they were by the ears for two whole days about that bread-and-butter pudding, you know!"

"Well, I'll tell you what Mrs. Tattletit told mamma and me this morning when she called. Mr. and Mrs. Hammerhead were sitting in their drawing-room last night after dinner, he reading the evening's newspaper, and she busy over a pair of carpet slippers she is making for the rector. They are not very chatty, as you may easily guess, Hopky, when they are alone together. Being always at loggerheads, poor souls! a little quiet is quite a treat to them both. Well, after sitting perfectly silent for half-an-hour or so, the gentleman engrossed in the paper and the lady meditating on things in general, Mrs. Hammerhead at last ventured to remark in a careless, languid tone, that she was thinking of purchasing a parrot.

"A *what?*" exclaimed Mr. Hammerhead, startled beyond measure.

"A parrot, John," replied the lady calmly, quite disregarding her husband's alarm; I saw *such* a nice one in Mr. Birdsall's window this morning, for only two guineas,—a perfect beauty—talks all day!"

"You had better not!" said her husband, decisively. "So I give you fair warning beforehand!"

"Surely, John," exclaimed Mrs. Hammerhead, drawing herself up with a haughty toss of her head, and laying down her fancy-work in her lap while she spoke, "*Surely*, I can keep what pets I like without consulting *you* about the matter! It hasn't come to *that* yet, thank heaven! If I choose to buy a parrot for my amusement——"

"Now, Lavinia," interrupted Mr. H., "I don't want to have any words with you upon the matter; we have had quite enough in all conscience during the last——"

"I shall speak just whenever I feel inclined!" said the lady, cutting him short. "And, what's more, I shall have in the parrot to-morrow morning! There!"

"Well, replied her husband, calmly, raising his eyebrows, "then I shall wring it's neck as soon as I see it, that's all!"

"O you spiteful, ill-tempered *brute*, you!" cried Mrs. H., shaking her head at him with a diabolically expressive grin; "it's your greatest delight to try and drive me crazy! I shall walk straight

out of the house and leave you for ever one of these days, I *know* I shall ! ”

“ Why, Lavinia, that’s just what I have been wanting you to do for years past ! ” said Mr. Hammerhead.

“ Yes, I believe those are the truest words you ever spoke ! you hateful, inhuman *monster*, you ! You are not worthy the name of *man* ! ”

“ Lavinia,” said Mr. H., preparing to lay aside his paper, if your language is going to become offensive, I shall put you out of the room ! ”

“ You just take one single step in this direction,” replied the lady, defiantly, “ and I *declare* I’ll throw this inkstand at you ! ”

“ Good Heavens, this is unbearable ! ” exclaimed Mr. Hammerhead. He started from his seat, dodged aside to avoid the inkstand (which Mrs. H. actually *did* hurl at him, and which crashed against the wall behind him, making a fearful splash of ink on the paper and carpet,) took the lady by the nape of her neck, and, walking behind her, fairly ran her out of the room and bolted the door. Mrs. Hammerhead rushed upstairs to bed in screaming hysterics, and her husband, who retired at his usual hour and slept in the spare bedroom, went out early this morning, telling the servant that he would breakfast at the club, and would not be home till late to-night.

“ Now isn’t it perfectly dreadful, dearest ? ” exclaimed May, in conclusion.

“ It is, indeed ! ” I replied.

After once more assuring each other that *we* could *never* disagree about anything whatever, and further sealing our mutual assurances with a kiss and embrace, I threw away the end of my cigar and lighted another, May put on her hat and gloves, and then we strolled home gently in the clear radiance of sunset, breathing soft love-whispers in each others ears, and parting at her father’s door for twelve hours with all the agony of a separation for years.

Heigho ! that glorious time is past ! Those days were long, long ago, when May and I were both in the happy spring-time of our existence, both fond, both innocent, both confident for the future ; when as yet we saw only the placid river of Life gleaming white in the calm sunshine, and flowing through a land of flowers and cornfields, of green, undulating hills and wooded dells ; and thought not of the coming winter, with its fierce, howling storms and thundering torrents ; its chill, drear mists and ever-clouded skies !

## II.

More than thirty years had passed away since the above scene took place. May and I had been married—and I may add with the utmost truthfulness, *done for*—twenty-nine years and three quarters. We had basked in each other’s society during the whole of that period ; we had never been troubled with the hubbub of noisy brats,



or the amours of redcoat-loving nursemaids, or the bills of spendthrift sons ; we had both always enjoyed excellent health, and had neither of us ever shown the slightest likelihood of shortly dying and leaving a heart-broken spouse to mourn our loss. And still—to use the words of a well-known London comedian—“and *still* we were not happy !” Time and matrim—well, no matter—had changed us both. I was no longer the handsome, sprightly young fellow who used to break the heart of every girl who set eyes on him. My head now was bald as an emu’s egg, and the fringe of hairs that still remained to me fast growing grey, my whiskers were white, my nose redder and more irregular in outline, my habit (so my doctor told me) plethoric and apoplectic, and my temper (if Mrs. Snaggs’ testimony is to be depended upon) none of the sweetest. But all this, and more also, I could have borne with equanimity, if *Mrs. Snaggs* had only remained more like her original self. Oh ! when I reflected upon the seraphic young creature with whom I fell in love, I felt that if I could only have exchanged Mrs. Snaggs for her, I could even yet have spent my few last years in happiness. But of all the plain, stout, gossiping, selfish, chattering, ill-tempered, short-sighted old—— but I will restrain myself in time before I overstep the limits which custom has prescribed for the language used by married couples when speaking of each other.

Well, Mrs. Snaggs and myself were sitting at breakfast one gloomy morning last year : she at the head of the table pouring out the coffee, I at the foot helping the kippered herrings. A dense fog outside, rendered more dreary than ever by a constant, drizzling rain, tended to take away any remnant of cheerfulness which might otherwise perhaps have struggled to find a place in our minds. As it was, neither of us spoke a word during the greater part of the meal, partly because we had nothing particular to say, but principally in consequence of a slight huff we had had the night before respecting the fitness or absurdity of Mrs. Snaggs’ (poor old soul !) wearing a low-bodied ball-dress to an evening party !

While we sat silently eating our breakfast I took advantage of the opportunity (as I had done hundreds of times before,) to note the following characteristics of my wife’s appearance : she was very, very stout, somewhat resembling a sack of barley tied round the middle ; her face, which was very fat, red, and round, was now of a yellowish, sickly complexion ; a few strong bristles adorned her prominent chin and the angles of her obstinately-compressed mouth ; in front of each ear dangled one short, crisp, and snuff-coloured ringlet ; while a pair of spectacles, which had lately become almost indispensable to her, surmounted a nose which was about as much like the feature which formed one of the charms of my sweet May’s beautiful countenance as it resembled the ‘ pope’s nose ’ of a duck !

At last, when we had nearly finished breakfast, my wife opened the conversation thus :

“I suppose, Mr. Snaggs,”—we had long dropped the loving

terms Hopky and May—"I suppose, Mr. Snaggs, you think that by not speaking you are inflicting a punishment upon me, making me feel lonely and dull, and like a child in disgrace as it were?"

"Precisely so, my dear!" said I, "that *was* partly my idea in remaining silent."

"Then let me tell you at once, Mr. Snaggs, that you could not have hit upon a course of procedure which would have pleased me better!"

"Indeed, is it so now, my dear?" I replied politely, "I am very glad, I am sure, to have adopted so fortunate a mode of behaviour; and if *you* will only do the same, we shall have nothing more to wish for! It will be a great treat to spend a whole day without squabbling!"

"You are right there, Mr. Snaggs!" retorted my wife sharply, "but who is it that always *begins* the squabble I should like to know?"

To this I deigned no reply.

"Which of us always *begins* it, Mr. Snaggs, I should like to know?" she repeated.

I still preserved a judicious silence.

"O, well" said Mrs. Snaggs carelessly, talking to herself, "if you don't choose to answer me, it is as good as confessing that you are always in the wrong! And so you *are* too! How I ever could have consented to marry you, Heaven only knows! When I had so many better chances besides, too! I suppose it must have been because I was silly enough to believe you loved me the best, you utterly base and deceitful monster!"

Here she paused for a few moments, probably supposing that I would have been sufficiently aggravated by the remarks she had made to flare up and give vent to my feelings in an angry retort. But I had not profited so little by the experience which thirty years of wedded life afford, as not to know that this was just the very thing she wanted, in order to enable her to repeat a few of the choice taunts and invectives and lamentations and threats of sudden departure which I had heard so often before. I therefore still kept quiet, not desiring to hear them again, while Mrs. Snaggs continued as indefatigably as ever, though in a different strain from her previous remarks.

"Ha, ha, ha, ha!" she laughed to herself, as she thought over some of the past scenes again, "and what a fool you used to make of yourself too!" (at this juncture I began to whistle a well-known popular air with great energy).

"O, ho, ho, ho! do you remember the timewhen you went down on one knee and kissed my hand fervently, not knowing that the servant had thrown open the drawing-room door until he announced Mrs. and the Misses Merryworth!" O, you *did* look a noodle, I can tell you, when you got up and shook hands with them, and the two girls nearly bursting their sides with laughter all the while! And then that other time, at the Tompkins's party, you know, when you passed

a note directed to "May" up the supper-table, and May Tompkins opened it! It was an ode addressed to me, and made her like to die of laughing!" (I whistled away more merrily now than ever, for I knew what was coming only too well!) "And Uncle John, looking slyly at it over her shoulder, must needs read it aloud to the company! O, you looked a perfect idiot, I *must* say, Mr. Snaggs, and I felt absolutely ashamed of you! I remember every word of the ode now:

"O thou who, like yon flaming chandelier,  
Flashest thy radiance on my blinking eyes!"

Finding that my whistling, however energetic, could not drown the shrill tones of my taunting wife, I rose hastily and left the room, giving the door a loud slam behind me. But still all the way, as I went upstairs to my study, I heard her loud mocking laughter ringing in my ears like demoniac merriment from the Tartarean shore!

\* \* \* \* \*

This state of things, too, thank heaven, is passed! Three months after the occurrence of the scene just described, Mrs. Snaggs and I agreed about one important point, namely, that we could never agree on any point whatever. And now my wife with a fixed annuity, lives in a snug little house in the village of G—— Town, while I, once more a bachelor, though without the option of taking any other fair charmer to the Hymeneal altar, (the very last thing I should do, if I *had* the power, with my present knowledge and experience,) am residing in chambers, with a grumpy, lean, old woman to attend upon me; with my bed not made nor my slops emptied till four o'clock every afternoon; with a button off every shirt, a hole in every sock, and half the pocket-handkerchiefs that I send to the wash never returned; with my whiskey tapped and watered, my coffee always smoky, and the utmost difficulty in getting a decent meal at all! But how preferable in every way is even this state of things to the constant rattling of a shrill taunting tongue and the unavoidable companionship of a fat ugly old woman whom you don't like.

And yet, I cannot reproach myself with being a fool to have got married. For O, those happy days of love and courtship long, long ago, were very happy, and no one in creation would ever have dreamt that the lovely, angelic May whom I espoused, could possibly in the after-years have changed into that detestable old Mrs. Snaggs, now living at G—— Town!

T. G. L.



### John the Whaler.

Once more o'er the billows, my dearest,  
 My dearest, once more I must roam ;  
 We'll sail, then, life's voyage together,  
 Together, 'mid sunshine and gloom.  
 The parson will give us his blessing,  
 His blessing my father bestow,  
 And mother will say, "God preserve you,  
 Preserve you from sorrow and woe."

Once more the whale hotly pursuing,  
 Pursuing with lance and harpoon ;  
 I'll bring home my hardly-earned wages,  
 My wages I'll bring thee home soon.  
 From far I will cry out : "My dearest,  
 My dearest, I'm true to my vow !  
 And thou, too, art true to thy lover,  
 Thy lover, who comes to thee now."

Once more the fierce tempests defying,  
 Defying the wild Northern Sea ;  
 I'll clasp my love soon to my bosom,  
 My bosom her haven shall be.  
 Should clouds black as midnight e'er threaten,  
 E'er threaten and fill with alarm,  
 Together we'll pray God to keep us,  
 To keep us from evil and harm.

Once more amid breakers and icebergs,  
 'Mid icebergs and breakers I steer ;  
 But quickly I'll build thee a cabin,  
 A snug little cabin, just here.  
 And when from the altar, my darling,  
 My darling, we go hand in hand,  
 With gladness we'll wait for the blessing,  
 The blessing true love may command.



Yet once more went Wannes the Whaler,  
Went Wannes the Whaler to sea ;  
And soon came he home with great treasure,  
Great treasure and honour brought he.  
A twelvemonth at home was not ended,  
Not ended a twelvemonth of joy,  
When Rosa, the fair one, the mother,  
The mother gave Wannes a boy.

And often sang Wannes his ditty,  
His ditty that pleased every one ;  
The maidens, they love still to listen,  
To listen how Rosa was won.  
All sailors, alas ! are not faithful,  
Not faithful when tempted and tried ;  
And few keep their word as did Wannes,  
Did Wannes to Rosa his bride.

R.

*From the Flemish.*

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## At Chamounix and Mont Blanc.

BY A CAPE COLONIST.

September 9th, 1875.

MY last was from Geneva ; since then we have had a most enjoyable and exciting tour. We left Geneva well and comfortably seated in the diligence bound for Chamounix,—by the way, the diligence of the present day, no longer resembles the old-fashioned lumbering vehicle of the past, but in order to suit the wants of the present race of tourists, especially the vast number which flock annually to Chamounix, an elevated *char-a-banc* vehicle has been constructed capable of holding twenty-five persons seated outside (the interior being reserved for luggage) and affording a capital position from which to view the surrounding country. The first twelve miles of our route was through the centre of a fertile valley bounded on either side by low mountains, the road-side being fringed with apple, pear, plum, and walnut trees heavily laden with ripening fruit, which over-hung the road so temptingly within reach of one's arms, that I could not resist the temptation to secure some of them. We now arrived at the village of St. Martin, from which point, the bristling white peaks of Mont Blanc burst upon the view, and although twelve miles distant, appeared within an

hour's walk ; here, too, the rapid, roaring stream of the Arve, appears conspicuous, of which Byron says—

Thy springs are in the cloud, thy stream  
Begins to move and murmur first  
Where ice-peaks feel the noon-day beam,  
Or rain-storms on the glacier burst.

Proceeding onward, our course lay through the magnificent scenery of a mountain pass ; above us towered tall pine trees and overhanging rocks, and some hundred feet below, the white foaming waters of the Arve thundered. At every turn of the road we caught new views of the Mont Blanc chain, the white peaks of which glistened under the sun's declining rays. About five p.m., we reached the charming and now one of the most popular places of resort in Switzerland. Some American writers say that it rivals Niagara or Saratoga, in all the excitement and bustle of a favourite summer resort, and so we found it, for we reached the centre of the village about the same time as four other diligences, heavily laden with living freight, and in order to obtain sleeping accommodation we had to ascend to the topmost story of an hotel. The village itself is picturesquely situated in a valley about three-quarters of a mile wide and fifteen miles long. In immediate proximity, and towering above it are the following mountains : the chain of Mont Blanc, with its "gigantic ice cataracts," the Glacier des Bois (Mer de Glace), Glaciers du Tour, Argentiere, Glacier de Mont Blanc, and the mountains Aiguilles Rouges, and the Brevent. The hotels, which are numerous, are the most conspicuous buildings in the place. We had scarcely alighted when we were politely invited at fifty centimes a head to look through three large telescopes to view the "monarch of the Alps," at the top of which a red flag fluttered in the breeze, having been planted there a few days previously by an English clergyman. We of course gladly accepted the offer, and saw not only the red flag on Mont Blanc, but also several tourists at various elevations on Mont Blanc and the adjoining mountains. As it was already late, there was no chance of emulating our tourist friends, we contented ourselves with sauntering round the village, which we found quite lively and bustling, tourists arriving and departing in all directions ; window panes crowded with photographic views of Mont Blanc and the glaciers ; Swiss carving alpenstocks ; guides anxious for engagements ; horses, mules, and donkeys, ready saddled and accoutred for mountain trips ; knots of tourists, looking weather-beaten, stained, and dusty, narrating to less venturesome tourists and ladies their deeds of valour across mountain heights, glaciers, and fields of snow ; large and powerful telescopes placed on convenient spots, so that those who had friends in the surrounding heights, might view their movements, and bring the snow-clad heights within easy reach in every direction. The spirit of mountaineering was everywhere rife, and we were eager for the morrow's sun that we too might "join in the fray."

The consideration now was, out of so many excursions, which to select. There were "courses ordinaires" and "courses extraordinaires ;"

under the head of the latter came Mont Blanc, and "Les Grandes Mulets," two-thirds of the way up or 10,640 feet; for the present we declined the latter, and chose for the day's work Montanvert, Mer de Glace, Le Chapeau, and La Flegue, which Badeker describes as within the compass of twelve hours, but very fatiguing; however, our time was short and we wished to make the most of it.

Our guide announced his presence early next morning, and off we started for Montanvert, 6,302 feet, which we reached in two hours. From this point the best view of the Mer de Glace is obtained lying about 300 feet below you, like a broad stream of ice and snow, completely filling up the whole valley down which it streams, (if such a term can be employed,) for miles. After surveying the broad expanse of the glacier, we determined by crossing it to the opposite valley, to become better acquainted with its structure and character, and it was not long before we found ourselves threading our way up the steps cut in the solid ice, which lead across the glacier. As the authoress, Miss Frederika Bremer, has given so graphic and highly piquant a description of this glacier, I cannot do better than quote her own words, remarking only, that none of our party shared her sensation of great impending danger in visiting either the Mer de Glace or the Chapeau, afterwards:—

"I was tempted by the thought of becoming acquainted with the dangers and beauties of the Mer de Glace, and determined to undertake the hazardous journey; but how I repented, when in its midst I discovered what its nature was, for one did not only run the continual danger of slipping and falling whilst climbing over the icy billows, but one found oneself perpetually on the brink of wide crevasses in an ice mass, of two and three hundred feet deep, and across which one must jump without any other foot-hold than a smooth icy hillock. I was in a state of silent despair at having undertaken this enterprise, particularly as I had Louise with me. If anything should happen to this young girl. If I should not be able to restore her to her parents, then I could not live myself. I thought about turning back, but my guide informed me that we had already accomplished the worst part of the way, but what yet remained was in comparison not without danger. Even my guide slipped more than once on our slippery career, and when we found ourselves mid-way on the Mer de Glace, and I was desired to notice the splendid walls of broad ice fissure in the abyss of which, the thundering roar of waters is heard, and was called upon to admire the brightness and width of the Mer de Glace, which extends from this point to the top of the mountains where it is born, I felt like one doomed to death, with the rope already round his neck, who is asked to admire the beautiful prospect.

"To reach the Chapeau on the other side of the Mer de Glace, one has to clamber along the side of a perpendicular rock, with nothing to hold on by but a rope fastened by iron nails as a hand-rail, on a mountain wall. One walks along a narrow pathway cut in the rock midway between two perpendicular mountain walls, the one above, and the other below. At the depth of many hundred feet below this

again, is the Mer de Glace ; a moment's dizziness, and all would be over. The guides now advise us to hasten, because stones are frequently precipitated from the rocks above. I glanced up and saw masses of stones hanging above our heads, as it appears, just ready to fall. But how is one to hasten here ? One must give heed to every step, and hold fast by a rope. And now, even this ceases, and the path goes before me steep up-hill, I have merely the guide's hand who pulls me up. We shall go safely, he says, consolingly. Nay on, on, go on, still faster, I replied, whilst I see stones and *débris* giving way under each heavy step he takes, and I pray silently, deliver us from evil."

Having refreshed ourselves at a little Swiss chalet at Le Chapeau, we descended the mountain, through a picturesque pine forest, and after a short rest at the foot, crossed the valley and commenced the ascent of La Flegue ; this was reached in two and three-quarter hours, 5,925 feet, and we were thoroughly well rewarded for the fatigue and exertion we had undergone. The view from this point is magnificent and extensive and so well known that a visitor to Chamounix rarely omits it, for it embraces the entire chain of Mont Blanc, the glaciers, and the adjoining peaks. From this point of view, the whole of Mont Blanc with its snow fields and ice glaciers are visible from base to summit, and for the first time was I able to contrast the striking difference in height, between Mont Blanc and its adjoining compeers, the Dome, and Peak de Gouter, which from the village, have the appearance of being higher, but from this point of view appear quite dwarfed in their proportions. The descent was easily made, and we felt so enthusiastic over the day's trip that we dimly hinted at trying Mont Blanc as far as the Grand Mulets, and before dismissing our guide, we told him to call us at five the following morning, and to make the necessary preparations for the Grand Mulets trip, he having emphatically assured us that it was "*pas dangereux*."

Punctually at five a.m. the following morning he arrived, and after having partaken of a hurried breakfast off we started to scale the heights of Mont Blanc if possible as far as the group of rocks known as Les Grandes Mulets, 10,640 feet high, and where a wooden cabin or shed has been constructed for the aid of those venturesome spirits who desire to achieve fame and notoriety by completing the ascent to the top. In the cabin the first night is passed. The first part of our course lay through a pine forest which skirted the borders of a very deep ravine at the bottom of which the waters from the Glacier de Mont Blanc roared and hissed in an impetuous torrent, the opposite side of the ravine being fringed with huge pinnacles or pyramids of ice rising from the Glacier du Boissons. For nearly three hours we continued this route, the ascent becoming steeper and steeper as we advanced until we reached a chalet named Pierre Pointue 6,722 feet high, where we came to a temporary halt and breakfasted off goat cutlet, and hot tea, the latter being particularly acceptable, owing to the cold which was now very piercing. At this spot it is usual to make the final preparation for the ascent to the



region of eternal ice and snow within a short distance of the chalet. First our boots were inspected and pronounced unsuitable unless shod with strong iron headed nails. We accordingly prepared our boots for the purpose, and it was not a little amusing to watch the process being performed by our improvised cobbler. Next two additional guides with long ice-picks or hatchets and ropes were pronounced indispensable, the ladders for crossing the crevasses were, we were told, sent on before. This formidable array of preparation rather alarmed me, not so much on my own account as for my younger and less hardy companions, one of whom was of the gentler sex, and had not nearly completed her teens; however as we were not bound to proceed further than we deemed safe we started off in single marching order along a narrow pathway up a very steep stony ascent which skirted the Mont Blanc Glacier for about three quarters of an hour when we commenced to traverse the Glacier. I was amazed when the leading guide jumped from the mountain side on to the first platform of ice, for it was so hollow that I imagined it would hardly bear his weight; however, the second and third ventured without making any impression, and we followed suit. Once fairly launched upon the glacier our course was varied and devious in the extreme. At one moment we were threading our way in narrow lanes between blocks of ice, at another we came to a halt waiting for the foremost guides to cut stepping places out from the ice hillocks which intercepted our path; now jumping over narrow ice crevasses or ravines, then carefully walking along a narrow ledge of ice between two crevasses, at times crossing fields of composite ice and snow and under which mountain streams coursed along; here stopping to look down into some cavernous depth or rent fissure and admire the beautiful green and blue tint of the immense masses of pure ice, there to look up at the ice pyramids, pinnacles, and huge blocks of ice of every conceivable shape at the base of which we passed. For an hour and a half we continued this course with occasionally very insecure foothold, until we reached the grand junction so named, because at this spot the really dangerous part commences, and the junction of the various members of the party takes place. Here the guides came to a dead halt, and loosening the long rope they had brought explained to us that the route was now so dangerous and difficult that we could not proceed further without being joined together by one common rope, the philosophy of this arrangement being that in the event of one of the party falling down a crevass, or losing foothold on the side of an ice hillock he would be held suspended in mid air until the others to whom he was united could haul him up, always provided, thought I, he did not pull the others down with him. We were accordingly tied together, and as the process was unique in my experience, I shall describe it in detail for your benefit. First, the end of the rope was fastened to the belt of the foremost guide, who carried a formidable ice hatchet. About seven feet of slack rope was allowed, and then the rope was attached to one of our number, then seven feet of slack rope, and the rope

was attached to a second with a second ice pickaxe, then to another of our trio and so on in a similar manner until all of us were firmly tied and united one to the other by a common rope. I am free to confess that I did not at all relish the idea of proceeding further over a course where such elaborate preparations were considered indispensable ; however, I thought and hoped that it might turn out after all to be "much ado about nothing."

All being ready at the word of command from our foremost guide we descended an ice ravine, crossed a piece of smooth ice, and commenced the further ascent, or rather a succession of steep ascents on the other side. Nearly every step had to be cut out from the sides of the solid ice hillocks. Crevasses of greater size now became more numerous, and we had consequently to thread our way very carefully along the edges at times hemmed in by them on either side of us. I now appreciated the advantage of our union by a common rope, for over dangerous spots subsequently passed, no one was allowed to proceed until the first person was fairly over ; and the rope was held taut until the difficulty was passed. Snow in large quantities made walking difficult and laborious, and our course was more exciting than pleasant. One hour had passed since our rope-union when we reached one of the steepest ice hillocks we had yet seen, so steep indeed that no snow could rest on the face of it. To ascend this was a work of no little difficulty, every step we took having to be cut out of the solid ice-hill. How I thanked the cobbler who had put such heavy nails into the soles of my boots without which I must have slipped one hundred times. I thought the worst was over, when, to my surprise, our guides called our attention to three crevasses ahead which were impassable except by means of ladders which had been placed across them. I now held a council as to whether it was prudent for us to proceed further or return. My lady companion with true English spirit said with emphasis, "No, we started for the Grandes Mulets, and we must reach them if possible. I cannot bear the thought of returning defeated." Of course, when a lady felt game it was not for me to give in, so with excelsior on our banner we advanced, until we came to the first ladder, which was with great precaution successfully crossed once over. I inquired of my lady companion how she had managed it so bravely ? She replied, "By keeping tight hold of the ladder and looking up. I did not dare to look down into the crevasse lest I should have turned giddy." The second and third ladders were in like manner successfully crossed, and our *ultima thule* was towering above us, about half an hour's distance off, at least so said our guides, for we thought the half hour would never end, but it came at last, and we planted our feet on the cabin floor of the Grandes Mulets with an English hurrah.

The scenery around us was grand, and, to us, novel in the extreme. On every side vast and extensive fields of ice and snow hemmed us in, and the sense of complete isolation from the rest of humanity was of an awe-inspiring character. Below the valley of Chamounix lay outspread in its full extent and rising from its base on the opposite

side of the valley were the heights of the Brevent La Flegue and several glaciers, and towering above were extensive fields of snow, the peak of Mont Blanc with the Union Jack fluttering proudly in the breeze on the top, and the peak and Dome de Gouter. The air was deliciously cool and exhilarating and the temperature genial and considerably above what I had anticipated at this altitude, the day being bright and sunny.

We had hardly been seated on the steps of the little shanty or cabin for a quarter of an hour, when, on looking upwards, we descried a young Englishman and three guides rapidly descending from the top of Mont Blanc, and before we left the cabin he arrived, exclaiming, as he entered, "Hurrah, I have done it in two days." I was very glad on entering into conversation with him to learn that we had passed the most difficult and hazardous part of the ascent, the remaining part mainly through extensive fields of deep snow being more laborious and fatiguing than dangerous.

After having had a short rest, and having fortified ourselves with good draughts of strong tea, preparations were made for our descent, for the day was waning, and a long and difficult task lay before us. The process of being tied together having been completed, the descent was commenced. Some of our party fondly imagined that the heights once reached their troubles were over, but the delightful dream was quickly dispelled, for if a steady head and foot were necessary in the ascent, they were still more indispensable in the descent of the numerous ice hillocks where the foothold was so precarious and scant that one traversed their sides with fear and trembling, and inwardly rejoiced and felt truly thankful for every foot gained; the guides themselves held on by the aid of their ice-picks, which they stuck deep into the ice walls and then rendered us what assistance they could. Descending the ice ladders over the crevasses needed more than ordinary caution, for one had to perform the difficult operation of lying prone on the ice and feeling at the edge of the crevasse for the ladder steps and holding on like grim death, the rope being held taut by those above and below. I can assure you that after two and a half hours of such work, it was with no slight inward congratulation that we abandoned the region of ice and snow, and reached and trod upon a rocky foundation, and in an hour after entered the chalet at Pierre Pointue, where, having refreshed the inner man, we commenced the last point of the descent, on the margin of the Glacier du Boissons, which leads down into the Chamounix valley, and at 6.30 p.m. we stalked into our hotel with all the pride and satisfaction of those who had performed some heroic exploit and were duly conscious of it.

On recounting the day's proceedings to the proprietor of our hotel, he informed us that we were entitled to the honorary certificate of the Chamounix Guild of Alpine Guides, for having accomplished the ascent as far as the Grandes Mulets, and as one of our number was a Cape Colonial young lady and probably the only lady Anglo-Africaner who had made the ascent, we claimed and received this honorary distinction on her behalf.

## To a Caged Goldfinch in South Africa.

"Thirteen years since I saw your dear faces and his. Oh ! how thankful I am that it is so long ago."—*Extract from a letter of Bishop Patteson to his sisters.*

Poor little stranger on a foreign shore,  
 How does my heart leap up to hear thy song !  
 Those notes I knew in happy days of yore,  
 So memory kindles, recollections throng.

Thou singest yet, though caged by cruel wire,  
 Thy sweet notes have not lost the charm they bore,  
 Thy song still warbles with thy native fire ;  
 None that now hear thee deem thy lot is sore.

Thy needs are looked to by a loving heart,  
 No dangers lurk within thy gaoler's hand ;  
 Thy wants are daily met ; and on thy part  
 Naught is demanded but thy joyous song.

Thou hast forgotten, then, thy bower of home,  
 The wooded vale, the youth, and love of dreams ?  
 Thy cage to thee contains thy all ; to roam  
 Thou seekest not, thy heart contented seems.

Shall I, like thee, no more of past days think,  
 Nor look back fondly, nor for lost joys faint ?  
 Or, with the southern martyr, never shrink,  
 Bearing the pang of parting without plaint ?

He, brave and bold, could boldly loving say :  
 " Since I have seen your face and his, so dear,  
 'Tis thirteen years ago this very day,  
 And I can write," thank God, " without a tear."

Is not this better than a dull despair,  
 Or lethé-like forgetfulness of pain ?  
 Surely the blessedness cannot compare  
 To bear sweet grief, or court oblivion's reign.



## The Scottish Philosophy.\*

SYSTEMS of philosophy, like all other systems of knowledge, have their day : they flourish for a time, and are forgotten. Ponderous tomes which graced the shelves of earnest students in olden times, are now set aside—consigned to the limbo of literary antiquities. The very text-books change. Ramus and Vossius and Burgesdicius have disappeared, along with De Vries and Heineccius. The world has gone on, and is now more inclined to sneer than to listen. Truth itself is at a premium ; and every schoolboy of the enlightened nineteenth century, every unfledged or full-fledged B.A., pretends to know more about the truth than the sages of antiquity, whose works are unread, whose theories are not understood, whose wisdom is out of date. Empiricism has taken the place of careful investigation ; a sensational philosophy has given the death-blow—as it fancies—to all intuitionism ; and the metaphysic of the future seems left at the mercy of the disciples of evolution. Time was when “divina philosophia” was considered the “regina scientiarum.” But the “regina” arrogated to herself the title and the power of “imperatrix,” and ruled with an iron hand. In the reaction which ensued she was dethroned ; or, if a queen still, she is nothing else than a “reine faineante,” a queen without power, prestige, or authority. If Herbert Spencer is to be believed, his new philosophy will sweep away both theology and metaphysics : this high priest of evolution has confidence and arrogance enough—whatever else his pretensions may be.

And yet it has always been so. Philosophy never had a peaceful, undisputed reign. Even Kant had reason to exclaim : “Time was when she was queen of all the sciences ; and, if we take the will for the deed, she certainly deserves, so far as regards the high importance of her object matter, this title of honour. Now it is the fashion to heap contempt and scorn upon her, and the matron mourns forlorn and forsaken like Hecuba.” If philosophic cobwebs, with the dust of ages upon them, are to be swept out of our path—be it so ! But let us at least acknowledge our debt to the past which has made us what we are. The very men who decry metaphysics have been educated under their influences, and are helpless without them. Systems of philosophy have their faults—what system of human thought is perfect ? Many an ardent student, grappling with endless logomachies or dialectic subtleties in an earnest search after truth, has too often found that he has but chased a *will-o-the-whisp*

\* “The Scottish Philosophy (Biographical, Expository, Critical), from Hutcheson to Hamilton.” By JAMES M’COSH, D.D., LL.D., President of the College of New Jersey, Princetown. London : Macmillan & Co.

across some Aristotelian or scholastic quagmire ; many a brave heart has given up the struggle because he became more hopelessly entangled at every step ; many a modern Faust has had good reason to exclaim :—

Da steh' ich nun, ich armer Thor !  
Und bin so klug, als wie zuvor.

But that struggle has not been useless ; we of the nineteenth century are gathering in the harvest.

Dr. M'Cosh, therefore, has done a good work by drawing attention to the "Light of other days." His is a labour of love. No one, except the brilliant French eclectic Cousin has given a trustworthy account of the Scottish philosophy ; Dr. M'Cosh, therefore, felt called upon to do for his country what no one as yet has attempted. He has done his work well. Many a name, almost forgotten, or entirely forgotten, has been brought to light by him ; many a theory, neglected or superseded, has again been discussed ; its virtues and its failings described with a loving hand. Of Scottish philosophers, Dr. M'Cosh is inclined to say that :

Even their failings leaned to virtue's side.

The book is seasonable. Scotland has rejected its own philosophy. Mill and Bain, Hegel and Berkeley have their followers ; but Reid and Hamilton are forgotten by the majority. This our author regrets, for in his preface, which sounds like a requiem on the departed, he says : " I publish it as the last, and, to me, the only remaining, means of testifying my regard for my country and my country's philosophy, which has been the means of stimulating thought in so many of Scotland's sons. The English-speaking public has of late been listening to other forms of philosophy, and is now inclined to a materialistic psychology. Not finding permanent satisfaction in any of these, it is surely possible that it may grant a hearing to the safer philosophy of Scotland."—A short sketch of this philosophy will therefore not be amiss.

The Scottish philosophy is a product of the eighteenth century. To understand the one we must know something of the other. Religious indifference was a characteristic of the eighteenth century ; the fervour and enthusiasm of the Puritan age had given place to deism and infidelity. Action and reaction are equal and opposite in morals as in mechanics ; hence the austere rigidity and narrowminded harshness of the Protectorate prepared the way for a complete change at the Restoration. With a Stewart on the throne, and the cavalier party in the ascendant, looseness of morals and open profligacy were considered the characteristics of a gentleman. All religious fervour was ridiculed, open or covert infidelity indulged in, and the latter part of the seventeenth century gave very little promise of a hopeful future. Under such auspices, the eighteenth century was ushered in, and with it came a breaking up of creeds, and a breaking up of

morals. Men, whom no religion could bind, fell into the wildest excesses. "In the turmoil of opinions which sprang up in the new state of things, there are rumours of deism and even of atheism being secretly entertained or openly avowed, and of the establishment here and there in town and country of 'hell-fire' clubs, where bold men met to discuss new opinions, and even, it is said, to act mock ceremonies intended to ridicule the sacraments and all that is awful in religion."

How did the Church stem this rising tide of infidelity and indifference? The Church herself became tainted. She was utterly powerless. "The great thinkers of the day spent their strength not so much in discussing doctrines disputed among Christians, as in defending religion in general, and in laying a deep foundation on which to rest the essential principles of morality and the eternal truths of religion, natural and revealed." In the pulpits, essays were read on the immortality of the soul, the nature of virtue, the beauty of Biblical morality, and the general excellence of Christianity. A style was cultivated, moulded after the French; and preachers laboured to make religion palatable to the great. Whatever might shock the fastidious tastes of their hearers was carefully avoided, the ruggedness of the cross was hidden; refinement, polish, grace in sentiment and expression were sought after. While thus the rich were attracted, the common people were neglected. What cared they for rhapsodies about virtue and morality, ethical disquisitions of which they understood nothing! Moderatism, as this new style of preaching and teaching was called, had no hold upon the people—it gave a stone where they asked for bread. The Evangelicals were in the minority; their influence was comparatively limited. The Moderates boasted of their refinement, their liberality, and the hold they had upon the rich and powerful. The Evangelicals protested against the hiding of Gospel light, the absence of any rousing appeal to heart and conscience, and pointed to the ignorance and utter ungodliness of the rural population and of the hundreds who lived in the closes and lanes of large cities such as Edinburgh and Glasgow. But these Evangelicals were like

An infant crying in the night,  
And with no language but a cry.

Religion made Easy prepared the way for Philosophy made Easy. The Scottish school is the offspring of Moderatism. Its earliest exponents were Moderates; and the man who towers above them all, and is generally looked up to as their leader, Thomas Reid, was a Moderate. The following vivid sketch of his induction to his first charge at New Machar is so characteristic of the times that we cannot omit it:—

"In order to his being settled, the probationer or minister had not only to receive a presentation from the patron, but a "call" from the people, which by this time was becoming a mere form, as the

ecclesiastical courts, falling under the influence of the patronage spirit, continued to avoid insisting on a *bonâ fide* concurrence from the members of the congregation. At the moderation of a call to a minister for the vacant church of New Machar, Mr. John Bisset, a popular preacher, a defender of evangelical religion, and an opponent of patronage, preached a sermon before the Presbytery which was full of stirring appeals, and in which he warned the people against the 'fear of man which bringeth a snare;' against being intimidated by their landlords, and acting on the slavish principle 'I am for the man the laird is for.' . . . . His appeal had a powerful effect. The people, having no hope of getting their rights protected by the Church Courts, adopted a mode of expressing their feelings characteristic of the times. The tradition is that when their minister came to the place, men dressed in women's clothes ducked him in a pond; and that on the Sabbath on which he preached his first sermon, an uncle of his who resided at Rosehill, two miles off, defended him on the pulpit stairs with a drawn sword."

The man who exercised most influence on the earlier philosophic school of Scotland was Shaftesbury, grandson of Lord Shaftesbury, the friend of Locke. He was an easy, good-humoured sort of man, who cared not to think very deeply on religious subjects. He "would recommend wisdom and virtue in the way of pleasantry and mirth;" and tells us that "good humour is not only the best security against enthusiasm, but the best foundation of piety and true religion." He dislikes "the melancholy way of treating religion," and is ready in this good-humoured way to "embrace those holy mysteries even in their minutest particulars, and without the least exception on account of their amazing depth, being fully assured of our own steady orthodoxy, resignation, and entire submission to the truly Christian and catholic doctrines of our holy Church, as by law established." This easy, pleasant, unenthusiastic kind of religion prepares him for a philosophy quite as easy and superficial. He demurs to the Cartesian "*Cogito ergo sum*," and adds, "For my own part, I take my being upon trust." He first introduces the words "*sensus communis*," or "common sense," which has since become the Shibboleth of the Scottish school. His doctrine is thus formulated: "Some moral and philosophical truths there are withal so evident in themselves that it would be easier to imagine half mankind to have run mad and joined precisely in one and the same kind of folly, than to admit anything as truth which should be advanced against such *natural knowledge, fundamental reason, and common sense*." Here we have the whole Scottish philosophy summed up in a single proposition. Locke had cleared the way of all innate ideas, had begun with the mind as a *tabula rosa*; Des Cartes had striven to throw off all prejudices and traditional modes of thought, and had founded a system of philosophy on the vast *petitio principii* of his "*Cogito ergo sum*." It was a happy discovery of Des Cartes'; an equally happy one of Shaftesbury's.



But men will not "take their being upon trust," nor agree with the "ergo" of Des Cartes. Shaftesbury himself very justly observed: "Nothing is more certain; for the ergo being established in the first part, the ergo no doubt must hold its ground in the latter." But that is just the question. Who or what is this "ergo cogitans?" We may "take our being upon trust," but who will answer for us

Those obstinate questionings  
Of sense and outward things

which ever come pressing in upon us? Shaftesbury is too superficial to go very deeply into any subject. With his "Sensus Communis" he clears his path of all difficulties. It is the magician's wand which transmutes iron into gold. And yet he is right in appealing to those intuitions which underlie and must underlie all philosophical investigation. The mind must start with certain postulates—we must postulate the existence of God. "In the living God rest the *ideas* which give life and truth to all things. *Idea* (from *idein*, see, behold) is the only ground of things which lies in God." Plato anticipated this truth in his doctrine of "ideas;" he saw it through a glass darkly. The idea of the true, the beautiful, the good, lies hid in the depths of man's soul; but, apart from the living God, this *idea* is but a prophetic *ideal*—an *abnung*—an anticipation of something which lies far beyond. Hence the true Cartesian starting-point ought to be: "Cogito ergo sum" (I think, therefore I am).\*

The principles laid down by Shaftesbury struck deep root in Scottish soil. The connecting link between the old school and the new is found in Gershom Carmichael, a man who exercised a considerable influence on students in his day. In a graphic sketch, Dr. M'Cosh pictures the impetuous professor, now lecturing to a crowded class of eager students who had been attracted to Glasgow from all parts of England and Scotland by his fame; anon rushing in upon them when they had kindled a bonfire in honour of the election of Lord Molesworth to Parliament, and getting into trouble among the mob while he is extinguishing the flames. At one time we find him quarrelling with the principal, and joining in the internal feuds of the college corporation; at another, engaged, as Wodrow writes, "in deep exercises of soul, and much the worse that he did not communicate his distress to anybody almost." Suspended from office, and resolved on asking forgiveness, always getting into a scrape on account of his fiery temper, and getting out of it as best he may, we find him ever actively engaged, lecturing, scheming, disputing, quarreling, or battling fiercely in the depths of his soul against the old Adam, which in this case is certainly too strong for the young McLauchthen. Strange character this—the Hebraist name, the

\* See this thought beautifully worked in "Guming Blekken, in De Openbaring," vol. i., pp. 27, 28.

impetuous covenanting spirit, the deep "soul exercises,"—all mark him as belonging to a race which has no representative now. His contributions to philosophy have not much merit.

But a greater than Carmichael—the real founder of the school—is Francis Hutcheson. He is a true Moderate, superficial in theology, and equally so in philosophy. He was the great friend of Professor John Simson, who was for a long time under prosecution for heresy, and to whose teaching the introduction of the so-called "New Light" into the Scottish pulpits is traced. One of the ends for which he lived was to "put a new face upon theology in Scotland;" and though never formally avowing any doctrinal belief, he was considered a Socinian by many. He dislikes the imputation, and writes to a friend: "I am already called "New Light" here."\* The sickly sentimentalism and superficiality of Moderatism, the dreary pulpit platitudes, the encouragement of all dogmatic indifference, the absence of religious enthusiasm, which characterised Hutcheson's preaching, naturally gave a colour to his philosophy. His system may be thus summarised in the words of Dr. M'Cosh:—

"Hutcheson has nowhere explained very fully or formally the method on which he proceeds. But he everywhere appeals to facts; he brings all theories to the test of the actual operations of the human mind as disclosed to consciousness (a word frequently employed by him); he sets no value on speculations built up in any other way. And he everywhere speaks doubtfully or disparagingly of the logical distinctions and verbal subtleties of the schoolmen, and of the rational deductions of Des Cartes and Samuel Clarke. Proceeding on the method of observation, he discovers certain cognitive powers, which he calls, perhaps unhappily, senses which have a place in our very nature and constitution, and operate independent of any notice we may take of them."

Hutcheson is the only one of Scottish philosophers who ventured a little out of the beaten track. The region of ontology is a "terra incognita" to Scottish philosophy. Hamilton alone, with his giant intellect and ponderous learning, discussed one of the profoundest subjects which can occupy human intellect,—and the result was suicidal. But the age of Hutcheson sneered at "meaningless scholastic questions." He, however, felt called upon to answer those questions which will be put and must be answered in spite of sneers and ridicules. "The answers which he gives, if not so profound in fact or appearance as those given by the ancient philosophers, by the scholastics, or by Des Cartes and Leibnitz, are clear and sensible. He

\* An amusing story in connection with Hutcheson is told by Dr. M'Cosh. His father, labouring under a rheumatic affection, sent him to supply his place, on a cold and rainy Sabbath, in a small country village. When the rain had abated, and the anxious father had gone to meet his son and to hear how he had got on, he questioned a returning elder about the sermon. The answer was: "Your silly loon Frank has fashed a' the congregation with his idle cackle. Not a word does the daft boy ken, speer, nor say about the gude auld comfortable doctrines of election, reprobation, original sin and faith. Hoot mon, awa' wi' sic a fellow

discusses, and this by no means in a superficial manner, topics which the Scottish metaphysicians between him and Hamilton carefully avoided." The Scottish philosophers even afterwards are as afraid of the "meaningless questions and trivial debates of the old scholastics" as old women and children are of ghosts. They carefully avoided difficulties, and never departed from the beaten track.\* Hutcheson and Hamilton—the first and the last—were the only ones who manfully "faced the spectres of the mind," and attempted "to lay them." We regret this the more because the Scottish school has in it the elements which might serve as the "prolegomena to all future metaphysic." They laid a foundation, but either could not or would not build up a system. Hence we have dreary repetitions, reiterations of acknowledged truths, discussions without end on undisputed topics, often a sort of internecine war, the one setting up a man of straw and the other knocking it down again.

But by far the greatest name among Scottish philosophers is that of Thomas Reid. Dr. M'Cosh positively gets into raptures when he describes Reid:

"He is in every respect a Scotchman of the genuine type: shrewd, cautious, outwardly calm, and yet with a well of feeling within, and capable of enthusiasm; not witty, but with a quiet vein of humour. And then he has the truly philosophic spirit: seeking truth modestly, humbly, diligently; piercing beneath the surface to gaze on the true nature of things, and not to be caught by sophistry or misled by plausible representations. He has not the mathematical consecutiveness of Des Cartes, the speculative genius of Leibnitz, the *spirituel* of Berkeley, or the detective skill of Hume; but he has a quality as valuable as any of these even in philosophy; he has in perfection that common-sense which he so commends, and this saves him from the extreme positions into which these great men have been tempted by the soaring nature of their inexorable logic."

Reid, therefore, requires more than a passing notice. But immediately preceding him we have Turnbull, a voluminous writer, who has been immortalised in Hogarth's "Beer Street." A porter, who is carrying five enormous folios to the trunkmaker, is represented drinking barley-wine. On the back of one of these folios we have "Turnbull on Ancient Paintings." Dr. M'Cosh considers Turnbull to have added another link to the chain of Scottish philosophy, and to be worthy of some notice as the teacher of Reid, and the man who exercised the greatest influence on his illustrious pupil. He is the

\* This may perhaps be attributed to excessive caution. But it is a caution which threatens to produce a superficial school of thought. The same caution is found in Stewart, who is thus described:—"He looks on high abstraction with as great terror as some men do on ghosts. He studiously avoids close discussion, and flinches from controversy; he seems afraid of fighting with an opponent lest it should exhibit him in no seemly attitudes. Seldom does he venture on a bold assertion; and when he does, he takes shelter immediately after behind an authority. . . . Often does the eager, ingenuous youth, in reading his pages, wish that he would but lay aside ceremony a very little, and speak out frankly and heartily."

first to announce strenuously and unambiguously that "in investigating the human mind we ought to proceed on the method of induction," is as averse "to abstruse scholastic distinctions and recondite ratiocinations on moral subjects;" he ever "appeals to consciousness as the instrument of observation." Proceeding in the way of observation, he discovers natural laws and principles which he calls by the name of "common sense." "Common sense is certainly sufficient to teach those who think of the matter with tolerable seriousness and attention all the duties and offices of human life; all our obligations to God and our fellow creatures; all that is morally fit and binding." Thus the ground was prepared for Reid. But meanwhile another Scotchman had entered the arena. David Hume arose, and with him came scepticism. He did not spare Moderatism; and the alarm in the *Moderate* camp, when their fortress of "natural theology" was stormed, can be more easily imagined than described. Reid was roused into philosophical activity and flew to arms; and his criticisms of Hume were applied with varying success and unequal acuteness. What, then, was Hume's theory? That theory is very simple. The old scholastic doctrine of Representative Perception, or perception by intermediate ideas, had received its death-blow in the speculations of Berkeley. Carrying this doctrine to its legitimate conclusions, he had shown that the whole universe on such principles would be but a world of ideas, permanently existing in the Divine mind, and occasionally made known to or discerned by the finite mind. Matter did not exist except as an idea. Hume, again, following in the wake of Berkeley, denied with equal justice the existence of mind. Mind itself is nothing but a mere bundle of ideas. All our perceptions resolve themselves into *impressions* and *ideas*—the impressions comprehending "all our sensations, passions, and emotions as they make their first appearance in the soul,"—the ideas being "the faint images of these both in thinking and reasoning;" in other words, the mere "reproductions of our impressions." "What we call mind is nothing but a heap or collection of different impressions united together by certain relations." Matter thus being reduced to mere sensations, and mind to ideas, there cannot be any connection between them. Custom or the subjective habits of experience may connect them and does connect them. But that is all we can say about them. "As long as we confine our speculations to the *appearances* of objects to our senses, without entering into disquisitions concerning their real nature and operations, we are safe from all difficulties, and can never be embarrassed by any question. But I am afraid that, if we carry our inquiry beyond the appearances of objects to the senses, most of our conclusions will be full of scepticism and uncertainty." This, then, is the ideal theory of Hume which Reid set himself to overthrow. The views of matter and mind thus brought forward effectually destroyed all the usual psychological arguments for the immateriality and immortality of the soul. When there is perpetual warfare be-



tween reason and belief, and the one effectually contradicts and destroys the other, philosophic scepticism is the result. Hume felt this, for he adds, as his conclusions: "There is a direct and total opposition between our reason and our senses, or, more properly speaking, betwixt those conclusions which we form from cause and effect and those that persuade us of the continued and independent existence of body."

Another link in the chain of Hume's scepticism is his theory of causation. He denied the universality of relation between cause and effect, and made it entirely dependent on experience. "The idea of cause and effect is derived from experience, which, presenting us with certain objects constantly conjoined with each other, produces such a habit of surveying them in that relation, that we cannot, without a sensible violence, survey them in any other." We therefore know nothing of cause except as the observed antecedent of the effect. Habit, the principal of association, and our experience, make us look for the one when the other is present; and thus, too, when the effect is before us, that is, an *impression*, we at once look for the cause as the associating *idea*. This theory of causation naturally undermines the argument for the existence of God; and Hume carried it to its legal consequences in his "Dialogues on Natural Religion." A watch implies a watchmaker because we have seen the two together and traced the connection between them. But we have no experience in worldmaking, therefore we cannot argue from the existence of the world to the existence of a world-maker. The two were never seen together; hence we can't argue from the one to the other.

Such is Hume's theory. How did Reid meet him? Dr. M'Cosh states the result as follows:—

"That the mind begins with impressions and goes on to ideas, which are mere reproductions of impressions—this is the fundamental principle of Hume. Now this may be denied: I think should be denied. On what ground, we ask, does he allow the existence of impressions and ideas? When he answers, we can show him that on the same ground he must admit more; that he must allow that the mind has convictions in regard to its own existence, and the existence of external objects, and perceptions of moral goodness. But again, he may be met at the farther stages of his progress. He asserts that the mind can reach no truth except such as it gets from experience. It may be shown that it has an original furniture in the shape of tendencies and laws which lead to and guarantee necessary and eternal truth.

"It is interesting to observe that Reid met him at both these points. Reid made a very careful inquiry into the nature of the senses as inlets of knowledge; and showed that accompanying the sensation there is always an intuitive perception of an external world. He showed, too, though he did not make so much of it as he might, that consciousness is a mental faculty and a source of knowledge.

He farther met the sceptic at the more advanced point, and proved that the mind has a primitive reason or common sense which decides at once that things are so and so; that every effect, for instance, must have a cause. I am not of opinion that Reid has thoroughly cleared up these subjects; that he has detected all that is in the senses; that he has unfolded fully the laws of intuition;—but he has established enough to repel the assaults of the sceptic.”

Reid's appeal to “common sense” is valid in itself, and may be legitimately used against scepticism, for in reality the appeal is made to certain principles in our constitution which all are obliged to admit and act upon. But what is Common Sense? Reid unfortunately used the term in more than one meaning, dexterously combining them when it suits his purpose, but thereby really endangering his own position. At one time it is conceived and appealed to as the power of knowledge in general, the *good sense* as employed and possessed by ordinary men. At another time it denotes “the aggregate of original principles planted in the minds of all.” This ambiguity, and the attempt to make use of it in his philosophical system, turned in the end against Reid, and is one of the reasons why he has fallen into such neglect. The same ambiguity may be traced in his doctrine of “immediate perception.” He successfully exposed the groundlessness and inconsistency of ancient and modern theories of “representative perception”—or perception by means of intermediate ideas—and in this way repelled the *reductio ad absurdum* of Berkeley and Hume. The service which he has done to philosophy in sweeping away these intermediaries between perception and its external object cannot be over estimated. From Plato to Hume it had been maintained that we do not perceive external objects immediately, and that the immediate object of perception must be some image present to the mind. Reid showed “that no solid proof had been advanced of the existence of the ideas; that they are a mere fiction and hypothesis, contrived to solve the phenomena of the human understanding; that they do not at all answer this end; and that this hypothesis of ideas to images of things in the mind or in the sensorium is the parent of foolish paradoxes.” While thus correcting the errors of others, he started a theory of his own, which is equally unsatisfactory. He maintains that in every act of perception there are three things: First, a conception or notion of the object conceived; secondly, a strong conviction of its present existence; thirdly, that this conviction or belief is immediate. So far so good. But it is when he comes to explain more fully the rise of this act of perception that his errors become manifest. According to him there is first of all a sensation, and this sensation *suggests* the perception. This word *suggestion* was taken from Berkeley and Locke; and its parentage alone is sufficient to raise our suspicions. “When I smell a rose,” says Reid, “there is in this operation both sensation and perception. The agreeable odour I feel, considered by itself, without relation to any external object, is merely a sensation. And this

sensation suggests the perception"—in other words, the quality in the rose which produces the sensation—"is the object perceived, and that act of the mind by which I have the conviction and belief of this quality is perception." But have we really got beyond Hume's ideal theory. Have we not merely substituted "sensation" for "idea?" Are not these signs and suggestions quite as troublesome as other intermediaries? Reid seems to have swept away errors only to put others in their stead. So sensible was Hamilton of this that he laboured hard to correct these blunders. He felt that Hume had not been properly met, and insisted that we know the external object itself in perception, and that there is no medium whatever between the mind and the object perceived.

The great question after all is: Did Reid in reality overthrow the scepticism of Hume by this appeal to common sense and the doctrine of immediate perception? The answer may be given in the words of Professor Lindsay, whose criticisms of the Scottish philosophy are well worth reading.\*

"The point which Hume really raised, and which is the all-important point in philosophy, had to do not with external reality or with ideas, not with perception and the external world,—but with the whole sweep of man's knowledge and beliefs. Is a common knowledge profitable to mankind? or, to put the matter in philosophical language, it had to do with the great questions which occupied the old Greek, the scholastic, and most modern philosophy, except that of the Scottish school—the question as to the nature and reality of universals. . . . The way to answer the sceptic is not to assert, with all the strength of lung possible that we all see and know the external world—a truism which is superfluous—but that whatever we do see and know, we see and know in the same way. This is what Kant did, and this is what no Scottish philosopher, save Hamilton, has ever attempted to do. For what did Reid do? He said that in sense-knowledge we all perceived the same thing; but he never tried to show that we all perceived it in the same way. Again he said that in intellectual knowledge there was a series of fundamental principles, and gave a vague enumeration of them, but he never faced Hume's attack upon these very principles. Hume knew as well as Reid that "there is life and intelligence in our fellow-men with whom we converse; . . . but he thought that all these were resolvable into some casual association or uniform custom. . . . Reid's principles of common sense are simply reiterations of statements which Hume already had before him."

This criticism is just, and exposes very clearly the faults of Reid's system. Dr. M'Cosh, himself, has felt how inadequate Reid's defence of international truth is against Hume. He brings out prominently the points where scepticism has been overthrown, and shows that Reid's work has not been in vain. But it required a greater than Reid, it required a Kant, to re-establish philosophy.

\* See *British and Foreign Evangelical Review*, January, 1875.

In Reid, the Scottish philosophy reached its culminating point. After him a number of brilliant men *added lustre to the Scottish Universities, who exerted a very wide influence.* Thus, for instance, Dugald Stewart attracted a number of distinguished students, who all rose to the greatest eminence, and referred with pleasure and gratitude to the impulse he gave to their minds. The sketch given of him by Lord Cockburn, can hardly be omitted:—

“He was about the middle-size, weakly limbed, and with an appearance of feebleness which gave an air of delicacy to his gait and structure. His forehead was large and bald; his eyebrows, bushy; his eyes, grey and intelligent, and capable of conveying any emotion, from indignation to pity, from serene sense to hearty humour, in which they were powerfully aided by his lips, which, though rather large perhaps, were flexible and expressive. His voice was singularly pleasing, and as he managed it, a slight burr made its tones softer. His ear, both for music and for speech, was exquisite; and he was the finest reader I have ever heard. His gesture was simple and elegant, though not free from professional formality, and his whole manner that of an academical gentleman. . . . He lectured; standing, from notes, which with their successive additions, must, I suppose, have been nearly as full as his spoken words. His lecturing manner was professorial but gentlemanlike, calm and expository, but rising into greatness, or softening into tenderness whenever his subject required it. A slight asthmatic tendency made him often clear his throat, and such was my admiration of the whole exhibition, that Macney Napier told him not long ago, that I had said there was eloquence in his very spitting. ‘Then,’ said he, ‘I am glad there was at least one thing in which I had no competitor.’ . . . To me, his lectures were like the opening of the heavens, I felt I had a soul. His noble views, unfolded in glorious sentences, elevated me into a higher world.”

Our space is limited, and therefore we must content ourselves with this description of Stewart. Of Brown and Hamilton, we need say nothing. Both diverged more or less from the beaten track, and introduced foreign elements into their philosophical systems. Hamilton drew largely on Kant, and thereby put a new face on the philosophy of Scotland. He formed a school of his own, with Dean Mansel as the brilliant expounder of his views. Many of his disciples dissented from his views, but his influence was felt far and wide. Whether Hamilton’s contributions to philosophy will be lasting, is not for us to inquire here. His doctrine of causation, his theory of the unconditioned, have been protested against, undermined, if not completely laid in ruins. But yet his lectures and discussions have been the means of stimulating thought, and have given an impulse to philosophical investigations, such as few modern speculations have done. Men differed, but admired; they disproved and denied his conclusions, but acknowledged his was a master-mind, and that in his own sphere he stood alone. Impetuous, fiery, impatient of rebuke, proud of his literary reputation, vehement in de-



nunciation, he acknowledged no one as his master. His uncalled-for attack on Luther, his terrible criticism of "Whateley's Logic," his fierce diatribe against mathematics, will not easily be forgotten. Of Hamilton, as compared with Scottish philosophers in general, it may well be said in the words of Macaulay:—"Eclipse is first, and the rest nowhere." No one can read his works without feeling intellectually stronger, and receiving a healthy stimulus to philosophical investigations. The nomenclature is strange, the style though not elegant, is terse and full of brief sententious maxims. He seems to jerk out his thoughts, as an overcharged fountain jerks out its water. We miss the rounded periods of Brown, or the eloquence of Stewart, but we admire his amazing erudition, his unsurpassed logical precision, and the keenness of his critical analysis. His mind was more German than English, and had he been reared on Teutonic soil his influence would have been wider and more lasting. An examination of his works does not fall within the scope of this paper. The chapter on Hamilton is one of the finest in Dr. M'Cosh's book, and to that we must refer.

One question still remains to be answered;—What are the merits of the Scottish philosophy; and what legacy has it left to posterity? Dr. M'Cosh has given answer, and we again follow in his track.

1. It proceeds on the inductive method, that is, the method of observation professedly and really. Former inquiries, with few exceptions, were conducted in the dogmatic, analytic, or deductive method. The Scottish philosophy avowedly and knowingly followed the mode of procedure as adopted by Bacon. That thus, by a careful analysis of mental operations, by self-introspection, the way was cleared of dogmatic prejudices or preconceived notions, is a great gain in itself. This certainly is due to the Scottish school, that, if they did not systematize, they cleared the way of a host of old established vulgar errors.

2. They employed self-consciousness as the instrument of observation. They are thus distinguished from those who base their investigations exclusively on the observations of the brain or animal physiology. Not that they discarded science. Reid and Hamilton were well acquainted with the latest discoveries of physiology in their day, and made use of that knowledge in their investigations. But consciousness was to them the primary witness and the final judge of appeal. The sensational philosophy of Mill and Bain can find no place in the Scottish school. The appeal to consciousness is the only antidote against all materialism. Mental states can never be known by the senses, or the microscope, or by any chemical or physiological analysis. Hamilton's words in his preface to Reid are true, and may well be repeated here:—"The philosophy which relies on the data of consciousness may not fulfil the conditions of what men conceive that a philosophy should be; it makes no pretension to any knowledge of the absolute—the unconditioned—but it is the only philosophy which is conceded to man below, and if we neglect it we must

either renounce philosophy or pursue an *ignis fatuus* which will only lead into quagmires."

3. By this method of observation certain principles are reached, these principles being not the result of experience but prior to and independent of it, existing in the mind and not separable from its very constitution. Whether we call them "senses" with Hutcheson, "principles of common sense" with Reid, "fundamental laws of human thought" with Stewart, "intuitions simple and original" with Brown, we have here a solid foundation for all future investigation. The Scottish philosophy may not have done much in the higher branches of speculation, their caution may have been excessive. But even this is better than spreading much error or disseminating principles which, in the end, must upset all earnest thorough-going investigation. Better the clear waters, and the easy flow of the Scottish stream, than the Hegelian or Fichtean fog from the German Ocean. By their clear enunciation of principles they were instrumental in throwing back the tide of materialism, scepticism, and atheism, which came sweeping over the land. When Hume undermined the very foundations of religion and philosophy, he received the first check on Scottish soil, and, though Reid was not so successful in opposing the sceptical theories of his illustrious fellow-countryman, he was the means of exposing many a sophistry in the new speculations. When France was overrun by the gross materialism of D'Holbach, Cabanis, Heloetius, and others, men turned hopefully to the philosophy of Scotland for assistance. Royer, Collard, Jouffroy, and Cousin, eagerly drank in the spirit of that philosophy, and brought men back to the idea of moral obligation and religion by appealing to the "common sense" school of thought. In fact, no finer tribute to the memory of Reid has been raised than by Cousin, who, in his preface to the last edition of the Scottish philosophy declares that the true modern Socrates has been Reid, and not Locke. "Yes" he writes "Reid is a man of genius, and of a true and powerful originality; so we said in 1819, and so we said in 1857, after having held long converse with mighty systems, discovered their secret, and take their measure." The Scottish philosophy kept at a respectful distance from theology, and, while they paid a dignified respect to Christianity, never attempted to absurd theology into itself. In this way they have established by induction a body of moral truth apart from revelation, which can always be appealed to in defence of Christianity. They have added considerably to our knowledge of the human mind, unfolding many peculiarities of man's mental and moral nature, establishing certain primary truths which might serve as a foundation on which to rear other truths, or as a breakwater to resist the assaults of scepticism.

Such is the Scottish philosophy: no one can read Dr. M'Cosh's book without being interested, pleased, edified, and instructed. We earnestly recommend it to all students of philosophy.

## A Sonnet.

Man seems a waif cast on the stream of time,  
 That bears him onward to the unknown shore ;  
 That longed for, feared, dread, mysterious clime,  
 Toward which all hasten—to return no more.  
 Yet not so helpless is he as he seems,  
 Nor void of power to guide life's barque aright,  
 If Faith sits at the helm, and Hope's bright beams  
 Shine o'er the troubled waters when 'tis night,  
 Guiding and cheering like a Deacon light,  
 Till peace is gained, and life's cares gone like dreams.  
 Thence looking back o'er Time's brief troubled way,  
 How vain must seem each earthly joy or care !  
 This thought should cheer us on from day to day,  
 To work and wait, to bear and to forbear.

T. McC.

## Verses.

Faint heart, be strong ;  
 Though rough the road, and drear,  
 Still strive and persevere ;  
 'Tis not for long.  
 Hard Duty's hand—but sweet  
 The footprints of her feet ;  
 For suffering ends in song.

What though thy sight  
 Fail yet to pierce the gloom  
 Where darkest storm-clouds loom ;  
 Though sorrow's night  
 Seem shadowed far and wide,  
 Yet, " At the eventide  
 There shall be light."

SIGMA.

## The Southern Cross.\*

BY MAJOR SMITH, NATAL.

When evening mourns the daybeams' loss,  
 And light with darkness blends,  
 Above our head the Southern Cross  
 Its mystic sign extends.

\* These beautiful lines were written at Natal in 1842, at the time when the author of them was closely besieged near what is now the site of Durban. We came across them recently in MS. in a sketch book by the late Mr. T. W. Bowler. That distinguished artist had been then at Natal ; and the sketch with which he illustrates the scene—as from Major Smith's point of view—and looking across the lagoon inside the Bluff, is not surpassed in calm soft beauty even by the lines themselves.

Resplendent in the heaven afar  
It shines, till each descending star  
Towards the welkin blends,  
And streaks of light upon the sky  
Denote that morning's light is nigh !

Most beautiful ! but oh, how bright  
At midnight's glorious noon,  
The stars quaternion shed their light,  
When no obtrusive moon  
Is in the heaven to absorb  
The splendour of each mystic orb,  
Whose radiance parts too soon,  
From the blue ether where they shine—  
Faith's pure consolatory sign.

Tho' round them beam ten thousand stars  
As beautiful as bright,  
Their presence in the sky but mars  
The soft and tender light.  
Yes, many a constellation burns  
As clearly, but the eye still turns—  
With soft entranced delight—  
Towards it, for with holiest thought,  
Cross of the South, thy symbol's fraught.

Though sounds of discord peal around,  
And strife's infernal surge  
Sweeps madly o'er the fated ground,  
I see thy form emerge  
From the light clouds that onward sail  
As calm as if no threatening gale  
Has borne me to the verge  
Of that dark Syrtis wherein all  
Are doom'd, or soon or late, to fall.

But who that gazes in the skies,  
Thus tranquil and serene,  
And feels his soaring spirit rise  
Can think of strife and crime ?  
Strange contrast—death is on the earth,  
Heaven beautiful as at its birth,  
When that old anarch, Time,  
Was youthful, and had just unfurled  
His pinions on a new-born world.















